

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg, July 1928

Ten Cents a Copy



What is Wrong With Marriage?

by
Judge Emily F. Murphy



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CLARK'S SPAGHETTI *with* **TOMATO SAUCE and CHEESE,**

What will Chrysler do next?

IT IS SCARCELY too much to say that all cars are better cars today because of Chrysler.

It might be indelicate to say even as much as this if the facts were not known to every motorist whose memory goes back four years — if these facts did not advertise themselves so plainly in every car that runs today.

When Chrysler came, the Chrysler car was the only car of its particular and peculiar type and kind which existed.

Before Chrysler came, a different type of engine design, different style-standards, and a different standard of performance almost universally prevailed.

The entire industry had been jogging along comfortably for many years on conventional lines, when suddenly it was rudely galvanized into activity by the advent of a totally new school of engineering and manufacturing thought and action — what had been a slow procession was swiftly speeded into a quick-step by Chrysler.

For the first two years after the advent of Chrysler—partly because they hoped that Chrysler had merely caught the passing fancy of the public by its beauty, and partly because it was impossible for them to "scrap"



the old engineering at once — other makers contented themselves with an effort to emulate the appearance of the Chrysler.

But it swiftly became apparent that Chrysler had also captured the solid, enduring favor of the public by a new and unique type of performance.

Thereupon ensued as complete a revision of previous practice as the industry could accomplish with its old prejudices and its old equipment.

Today, after four years, there is scarcely an automobile running which has not executed a right-about-face — which does not bear, either inwardly or outwardly, or both, the unmistakable earmarks of Chrysler influence. It is a good thing for all concerned that this should be so. It is good that all motor manufacturing should be spurred to more progressive standards.



It is good for the buying public that they have accepted and established the Chrysler standard of appearance and performance which all manufacturers feel compelled to follow as best they can.

It is good for Chrysler to know that the products which proceed from its engineering, designing and manufacturing departments are always being watched with nervous apprehension — that the entire industry is keyed up with the anticipation and expectation of what Chrysler will do next.

Out of this storehouse of scientific research, experiment and demonstration will con-

tinue to issue advanced and practical improvements which will inspire the industry and strengthen Chrysler leadership. Every Chrysler car will continue to be the most modern, the most progressive thing in motoring, and the soundest, safest, most economical purchase the market affords.

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brilliantly employed to create and lead a new vogue in beauty, comfort and luxurious appointment.

The wealth of quality detail you see, feel and touch—and every refinement that surrounds you—is typical and expressive of the quality that Hudson gives where character must guarantee the unseen values

*They reflect Tomorrow's
Vogue*



Canada

THE first day of July spells Canada—a name very dear to nine million people, a name respected in the four corners of the Earth.

When it is mentioned, one thinks first of the great Empire of which it is a part, and then of the nine provinces that are united to compose it.

Canada a part of the Empire—how could one think of it otherwise? She exists not in moody seclusion, but as a member of a great family, taking pride in the glory of her sisters, and remembering kindly the Mother who gave her birth. May the time never come when the rose and thistle and shamrock will fail to make to us their appeal, and may it ever be that in all parts of the Great Dominions, the maple leaf will be honored because of the loyalty and steadfastness of those who are proud to own it as their emblem.

Yet there is a possibility that the ties of affection may weaken, and this may come about in two ways: There may be a drawing apart of the Dominions because they fail to have many common interests, or because they are independent industrially and otherwise; or there may grow up within any Dominion a people who do not cherish an affection for the Motherland, because indeed they belong to another stock and indeed in their hearts owe allegiance to another flag.

The way to strengthen the bonds of friendship are many, and it is gratifying to note the efforts that are being put forth at the present time. Goodwill excursions, interchange of trained specialists, preferential tariffs, conferences of premiers and ministers, associations of workers and builders in every field, great central fairs in which each unit of Empire strives to give an idea of its wealth and prosperity—these are some of the forces that are continually at work, making for solidarity and understanding.

Within a Dominion, however, there may be forces tending to weaken the filial bond. Hundreds there are who say: "We are Canadians, but we are not British; we are loyal to the Government of Canada but we shall not give allegiance to the King." True, that is a mistaken notion, for the King does not belong to England. He is ours quite as truly as hers. Yet prejudice and ancient hatreds are hard to kill, and so disloyalty to Empire grows. Would anyone care to tell us just what would happen were all connection with the Empire suddenly broken? At all costs we must preserve our fond relationship and towards this end must be prepared to sing with equal earnestness our own national hymn, and our own great Empire Hymn. A man is not a good Canadian who cannot go the whole way.

Canada, being composed of provinces each with its own problems to solve, and yet having problems in which all the provinces are equally interested, does not always find it easy to satisfy her whole electorate. Differences are accentuated and complaints are heard. All of this is fatal to progress. The first thing for a Canadian to remember is that he belongs to all Canada—not to a city, or a province, or a political party, or a church, or a class. Canada requires one hundred per cent. loyalty from every citizen. If we do not get this, we are doomed to disappointment.

But we are not going to be so doomed. Industrial and financial prosperity create good feeling, if the prosperity affects all. That is the key to united effort. We must be relentless in our attitude to the great trusts with their interlocking directorates. They never help a country. We must be equally relentless in dealing with those who come to us talking anarchy. The way of the old Romans was good enough for us:

*Then none was for the party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor
And the poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
Then Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.*

The Kellogg Proposal

IN A remarkable article published in this journal two months ago, Dr. Gordon (Ralph Connor) told why the United States refused to join the League of Nations, pointing out that it was not lack of sympathy with world peace, but resentment against a President who, in a great crisis, thought that he and his party comprised the whole American people. Now that the clouds have cleared away, the government at Washington has taken the initiative looking towards the outlawry of war. It is a remarkable scheme, that of Mr. Kellogg, not only for what it contemplates, but remarkable in that it has been accepted by all the nations that have yet been approached and have had time to consider it. One can feel proud that our own Dominion, living side-by-side with the United States, has been able to join whole-heartedly in such a plan for war protection. The fact that two great nations have lived in peace for over a hundred years without any friction and without any thought of war, indeed, without armed protection at any point—this has given them the right to speak before all others. It does seem as if we were on the eve of greater peace than the world has known for centuries.

It should be borne in mind, however, that international peace does not mean world peace. There is a possibility of war that does not recognize political divisions; a war of class against class. This is the danger of Sovietism. Its methods of warfare are more to be feared than armed force. Its aim is not the destruction of nation by nation, but destruction of nations by dissension within. There is not a civil war anywhere in which Russia has not agents working to overthrow organized government. The Kellogg scheme will not meet a situation of this kind, but by binding nations together it may make them stronger to meet encroachments of evil of all kinds. It is a great thing that America should propose a plan of living that would make war prohibitive. May the proposal lead to definite consultation by representatives of all nations, and may it result in a peace such as the world has never known.

Peculiar Judgments

THE following report from Toronto makes rather peculiar reading:

Holding that highways are not, by law, divided into "right" or "wrong" sides, the First Appellate Division, at Osgoode Hall, has set aside the judgment of Mr. Justice Raney and a jury who awarded \$15,000 damages to George Allen and \$1,000 to James Allen against A. A. Lord, of Hamilton.

Ordering a new trial of the action, Their Lordships declared that the trial judge had erred in directing the jury that it was entitled to find defendant guilty of negligence from the one circumstance that he was on the "wrong side of the street," and that he should have been "on his own side."

"Subject to legislation, the user of a highway is entitled to travel along any part of the highway, provided he exercises due care in regard to the rights of others," the judgment states.

One can hardly imagine why a court should make such a ruling unless it was to force legislatures to revise their laws. Is not common custom to be taken into account sometimes? We are told that the Constitution of Great Britain is largely unwritten, and there is a truth in it. So, too, the practices of a country often have no more law behind them than local regulations, but the practices are both reasonable and right though they have not the sanction of a dilatory legislature. Legislatures cannot provide for everything.

Next time we go to Toronto we hope to see vehicles travelling up and down King Street regardless of civic regulations. May the members of the Appellate Division of the Court be in the mix-up.

The Attack on Evil

AT ONE time smallpox was the scourge of mankind. Medical science triumphed, and the disease is now comparatively rare in civilized communities.

Next in order came tuberculosis and its toll of life was enormous. Now, thanks to the efforts of a band of heroic workers in all lands, this plague is losing its terrors, and the world is learning that prevention is better than cure, and that, given a fair fighting chance, the human organism may successfully combat most of its enemies.

Now comes the most dreaded scourge of all—the deadly cancer, and as yet men are almost helpless against its attacks, for it is not like other diseases, either in its origin, its mode of working, or its response to medical treatment. That it will finally yield to scholarship and research may be expected, but there will be much suffering and many deaths before victory is assured.

In the plant world there has been something similar. Wheat, corn, the cotton plant, the pine trees, the apple trees have all been preyed upon, and mankind has only partially succeeded in combating the evils. In addition the land in many quarters has been overrun with noxious weeds and the eradication of some of these is next to impossible. Still, progress is being made, and in time science and perseverance will triumph. Mind will triumph over matter.

Just now the battle centres in two problems—the treatment of cancer, and the control of rust. Armies of specialists are at work—observing, experimenting, suggesting legislation and practical measures, above all trying to get at the origin of the evil. The reports that come to hand at the close of a year's work are very gratifying and it would seem that we are not far away from victory. Governments must not hesitate to aid investigations such as are in progress, nor must the general public expect results too quickly. Evil in all its forms requires time for eradication.

This is said to prepare the way for the greater problems of the race. These are the moral and social problems, and they must be attacked in the same way as those mentioned. Specialists who have no personal motives for dishonesty and who are trained to observe, to generalize and to make practical decisions that will guide legislation and public practice, must be freed for this higher service, and they must be trusted. Here is the great difficulty: An ordinary citizen who faces cancer will not presume to give an opinion as to its cause or cure, but everyone thinks he is competent to speak on such problems as the treatment of dope addicts, the mode of dealing with white-slave traffic, the cause and cure of delinquency among boys and girls. As has been said before, we cannot trust the judgment of policemen and even ordinary lawyers and judges in matters of this kind. They have not the type of mind nor the training that permit them to arrive at just decisions. For this reason one welcomes a decision to put trained social workers at the head of all investigations that require to be made in this field. The Province of Ontario can never tell how much it owes to the patient research and self-sacrifice of one lady worker, and Manitoba, which owes so much to women in all matters pertaining to social welfare, has now decided to look for guidance to Miss Whidden, than whom no more competent or trustworthy leader could be found. Each of the other provinces is showing wisdom in the selection of leadership, and the prospect is decidedly gratifying.

If to further assert the principle of guidance by specialists, our country will trust in education in political economy, in industrial development, in legislation of all kinds, to those who are best informed, we may hope for the progress all are wishing. We have been governed too long in most matters by those who are strong in assertion though lacking in wisdom. The most gratifying sign in political life today is that those who are responsible for the direction of affairs are willing to be guided by expert knowledge.

How good health—good looks come back to thousands

Nature's Disinherited—thousands upon thousands of them—have won their way back to vigorous, out-of-doors health.

They have left behind them all the tell-tale signs of that commonest of modern ailments—intestinal poisoning!

Gone are headaches, dreary dragging lassitude, lack of appetite, mental depression, heartburn, skin eruptions, all the consequences of faulty elimination.

They have won back the vitality and the joy of youth by establishing a new Health Custom.

It is absurdly simple—in nature's own way. No medicines, no habit-forming cathartics. Just one food added to the ordinary diet.

The food is Yeast.

This tiny vegetable, fresh as a crisp lettuce leaf, cleanses the intestines of the bacterial poisons, and "trains" the muscle-walls of the canal in habits of regular, prompt and thorough elimination.

Try this Health Custom to keep you happy. Order two or three days' supply from your grocer. Eat a cake before or between meals.

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FLEISCHMANN'S

The Way of a Maid With a Man

By Constance Travers Sweatman

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen



"Elaine! My sweetheart, come closer, dear, I grasp at shadows"

SINCE early manhood I have gone along under the impression that I admired old-fashioned girls, as differentiated from moderns. In fact, I admit having been secretly quite proud of this peculiarity, thinking that it evidenced an admirable sensibility to the finer "womanly" qualities.

Now, at fifty, in this year of our Lord 1928, I at last have learned this much about women: After my experience last August with Phyllis, I believe that the women in the world today who are *not* old-fashioned—as old-fashioned as sobriety—are in a tiny minority!

Phyllis certainly opened my eyes; so suddenly and so completely that I am still blinking from the shock of my enlightenment.

My education about women came to me in a most innocent manner. In July I wrote my old friend Joe Henderson, now of Vancouver, but formerly of my old home town in Ontario, that, on my way from Winnipeg to Seattle I planned to stay overnight and renew my boyhood acquaintance with Joe and his pleasant wife. Such a reunion would give me, lone bachelor that I am, a real thrill, I told Joe.

His answer was characteristic, a soul-warming welcome. With the welcome went an interesting request. Would I mind picking up his only daughter Phyllis, at Regina, and making the journey home pleasant for her? "She's twenty-three and in love. Or thinks she is, which has the same result. Really a calf-love affair, a hangover from college days. He's just a habit with her, the wife and I suspect. We took her out of her work here,—advertising—and sent her to my sister in Regina, hoping that she might meet someone there to interest her—propinquity in a small town, and so on—interest enough to make her see that there are other men in the world, at least. She's never looked at another man since she met this lad. Nice enough boy; never set the world on fire, though. Bank clerk. Years before he can decently support a wife.

That's the first objection. Secondly — we know what it means to a woman married to a bank man, to pick up and start a home in a new town when transferred every few years. We saw lots of that in the Middle West. Bad news! Well, and there are other drawbacks. For instance: his parents are both in bad health and would want to live with the young folks. Not so good, that combination; rarely a chance for happiness that way. Another thing—that troubles my wife more than it does me, by the way—mixed religions: Catholic and Protestant. That detail I consider unimportant—but the wife's a bit narrow there, and frets about it—"

I FANCED I read between the lines a story of unhappy relations between daughter and parents. I doubted whether modern girls have much sense of filial behaviour, much feeling of gratitude. Looking on at modern youth, I had gathered an impression of unrest, impatience, intolerance of discipline—either the old-fashioned discipline by parents, or the eternal discipline life gives us all. These youngsters seemed to me just rampant individualists—developing their own personalities at the expense of everybody else's.

Perhaps this unknown Phyllis was not so headstrong as the average; but her parents seemed to be as helpless to save her from her own impetuosity as most modern parents seem to be. "The good old days when parents settled marriages were days that had a lot in their favor!" I thought. "Experience surely has some value; but no modern girl wants to profit by the experience of her parents; apparently she wants to learn life at first hand. Selfishness is at the root of their obstinacy. They want what they want when they want it." So I thought, musing on a subject whereof I knew nothing.

Joe ended his letter with the reason for his request that I chaperone his wilful daughter home. "The lad in the case is making plans for his August

vacation; he talks vaguely of 'Going East.' We suspect that 'East' means Regina and Phyllis. We're not tyrants; if she really loves him, the trip will make no difference; if she's just in love with love, she will get a little perspective on this boy who at present is so close to her he blocks her outlook on life."

PHYLLIS met me, by arrangement, in the waiting-room of the Regina depot. While I was looking around for a girl to answer Joe's description of her, I was assailed by an impetuous, tall girl, who held out a friendly hand, and said, in a warm contralto voice: "I knew you right away by your nice eyes; Dad wrote me about them, and Aunt May had an old photograph of you in a funny old linen-bound album with 'Happy Memories' burnt with a hot poker on the cover, and kodak pictures of everyone she ever met, inside! Would you have known me?"

"He said I'd know you by your—"

She interrupted with a cheerful laugh. "My legs," she finished my sentence for me. That was exactly what Joe had said, but I was going to express it differently. I was going to say: "By your distinguished carriage."

"Dad's secretly thrilled that I have good legs, but thinks it would demoralize me to tell me so," she laughed. "But I know he brags about them behind my back."

He does. He told me to look for a tall fair girl who carried her head with spirit, and stepped along like a race-horse—"walks like a nervous thoroughbred, on the prettiest pair of legs you ever laid eyes on." They were, indeed; and it takes a good pair these days to get even a glance from me!

"And pretty hair," he told me.

Whereupon she whipped off her close little black felt hat and showed me the copper splendor of her hair. "I'm no beauty," she said quite without coquetry, merely stating a fact, "But Dad admits I have my points."

Her voice he had not mentioned; had she no other claim to beauty, her lovely voice, rich with warm overtones, was charm enough for any man. I am sensitive to women's voices; long years ago my heart melted to the music of a woman's voice—

On the train she deftly disposed of hat, coat, magazines and candy, and settled herself opposite me with both feet frankly on the seat beside me. It was nine o'clock; already the windows were opaque against the early dark, as we sped along over prairie country still unsettled. "Nobody saw me off because I cannot bear good-byes," she told me. "I'm such a fool for getting attached to people. I made some wonderful friends, and I adore Aunt May."

"Glad to start home"? I asked; and wondered if the swift flood of color underneath her delicate rouge meant joy at the prospect of meeting the lover at home, or emotion at parting with some new-found love. At twenty-three, I thought, young love is in the very air!

"Thrilled"! The deep dimple in her left cheek that comes when she smiles, was caught and held by the pressure of her perfect teeth on her lower lip after her smile had gone. She gazed out of the window then, forgetting me, it seemed, with a suddenness that was unflattering.

Curious to know the cause of her abstraction, I watched her reflection in the black window, and I wished I had the gift of drawing people out. Against my will I am conscious that I spread an atmosphere of reserve, repelling rather than inviting confidences, thus limiting my close contacts in a manner I regret. Heartily I envy people blessed with magnetism; I am myself attracted by them, and would be expansive if I could; but restraint is inborn with me, and I, who long for closest friendships, am known as "distant," "unapproachable," and "cold." If I could but tell them of the weight of silence in my room at night!

What of this child across from me? Is she truly in love; or is it but youth in her, and urge to live, that draws her to this undistinguished lad of hers?

Does she see something in him that those others cannot see? Is not that eerie insight the stuff of which our love is made, perhaps? What matter, after all, if love between men and women is beyond our weak analysis. Perhaps at any age we're all in love with love itself and not so much in love with one another. No matter. To be allowed to love is in itself an end; to know that someone craves our human love is to make that somebody lovely in our eyes.

Watching Phyllis in the window, I tried to understand the impression of brilliant hardness these young moderns reflect, which, I must confess, robs them for me of all allure. They lack, to my mind, —oh—whatever it is in woman that makes a man yearn to put his strength between her and the rough things of this world; that makes him long to do for her some difficult service that will prove his adoration.

Adoration! That's the thing. A man might love these self-sufficient women of today; he might admire them—indeed, he *must* admire them, for splendid specimens they are! — he might most whole-heartedly desire them. But adoration? No. To adore is something more than that. It is to offer worship—homage—as to one divine. One does not think of anything "divine" as being on the low level of one's self. Were I ever again to love a woman as I loved Elaine, my heart would long to worship her; to think of her as far above me, almost unattainable. Almost; but—not quite unattainable—for I might humbly, unbelievably, teach her to love me. And therein, to my way of thinking, lies romance.

ELAINÉ! I close my eyes and see you once again. Your tranquil, fearless gaze; your gentle trailing tones that struck like chords of music in my soul and left me trembling with vibrations of delight; your lovely laughter; your manner, dear! Submissive, sweet, demanding of me all that to my mind makes a man. Your passionate mouth —oh, sweet Elaine, what was there in your eyes

that day we said good-bye? Was it reproach? Or was it just regret that we must part a while? You to Italy and music for a time—until such time as I, left there at home, could make my way—my hard material worldly necessary way—to earn for you a home where I could shelter you and love you all my days.

I OPENED my eyes to find Phyllis gazing at me. "A penny for your thoughts," her bright voice challenged me, casual and gay. "Or were you dozing?"

"Dreaming."

"May I know what about? You looked—oh—sad, a little; and rather happy, too."

"Just an old dream that keeps recurring."

(How could I tell a cool young modern girl that in far Italy my sweet Elaine had died and left me desolate, to wonder always if that last long look had been reproach. For Elaine had thrown meekness to the winds on that last day together and entreated me to keep her always there beside me. "I'm not afraid of anything, with you," Elaine had said. And, fool that I was, I told her I had no right to take her when my future knew no security. *Security*? And that year she lay dead in Italy, my sweetheart who had wanted all of life with me.)

"I suppose," said Phyllis, "that you know the reason I was packed off from home this summer? Dad isn't a bit convinced he's doing right in opposing me; so he tells everyone, to convince himself by repetition."

"Give him credit," I said. "It's you he's thinking of; your happiness, not his."

"I hope when I'm a parent I'll be as sure what's for other people's happiness, as most parents I know are." She was not bitter, just rather wistful. "Of course arguing with parents always was a total loss! We don't seem to talk the same language. Oh, well, what's the use? I've given up battling about it. 'Calf love,' I thought, or she would never be so philosophical. Chilled by her apparent

Continued on page 51



Wasting my breath, I thought, talking to a girl who could throw wide her hands and let love fall between, saying flippantly the while, "I'm through"

What is Wrong With Marriage?

By Emily F. Murphy

WHAT is wrong with business? The only wrong lies with the folk who carry it on—with the time-servers, pick-purses, gang-robbers and with the army of lesser unspecified gadflies who pester it.

What is wrong with the town?

The only wrong lies with the townsmen who take bribes on paying contracts; who stuff ballot-boxes, and who raise the reddest kind of glares on the municipal horizon.

What is wrong with marriage?

The only wrong is with the uncouth, ungente persons who get married; who break their obligations as well as the heads and hearts of their bounden partners.

The fault is not with marriage of itself—not by any means.

Marriage is the world's best institution. In evidence of the fact, one has only to observe that no sooner is a man and woman released from an unhappy marriage than they want to get married again.

There are persons who will always be diverse, no matter how often wedded. Misfits in life cannot be successful in wedlock but the fault is their own. Church and State have put them together; they put themselves apart.

Divorce and re-marriage only permits of their making new partners unhappy so that their continuous search for connubial bliss takes on all the aspects of an inglorious adventure . . . It is quite true that no one admires the marriage laws so much as an outlaw.

We repeat it: the trouble is not in matrimony but in the parties thereto. No marriage laws nor marriage rites can make all people to be mateable for, in predicting human behavior, the personal equation must always be reckoned with. The twain may be of one flesh, but divergent souls are bound to remain divergent.

IN THE successful marriage, without any instructions on "How to be happy though married," or without either of the spouses realizing the process, it may be observed that their marriage behavior takes on a gracious formula of its own. By degrees, they find themselves irrevocably united in an identity of interests—in a bond of interrelating hopes and fears. Marriage, to them, becomes a love story without end, the interest in which can seldom flag.

Someone in the Bible who seems to have been wondrously wise said of the perfect marriage that it was typically the relation between the great Lord of Heaven and His Church . . . Ah, that is it: "My Beloved is mine," the soul sings, "and I am His."

Most of us—even the immoderately bilious—are in little Paradises of our own and pretty nearly know it. The birds in our tree of blossoms keep right on singing about nests and lovable things like that. Indeed they do.

. . . Marriage is a number of things—any number of things—but primarily it is a contract.

Some call it a sacrament and we are not arguing with the definition because there can be no sacrament without a contract. One is an outward and visible sign of the other. When we have grasped this—when we find that our opinions are not so divergent as might appear—we shall have uniform marriage laws in all our Provinces.

As a contract, marriage is the oldest institution of Society and differs from all other contracts in that its incidents are fixed by public law, and because it affects the status of the parties thereto.

But although the marriage contract takes precedence over all others, strange to relate, so far as our codes are concerned, its breach is attended with no penalty. A man may not steal a horse unless he expects to spend a term of years in gaol, or even to be lynched, but he can steal your wife with comparative impunity. From the legal standpoint, as a vital binding treaty, marriage is rapidly becoming little more than "a scrap of paper" and yet its open

violation may turn the happiest home into another and more bitter Belgium.

The marriage contract is, and should be, for life, except for unfaithfulness, and we are not so sure either about this exception. The parties are irrevocably declared "to be man and wife together until death do them part."

It must be acknowledged that there is a dreadfully drastic sound about this pronouncement but, on the other hand, the ill-mated may console themselves that this is a contract the rewards of which are greater than from any other.

We were talking of this the other day—of the stability that comes from the marriage contract; the dignity of carrying on the family name and fame, and concerning other things of weighty import.

After a pause in the conversation, a light-minded but eminently practical member of our company

would save much of that blockish and silly conduct which results from the old and ever-enduring conflict between "the irresistible force" and "the immovable object" . . . Perhaps, we writers do not understand this thing ourselves.

Romance, be it said, is the concomitant of courtship but not of marriage. In marriage, a woman loses all chance of being a heroine except through the cross-roads where the divorce court sits. The same applies to man.

Romance is only the eye recognizing the body's needs. When the needs of the body are satisfied, Romance wanes. "Love's young dream" is only a dream. Marriage is not merely driving a man's car and spending his money. On the contrary, it still has much to do with the more practical matters of rent, taxes, insurance, grocery accounts and housekeeping.

There is no occasion either to lament the disappearance of Romance in that other things of a more satisfactory and permanent character take its place—things such as devotion and the delight that comes from sacrifice, even it may be the sacrifice of one's very life. There is no doubt of it, the greatest happiness from marriage is not what we get from the union but in what we give to it.

How marvellously true is love, even among the matrimonial misfits! Anyone knows this who watches the half-killed drudge in the police court refusing, at the last moment, to give evidence against her brutal husband.

During the period of Romance that precedes marriage, the lovers read their own characteristics into the betrothed; after Romance, their differences. The differences may be favorable or otherwise; this largely depends upon the sense and sensibilities of those who read.

It is related that when the Indian Prince who was the former Maharajah of Indore, courted Nancy Miller, the American girl, he could only look at her and touch her hand, neither of the twain being able to speak the other's language.

Their romance was purely one of the eye. For hours at a time they sat looking at each other without saying a word, the Indian's gaze being one of great intensity.

During the marriage service, the bride and bridegroom placed garlands on each other's neck and called upon the sun and the moon and stars to witness that they were husband and wife together. This was the Romance of courtship and, doubtless, it was both

fitting and beautiful, but it can be postulated with a reasonable degree of certainty that they are through with garlands. There will be a quietus on their Romance. What will matter now is an adjustment to the things for which they entered into bonds or contract—that is to say: "For the god of love, for wealth, and for the blessing of procreation."

IF ONE has failed to properly appraise their partner during the days of Romance, one cannot start too soon in wedlock. Men have charted the lands, the seas and the heavens, but seldom the temperament and mentality of their wives.

In order to keep off the occasional shoal or rock in matrimony the man must learn to be a trusty-handed pilot. It can avail him little to dam the rapids or smash the wheel, however strong the incitation.

Unfortunately there are spouses—both men and women—who have roving eyes, roving feet, and roving fancies. This is why, of occasion, we find them charting the mentality of their neighbor's spouses instead of their own. For this reason, and because of their somewhat dizzy brains, we hear them tell with vehemence how marriage is "a life sentence"—"a mere gamble," in which they have both lost.

By dint of thinking, it might occur to both that the fault lies in themselves and should be cured by

Continued on page 58

DIVORCES IN THE FOUR WESTERN PROVINCES 1921-1926

	1921			1926		
	Male	Female	Total	Male	Female	Total
MANITOBA	88	161	249	266	356	622
Canadian Born.....	28	61	89	99	152	251
British Born.....	17	47	64	68	88	156
U.S. Born.....	9	14	23	18	32	50
European Born.....	34	39	73	76	84	160
Born Elsewhere.....				5		5
SASKATCHEWAN	201	132	333	381	280	661
Canadian Born.....	64	44	108	130	95	225
British Born.....	29	25	54	76	52	128
U.S. Born.....	52	34	86	75	61	136
European Born.....	54	29	83	100	72	172
Born Elsewhere.....	2		2			
ALBERTA	294	184	478	615	436	1051
Canadian Born.....	85	50	135	162	123	285
British Born.....	38	42	80	116	100	216
U.S. Born.....	103	62	165	191	132	323
European Born.....	67	50	97	140	80	220
Born Elsewhere.....	1		1	6	1	7
BRITISH COLUMBIA ..	267	290	557	341	389	730
Canadian Born.....	83	100	183	98	118	216
British Born.....	96	117	213	132	165	297
U.S. Born.....	52	44	96	61	67	128
European Born.....	35	29	64	49	39	88
Born Elsewhere.....	1		1	1		1

remarked that the advantage of living with one person for a whole life-time, lies in the fact that if your wife swings out of the ordinary routine and conducts herself unhandsonely, you will never need to ask the reason.

And he was right about this. The association of marriage becomes comparatively immune to surprises and so maintains a more even keel than that of other associations . . . After all, next to love in wedlock, nothing counts for so much as discernment, patience and good manners.

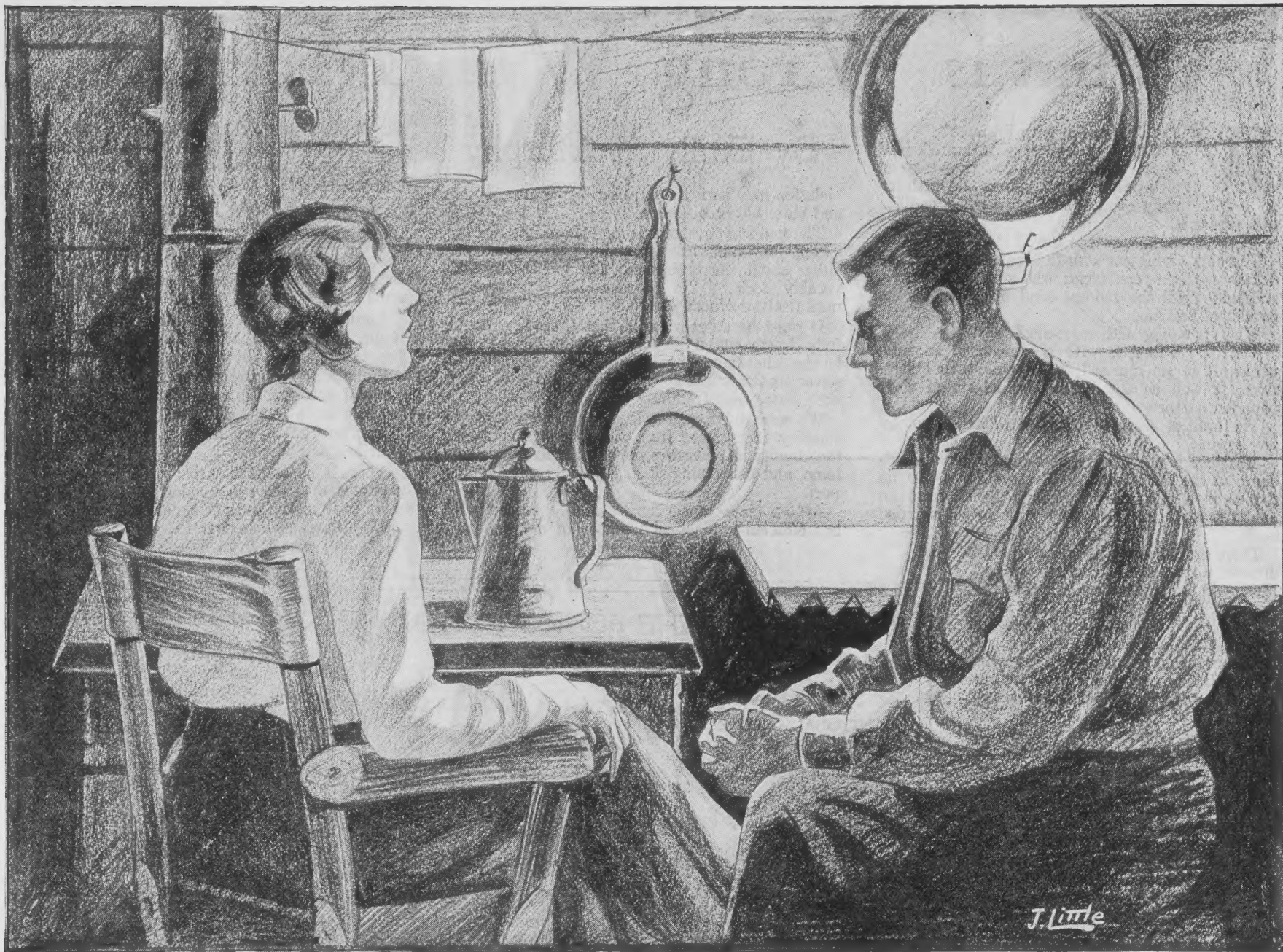
MOST writers on the subject have much to say about the so-called disillusionment that follows in the wake of the marriage ceremony.

The youth is informed that there is sure to be a bit of baser metal in the make-up of his idol—lead, tin, or copper—and that her feet are certainly of clay.

The young woman is led to believe that, in spite of the handsome exterior and pleasant protestations of her co-mate, she is inevitably bound to find him out.

When, however, one looks more closely into the matter it is to find that this so-called "disillusionment" is quite a different thing and has less to do with beauty and likeable traits than is generally supposed.

The ensuing disillusionment is a natural process. It is the death of romance which must inevitably follow marriage. It is a pity the young folk are not instructed in the truth of this matter. It



She sat very close to the stove, for the cabin was cold despite its modest dimensions. "You can't go in such a storm as this," she told him. "Why listen to it! It must be pretty well unbreathable out there."

Any Odd Man

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by J. Little

ALEC FORBE, silently as a lynx in his moose-hide moccasins, stole across the glazed ice to the point at which the unwieldy dome of the muskrat lodge protruded. At his feet he could distinctly see the shadowy bottom of the pond, four feet or so in depth, but such dry snow as had fallen had been swept away by the wind. Alec held in his right hand a light wooden tube, and gaining the heap of sticks wherein the muskrat family dwelt, he made a quick, downward strike, and from the tube was hurled a pointed steel spear, which penetrated the frozen roof of the lodge as though it were paper. From within came a thin-edged scream, accompanied by a thumping and a rustling, but with nimble fingers Alec re-charged the weapon, and down it flashed again. This time the spear zipped through the ice with scarcely an audible click, and stood quivering, only its extremity exposed. It had, however, impaled its living victim—pinned it to the debris just below the surface as it fled from the exit hole of the lodge. Two other muskrats fled by the same way, disappearing into the deep water under Alec's feet ere he could re-load and strike.

So far, so good. He took his axe and proceeded to hack through the dome of the lodge, exposing the warmly-clad chamber within. The muskrat family had evidently been asleep, all curled together for warmth, but he had broken up the family gathering most satisfactorily, for his first spear had impaled two of them. Next, Alec made a hole in the ice and got out the third. He skinned them quickly, fastened the pelts to his belt, and was about to make off when he saw a shadow across the ice at his feet. He started, for he did not expect human companionship in this place;

then, looking up, expecting to find himself face to face with some roving Indian, his surprise was complete. It caused him to freeze in his tracks, staring, for the person on the bank was a girl—a white girl, scarcely out of her teens! She was dressed—well dressed—in the usual fur and leather bush gear of the North. Over her shoulders hung an empty pack-sack, and a .22 rifle was lodged in her right arm. Alec groped awkwardly for his otter cap, but she was the first to speak.

"That," she said, indicating the broken muskrat home, "was about the prettiest piece of brutality I have ever seen! I've heard of spearing fish, but to spear warm-blooded things——!"

The hot blood rose to Alec's broad forehead. Months had elapsed since last he spoke to a white woman—at least one of this type—and he had thought himself clear of such society and all its obligations. In any case, what right had she spying on his methods and criticizing them?

"I'm sorry if you didn't approve," said he with affected laziness. "This is my range, and I didn't expect an audience."

"You mean," replied the girl, her indignation still simmering, "that you would not have done such a horrid thing had you known someone was watching?"

Alec uttered an indifferent laugh. "Bless my soul, yes!" said he. "Muskrat hunting is my business. That method is as old as the Indians, and it takes some practice to learn to throw a spear. You

could hardly expect me to give it up because someone I don't know might disapprove."

At this her eyes fell, and to Alec there came a guilty sense of not having conducted himself just so. "I'm sorry," she said quietly. "Of course I'd no right to criticize—out here—but it seems so cruel. I heard the creature scream, and——"

Alec nodded, his grave gaze fixed upon her. He was a fine sample of manhood, and in spite of its ruggedness, his hunting gear was not unbecoming.

"We have to kill things," he pointed out, "and I know—rather, I have known—scores of girls who would have jibbed at that. One would like them none the less for it."

She was quite unembarrassed by his keen gaze, which took her in from the peak of her dainty hood to the last string of her Indian-made snow-shoes.

"Yes, we have to kill things," she admitted grudgingly, with a glance at her rifle, "but we like to do it as humanely as we can. You are a regular hunter, I take it?—quite a different being from the casual type, which are slowly spoiling the country. Any odd man takes to trapping these days, and you must admit they aren't of a very desirable type."

"That applies to every calling," said Alec, "but I suppose I belong to the general rank and file. I came here for reasons of my own, and I'm making a good thing out of it—financially. The life suits me, so there you are."

He had now climbed up alongside her, and as he looked at her and took in her accent, he was becoming more and more mystified as to her presence here.

"You are from the Old Country," he stated, rather than asked.

"Yes," she answered, "and so are you."

It was a distinct statement this time, and Alec half bowed.

"Talking about killing," she went on quickly, not prepared as yet to dismiss the subject, "of course butchers have to kill. It's their business. It is necessary, but they kill these days by the most humane methods possible. Trappers don't. They don't seem to care how they kill, and moreover, they don't do it to feed hungry children and men and women. They kill by any means, because people can't see and will never know, and they kill to satisfy the whims of fashion. That is why I hate trapping. If all the women could see what I've seen today, I'm afraid your trade would not live long."

Alec sighed a trifle wearily. "That may be true, but had there been no beaver and no musquash, there would be no Canada. I hunt those two animals chiefly, also marten and wolverine. You are wearing some of those furs now. Clothing is next door as important as food. The trappers earn their grub all right — yes, a thousand times over compared with ninety per cent. of the riff-raff away east. Anyway, what's more to the point, what are you doing here alone?"

"How do you know I'm alone?"

"Your pack is empty," he pointed out, "and there are broken strings on both your snow-shoes."

She glanced down, clearly discomfited at any fault in her personal attire. "Well," she admitted, "I am alone, and I'm lost. I've been lost two days."

"Then," said Alec with a broad grin, "I admire you for being so cool, and for telling me what was in your mind despite yourself. Some women would have embraced anyone—just anyone—they stumbled across after two days in this ding-dong region."

"What's wrong with it?" she enquired. "The sunsets and sunrises have been wonderful."

"Yes," he answered. "I've seen scores of them. But to a stranger there's a maddening sameness about it—every creek, every scrap of bush, every pool. Being lost is no joke, anyway, and how did you manage it?"

They were walking slowly together along the patch of open by the creek. "Came up with Dad and the boys to the sandhills," she explained. They were hunting deer, and left me to mind camp. At noon I saw a big pack of willow grouse settle in the birches near the edge of the swamp country. They had warned me not to go down there because of its sameness, but the birds looked so near that I took a rifle and set off. I walked and walked, but always they looked so near that I went on. At length I got up to them and shot five."

"You didn't do so badly," put in Alec by way of encouragement.

"No," she pursued. "I've cooked them and eaten them, and they were horrid. I started back, and walked and walked, and I've been walking ever since, and here I am."

"Excellent," said he. "Only, I'm afraid your father and the boys will be a bit anxious, won't they?"

She nodded. "That's what troubles me—their awful anxiety. They'll be nearly demented, thinking I've gone down in one of the bogs or the quicksands."

"It's a wonder you haven't," said Alec. "The frost doesn't seal them all. I saw a crow bogged this morning."

"But anyone can see a bog," she stated with sudden contempt. "I've seen scores since I got lost. No one in their senses could tread into one."

"For which," affirmed Alec, "I admire you still

more. Any ordinary woman would have lost her head and run. Men have done it—plenty of them."

She smiled a trifle cynically. "How would you define an ordinary woman? Man, gloriously supreme, is so fond of lumping women together as an ordinary lot. Well, I'm an ordinary woman. I don't try, I don't want to be masculine. I just want to be ordinary. Yet here I am, despite all your swamps and quicksands."

Alec laughed.

"Aren't you a little Elizabethan in your ideas?" she pursued. "The ordinary woman today isn't quite such a ninny. Of course living out here as a trapper, one is likely to become a trifle behind the times."

"Perhaps so," he agreed, "but we aren't getting much further, Miss—"

"Fortune," she told him.

"Oh, yes. Your father owns Tamarack Ranch, and sent you to England to be educated. That

That's twenty-six miles, and we've two hours of daylight left. We can't make it."

"Why?" she demanded. "We must!"

"We can't," he answered emphatically. "There are two reasons. One is, you're too tired and hungry for such a trip."

"I'm not," she contradicted him. "I had my last meal only a little while ago—pannikin and chocolate, my emergency rations."

"Then," pursued Alec heedlessly, "have you looked at the west recently?"

Whether she had or not, she looked now, then caught her breath with a sudden start.

"Snow?" she queried, for a dense black cloud was creeping up over the cloudless sky.

He nodded. "The opening storm of winter," he told her. I was just on the point of beating it for my cabin when we met. If you had known enough of woodcraft not to lose your bearings you would have seen all day from the birds and beasts what was going to happen. I knew it the instant the sun came up. We must beat it for my cabin."



"I am packing out," Alec explained, "Thought maybe you might take over some of my gear"

explains quite a lot. My name is Alec Forbe."

"I've heard that too," she answered. "Alec Forbe, the trapper, who lives somewhere back in the twilight. You aren't quite what you might be from the other trappers I've seen," she added frankly.

"No?" drawled Alec questioning. "I shaved and cut my hair last week. But the business of the moment is—you are lost! Your father and brothers were camping down the sandhills two days ago,

HE WENT ahead without further explanation, brushing the frosted undergrowth aside, paying little attention to her save that once, indeed, he scolded her. "Either keep close up to me or further back," he said, and when eventually they reached the cabin she was breathless, and sank down on the box, fitted with back and arms of cedar branches, over which an untanned wolf-skin was thrown.

"I'm sorry," said Alec guiltily. "Afraid I made you hurry. Thoughtless of me."

She removed her mitts and drew off a gold wristlet watch, and he saw where it had dug deeply into her wrist as she caught some branch striving to follow him.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "That's too bad. Wait a moment." And he threw open a cupboard, drawing from it a small jar of ointment. "It isn't just the stuff you'll have at home," he said. "It doesn't smell so nice, but it's clean and healing. I make it myself."

"Thanks," said Miss Fortune, applying the white grease just to please him. "That's better. Anyway, it's nothing. Truth is, I know just what you are feeling. You feel that women have no right out here, a region for men only. You feel that no one has any right unless they can read a compass and keep their landmarks. They're only a danger to themselves and a responsibility to more capable people."

"I'm afraid that's rather what I do feel," he assented, but his smile belied the gravity of his tones. "All the same, you can't guess what company feels like to a man like me—the company that is, of an English lady."

"But I had concluded you came up here to get away from English ladies!" she exclaimed with deeply feigned surprise.

He was astounded at her absolute innocence.

"Won't you remove your gear?" he suggested, as he thrust more wood into the stove. As a matter of fact, he wanted very much to see the

color of her hair, for her eyes were wonderfully blue, and her complexion wonderfully fair. She cast off her hood and her fur-lined jacket.

"Beaver, trimmed with wolverine!" he remarked triumphantly, but she did not seem to hear him, leaving the things for him to hang up, while she gave her head a shake to loosen the closely packed auburn hair, all the tighter for its two days' imprisonment. He took it silently and in silence

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Prince Albert

The First Settlement in What is Now Saskatchewan

By

Miriam Green Ellis

ON A summer day sixty years ago, or, to be exact, sixty-one years, three very small girls started on a journey down the North Saskatchewan River from Fort Carlton to a place as yet without a name. Already they had come from Kildonan in Manitoba, a distance of 550 miles—and it would seem easily twice that far in an ox-cart—so they were experienced travellers, but river travelling was something new.

There was no steamboat, or yacht, or even a rowboat; but a few logs were fastened together and it was on this raft, without even a protecting rail, that the baby girls made their entry into what has since become Prince Albert.

The three little girls, Mary, Margaret and Christina, were duly chaperoned by their parents. Mary's father was a Presbyterian minister, the Reverend James Nesbitt, who with his wife had decided that their mission lay in preaching the gospel to the Indians. Mrs. Nesbitt's sister was married to John McKay, who was conversant with the Cree language, and so it was arranged that the two families should go into the unknown North together. Margaret and Christina, three, and one-and-a-half years old, were the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. McKay; but at that time the three little cousins were not particularly interested in the ethics of Christianizing the Indians.

There were no roads except the old Winnipeg-Edmonton trail, so the group followed that to Carlton and then floated back down-stream, making the sixty-odd miles in the open raft with no serious mishap, although there was constant anxiety that the children might fall off.

The spot where they landed was a beautiful broad plateau, where for years the Crees had met to hold their annual dances. The Crees referred to it as "Kistapinanik," meaning the place where they waited. Although of one tribe in that they spoke the same language, the Indians living on the plains were quite different from those living farther north in the wooded part of the country. Those from the prairies wore feathers, painted themselves and were more warlike than the Indians of the North. Also, they rode horses; the Bush Crees travelled in canoes.

But once a year, "when the poplar trees were in full leaf," they met together on this natural plateau on the banks of the Saskatchewan to perform their social and religious rites. James Isbister, born on the western shore of Hudson's Bay, probably the first white man to set foot on the site of the City of Prince Albert, found the Indians congregated there when he came through from Winnipeg in 1856. Mr. Isbister returned later and was among the first to settle near the mission.

As soon as the little party on the raft landed, they set about building themselves a shelter. This was not difficult to do in a country where logs were plentiful for the taking, but the house had to be weather-tight against the cold days to come.

The first mission house was built on what is now the corner of Central Avenue and River Street, practically the heart of the business section of the city. A high stockade was erected around the mission and seldom were the small girls allowed outside, partly because of the Indians, partly for fear they would get lost in the luxurious vegetation that grew all around.

"The grass was as high as the horses' backs," says Mrs. George Mills, whose pleasant home stands on the brow of the hill overlooking the very spot where that first little barricaded mission was built.

And Mrs. Mills should know, for she is none other than the little Christina McKay, whose early childhood was spent there.

All her life she has lived in Prince Albert, which was named by her father in honor of the Prince Consort. Her sister Margaret (Mrs. Joe Hurd), died at Prince Albert a few years ago.

Little did they think as they grew to girlhood, that one day where "the grass grew as high as the horses' backs," would there be a city, which would extend back across the chain of sloughs and up the hill which lay to the south. Miller's Hill, it was called for many years, since it was part of William Miller's farm.

That summer of 1866 the two families were very busy getting ready for the winter, for they had to depend entirely upon themselves for the wherewithal to exist.

"It was very primitive living those

the settlement spread for about six miles up and down the river. The Indians were still pretty much savage, especially if they got some liquor and there was no interdiction against them in those days.

"One night we (the children) had been left alone at the mission," recalls Mrs. Mills, "when there came a dreadful pounding at the door. We were too terrified to open and just huddled together. The pounding got worse and worse until finally the door gave way with a crash. However," she added casually, "it was only an Indian looking for a cache of furs. In his drunken stupidity he thought they were hidden at the mission and after he had satisfied himself they were not there, he went away. But we were awfully frightened."

The Sun Dances are still fresh in the minds of the old-timers. For many years the Indians continued to hold their dances on the streets or street, of Prince Albert. Then they moved over to the Sand Hills across the river, and it is not so very long ago that these festivals ceased.

And their funerals were almost as weird as the dances. For a mile, or more, the wailing could be heard. In fact, it is still a part of the burial ceremony. Last year the writer attended a funeral of a brave at the Round Plain Reserve about eight miles from Prince Albert.

The rude coffin was laid out in front of his tent on two stools. The missionary on the Reserve read the funeral service in the usual way; then the chief spoke in Cree for some time. The body was carried down a winding trail through a meadow and up to the top of a little hill among the trees. Several of the old-timers of Prince Albert mingled with the Indians around the bier. After the white people left, the wailing began; it was the most mournful, the most indescribable noise.

It was a little difficult for the Indians who were still in a practically savage state, to properly estimate the purpose of the white men among them.

"Often their supplies ran out," says Mrs. Mills. "Then they did not hesitate to come to the mission or to the homes of the settlers and demand meat. One day the chief came to our house when Father was at home, and ordered us to kill our ox."

But the missionary refused their demands.

"The chief went back and held council with his braves, then returned more insistent than ever, and this happened a second and a third time. They got pretty nasty about it."

"And what happened?" we asked, as the story seemed to end there.

"Oh, Father was finally forced to threaten him with a shotgun. We had to have the ox for the ploughing."

It was eight years after the landing of the Nesbitts that the Mounted Police came into the West.

The missionaries not only looked after the souls of their people, but they supervised the mission farm, the harvesting, threshing, etc. Mr. Nesbitt was the first to sow wheat at Prince Albert. A supply of medicines for settlers and Indians was also kept at the mission and it was, in fact, the nucleus around which the settlement revolved.

The wheat they grew in those days produced very poor black flour, but such as it was, it was in great demand, and expensive.

Up on the hill behind the mission, a windmill was built in 1874. The stones for grinding the wheat were of native granite, it is stated, although there seems to be no specific information as to the place from which the granite was taken.

We took a sack of wheat up to the mill and if the wind blew, we got it ground. If there was no wind there was no grist," says an old-timer. It was not a great success and in the absence of better the settlers had recourse to the hand mills owned by W. H. Bartlett. These were run by horse power. It is also remembered that coffee mills were in great demand for grinding flour.

The old mission windmill stood on the hill to the south of the town until 1912, when an enthusiastic

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Capt. Moore, the Irish gentleman who brought the first saw mill and grist mill to Prince Albert



The Nesbitt children. Mary the oldest, wearing the pinafore, came down on the raft to Prince Albert

first years," says Mrs. Mills, with a far-away look in her eyes as she contrasts the necessities of today with the luxuries of sixty years ago in the little home miles beyond the edge of civilization. "The men went out in the fall shooting buffalo, moose and deer for the winter." In McPhillips' Saskatchewan Directory, written in 1888, it states: "As may be supposed, very little farming was done by the early settlers, their labors in that direction being chiefly confined to raising enough produce to meet their own requirements, and they were generally absent except during the haying and harvesting season. Some made trips to Fort Garry, while the majority took to the plains in quest of buffalo, which were still to be found close by. In the winter trapping and fishing was their occupation."

Mrs. Mills also recalls the great strips of dried buffalo meat and the pemmican on which they chiefly depended.

The next eight years brought a few settlers from Kildonan and some of the Hudson Bay posts and



Rev. John McKay, who acted as Cree interpreter

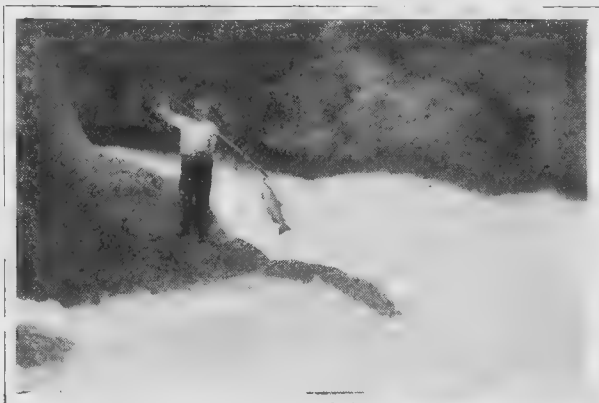
Ye Gods and Little Fishes

Fisherman's Luck in B.C.

By Robert Watson, F.R.G.S.

Author of

"Me—and Peter", "Gordon of the Lost Lagoon" Etc., Etc.



Spearing Salmon at Moricetown, B.C.

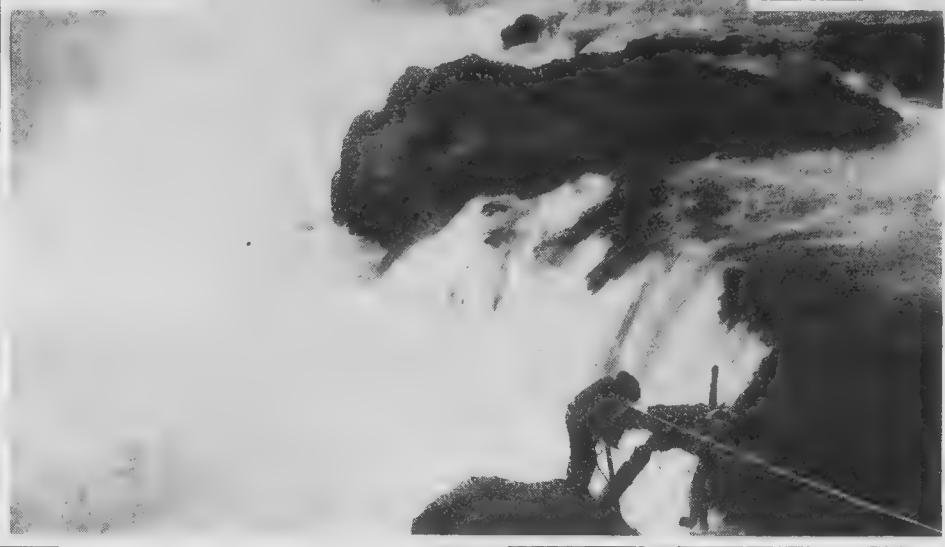
BACK in the echoing corridors of memory, I can recall some early fishing exploits in Scotland, puddling in quarry-holes and in little trickling burns where the "denizens of the deep" could be lured with a crumb of bread and a bent pin at the end of a stick and string. In those days, we called the humble minnow by the name of "baggy." The bigger ones, with a growth on their chins, we called "beardies," while the very king of baggies had a dash of royal red on his waistcoat and went by the name of "reddie." I can call up a picture of a little fisherman's mother standing at a street corner, in the suburbs of Glasgow, looking anxiously in all directions in the gathering darkness, for a weary, foot-sore mortal, dirty-legged and wet of trousers, sleepy-eyed and hungry, but ever so happy as he clutched his jar of live minnows; and I can still hear the gentle chiding and feel the warm caress.

Wet feet! I did not know I owned them nor had I heard the saying then of John Heywood written four hundred years before, "The cat would eate fish and would not wet her feete." But I did know at that early date of my fisherman's life, that he who would fish must not worry over so trifling a thing as wet feet.

When I grew a bit older, I had a big brother who had been away from home for years and who came back. His name was Bill. Bill was a hero—a fisher hero—for he had rods, reels, lines, flies and artificial minnows enough to stock a sportsman's emporium. Bill plied his rod with fanatical zeal. Ill-luck, soaking-wet clothes, cold lunches, drizzly walks, nothing could cool his ardor. All day and all night, too, he would fish, and he would sigh contentedly at the end of it if he had but one lonely half-pound trout to show for his diligence and perseverance.

Sometimes Bill would wake me up in the middle of the night and I would rouse me drowsily, to hear him whisper as if afraid the fish would hear too: "It's a gran' mornin' for the fish." Well I knew that such a morning was not a grand one for the individual, for it meant a Scottish mist and all that that signifies: cold, clammy and marrow-chilling weather.

But, heroically, I would be up and away with him while still it was dark, armed with fishing-tackle and



Indian Salmon spearer and his fishing station on the Upper Fraser River, B.C.

a few hunks of bread and cheese. On we would trudge—miles, and miles, and miles, hills and dales—until we reached some little, forbidden but inviting loch or stream among the hills, just as the hodden grey of dawn was prying up the lid of night. And we would fish there, for perch, maybe—more often for trout—catching them, too, in the awesome stillness that enveloped us—silent, earnest, enthusiastic—afraid almost that the sound of our winding reels would betray us. These were our lucky mornings, for I have known us walk ten to fifteen miles and get nicely started, only to be sent



Indians fishing with Salmon traps on Bulkley River, B.C.

packing back home by some buirdly, stony-hearted gamekeeper—who ought to have been sleeping in his bed and leaving honest fishermen to their craft—who did not understand the hunger-ache of a real fisherman for the chance to cast a fly, ply a rod and lure a trout.

It was thus that I served my apprenticeship, where the fish were few and far between, shy as a bride and had to be poached at that.

We had all the ardor, the patience and the appliances, but of little use were these in a countryside where the lochs and streams were reserved for the gentry and where the only unrestricted waters were dye-burns and sewers.

AFTER sixteen years in British Columbia, on the coast, up-country and in the interior, out in the glorious and free open where the fish belong to him who has the ability to catch them, I have often thought of Brother Bill. Were he still in the land of the living, ocean-liners and express trains would not be fast enough for him in bringing him to such a fisherman's paradise.

What a delight it would have been for Bill to have been my companion on a little excursion just a few miles from Vancouver, along the Capilano River to the Sister's Creek, at the foot of the mountains of the Coast Range, sleeping out in the open by the river's edge, with the earth for a bed, the forest for a house, and the velvety-blue, star-sprayed sky for a roof; with the sound of the swirl of the river over the stones for a lullaby and all else eternally still with the vast silence of the Canadian wilds—to wake up and find a bear and her cubs almost at his feet, refreshing themselves at an eddy; to lie quietly until they ambled and gamboled back into the bush for their breakfast of berries; then to spring up, lave at the river edge, cook his bacon and bannocks and cast his first Royal Coachman fly before the sun came up over the hills! Ah, me—but that was fishing!

A young schoolmaster friend and I worked upstream, without let or stay, and in the gloaming we counted between us two hundred and fifty fine-sized mountain trout, enough to feed the entire bunkhouse of workmen who were there reconstructing a dam. In one round deep clear pool we took out thirty trout in less than fifteen minutes.

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Smoking Salmon on the Skeena River, B.C.



"There's ten thousand dollars there. I'll see your raise and raise you the balance"

Where Ignorance is Semi-Bliss

By Francis Dickie

Illustrated by P. H. Surrey

FROM far down in the bowels of the building a bell toned sonorously. At the sound, two dozen men, grouped talking, some walking restlessly up and down the narrow corridor between the barred windows and the open cells, moved slowly toward their respective cages. Through a steel-faced door at the lower end of the corridor a uniformed guard came silently, the bunch of keys in his right hand clinking faintly musical as he moved. Ahead of the guard, the men paired off, went within their narrow rooms, two to a cell. After them, he closed the portals one by one, locking them in for the night; then went away as silently as he had come.

To Harry Burns, beginning the seventh night of his incarceration in a cell at the end of the upper row, the instinct of his former twenty-three years of life spent in freedom was sufficiently strong upon him to make this nightly seven-o'clock proceeding a hateful thing. The hours of daylight never seemed half so long as this space of close confinement between seven in the evening and six in the morning. In the daylight, along with most of the other prisoners, he had at least the partial freedom of work in the prison yard and in the big garden just beyond the dun red walls. But this being shut in a narrow cage in company with a fellow-being set his every nerve to tingling; filled him with an insane desire to be free so strong that it was physical hurt.

Now, with the faint clanging of the steel-faced door behind the outgoing guard, he came closer to the bars, gripping one in each of his thin, fine hands, and stared out through them and the window directly opposite.

It gave him a view of the bare, hard-beaten earth floor of the acre of prison yard just below; of the high board walls, their barbed wire topping reinforced by an ominous facade of bristling spikes; and, too, a sight of a kinder land that lay beyond, stretching away to the eastern horizon. He could see the river, a gleam of winding light far below on his right; and look over fresh green miles of pleasant farm land stretching interminably away, blurred vistas of restfulness under the mellow haze of the fading summer day.

Every evening since he had come, he had done this; looked with hungry, wistful eyes till the dark filtered down, blotting out all but the grim line of the prison wall. Tonight the landscape appealed more than ever before; and, with the strange inconsistency common to men who know too well the

length of their term, he fell to totalling the days and weeks and months that must elapse before the ending of his time.

Suddenly he started; his cell-mate was speaking. "What you in for"?

Burns turned slowly to face the man lying stretched on his stomach on the lower bed of grated steel, his chin resting in cupped hands. It was the first conversational word he had uttered in all these days. And now from it there woke in Burns' heart a longing for talk, so he said with pleased friendliness:

"Embezzlement."

"Big stuff"? The man's tone was interested.

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Oh." There was respect in the murmured ejaculation.

"And what'd they give you"?

"Seven years."

"Well, there's lots that don't make that much money working hard on the outside in the same time," the speaker went on palliatively, "that's an average of pretty near fifteen hundred dollars a year—that is," he hastened to add, "if you got away with it, and it's waiting for you when you come out."

A faint smile crept to Burns' boyish face. Until a few weeks ago his outlook on life had been an honest one. Even now, in felon's garb, it still lingered to wake in him a faint amusement at this man's odd opinion of his crime. So after a minute he said:

"But it isn't waiting for me; it's all gone."

"That's too bad." There was actually a queer sort of regret in the man's tone. "But you're young," he hurried on cheerfully, "so quit bein' so blue. I've been watchin' you ever since they stuck you in here. I'm not much of a hand at talkin' or makin' hurried friendships, but I'm sick of seein' you night after night a-huggin' them bars, and gazin' out like a cow that's just had her calf taken away, so I reckon a little conversation from an older hand like me'll do you good."

There was something so strangely drawing in the friendly raillery of his words that the boy left his position of leaning against the door. Crossing over, he pulled the single stool from under the bed, set in in the centre of the room and dropped down upon it, facing his companion.

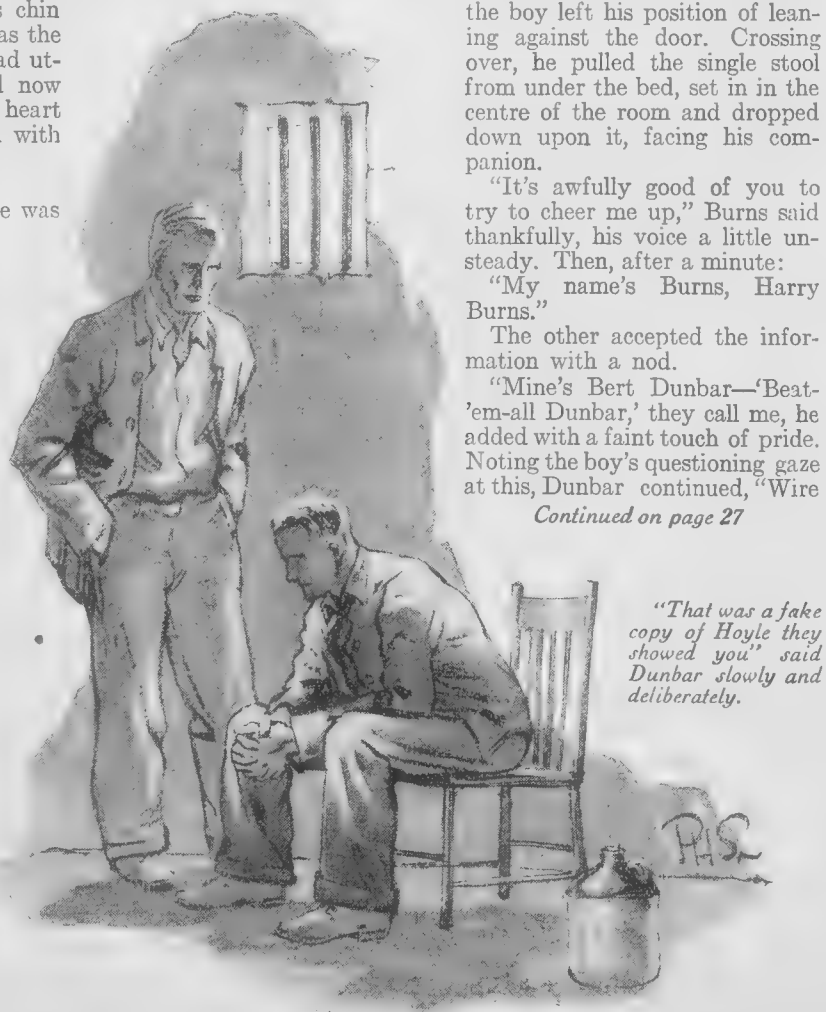
"It's awfully good of you to try to cheer me up," Burns said thankfully, his voice a little unsteady. Then, after a minute:

"My name's Burns, Harry Burns."

The other accepted the information with a nod.

"Mine's Bert Dunbar—'Beat-'em-all Dunbar,' they call me, he added with a faint touch of pride. Noting the boy's questioning gaze at this, Dunbar continued, "Wire

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"That was a fake copy of Hoyle they showed you" said Dunbar slowly and deliberately.



Eli shivered, "You don't understand; you can't understand, dear Haasji—I'm so foolish, so frightened and - and tired! So terribly tired, Haasji!"

JOHANN LIND

By Laura Goodman Salverson

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

FIFTH INSTALMENT

ALL that backward spring Johann went his uncommunicative way. What his innermost thoughts, what his disillusionment none knew. If he suffered through Sheila's conduct he bore it well enough. Aye, too well, that was Helga's opinion. Such calm wasn't natural. It argued a non-sensitive heart—a nature like Herr Lind's. However, the backward season was in itself cause enough for close absorption. A wretched spring, with scarcely a break in bitter winds blowing the chill of distant icefields. Cold, wet, mud-covered, Johann battled the land and at last the truant sun condescended to shine and the fields lay ready for the seeder.

A hard spring, Helga admitted, even though he had not troubled to plow for the Zakofs; just the same she disapproved such cold-blooded acceptance of a woman's caprice. He might at least have tried to make his peace with Sheila! But Andre's problems were, after all, more to her liking. Andre had no dark impenetrable secrets; his fears and ambitions were commonplace and clear. His dream was to marry Eli in the fall—if the crops were good. Aye, and if the crops were good he meant to build an addition to the house! two large rooms with a sunny exposure. Oh, a host of plans had Andre, if the crops were good!

You may be sure Helga kept an eye on the fields that summer. Of course she had dreamt a different dream of Andre—of her son in the white-collared world of business but, when all was said and done the thoughts of having him always near eclipsed all else.

Lena Berg did not share that happy viewpoint, as Helga discovered one sultry afternoon when her friend stopped for coffee on her way from Hawthorne. "No, I don't think Eli should marry so soon." Right out like that with no polite preamble, came her astonishing statement. Helga set down the coffee pot hastily, staring at her friend as if she doubted her senses.

"What?" said she. "What's that, Lena Berg?"

Lena's rather weak face assumed a mulish expression. "I said I don't think my Eli should marry so soon."

"But why—isn't she eighteen?"

"Yes—"

"Nu, da, is it my Andre you mistrust? He will beat her, I suppose?" This with great scorn.

"Tist! Helga, you know better. God forbid I should say a thing against such a son-in-law but, I don't like it just the same."

"Ja, Lena! To hear such words from your lips! It's an old maid you'd have her—to reproach you on her death-bed?"

Poor Lena, torn between pride and conscience, and above all afraid to offend a precious friend, broke into jumbled utterance: "No, no, Helga, not that! Not anything you think—it's Eli's health. A weak lung, that's what she has. Herre Gud, to think a spot like a quarter makes such mischief! And—you know how it is with Simon. Not that he's bad, Helga, but money, money, that's all he thinks of now. Money, money, till I hate the word! Good food and plenty of rest, that's what the doctor told my Eli—well, figure for yourself how Papa would take it. . . ."

Helga's warm heart responded instantly. "Nu, ja, Lena Berg, isn't it luck then your Eli could get a good husband to care for her? Tish, woman, dry your eyes and be sensible. For a minute I thought maybe Simon put his foot down against my Andre—you make too much of nothing, Lena!"

Lena averted her eyes, sipping her coffee with determined relish. It was no good letting Helga suspect her worst fears, still, honesty compelled her

to add: "Ja, perhaps, but you know how it is with married life . . ." And then out rushed what she had intended to keep back: "It's like this, Helga: Eli needs rest if she's not to fall a burden on your Andre. I've been saving a little from the cream and eggs to send her to Dakota—Ja, she needs a rest, but eggs don't pay much now and Simon has a close eye on the cream."

Helga thought it nonsense. All Eli needed was to get into her own little home where she'd have nothing much to do and joy of life would soon be hers again.

"Ja, maybe," Eli's mother acquiesced docilely, glad for the moment to accept her friend's version though a certain bitter fear kept disrupting that adopted cheerfulness.

Out in the fields with Andre, Eli was trying to make a conscientious confession. He had been speaking of the house he meant to build when the witchery of wheat should provide the fortune. Quite inconsistently Eli's transports changed to swift, soul-shaking fears. For the first time the significance of what he was saying grew clear and personal, disagreeably personal, for he seemed all at once a stranger, this fair young man of glib promises and looseness of mouth that somehow repelled her utterly. And he was proposing to join their fortunes for the whole of life! No, no, it must not be; it would be intolerable for both of them.

Flushed, trembling, Eli caught hold of Andre's arm, transfixing him with desperate eyes. "Andre, Andre, don't let us talk of it . . . oh, please . . . I . . . you—that is, surely you see how silly I am. Andre, I'd never, never make you happy!"

Andre, intrigued by what he supposed an extreme of modesty, caught her in his arms, kissing away her foolishness. "You'll make the sweetest wife, never fear, none sweeter in the whole of Saskatchewan!"

For once she had the courage to disagree. "Oh, you didn't let me finish! But you shall hear the truth. I'm not strong, I'm not worth my keep—papa says I'm useless on a farm—!" She might have spared herself, Andre was not in the habit of attaching importance to sentiments not his own.

"If I want you, that's enough," he broke in impatiently, "more than enough, so be sensible and stop this fuss about nothing."

"Andre, I hate the farm! I hate everything about it. I . . . I . . . Oh, Andre, I'm not even sure that I love you!"

"Bravo, bravo! I didn't think you had it in you, Eli, 'pon my word I didn't. But wait, you shall be punished for that!" He would have kissed her but Eli, caught up on the wings of sudden conviction, wrenched free and bolted for the house. Far from displeased, Andre watched her flying progress, a smile upon his lips, deepened interest in his eyes. So! Eli might be worth the having even after all—even without her father's money!

VROUW VAN MEIRIS came puffing up to Helga's one fine afternoon, her round face flushed with heat, ill-concealed excitement aglow in her eyes. Such news! Her sister, married to money, had come to live in Saskatoon. Sure. So much money and a big house and no children; why then shouldn't Haasji come to them to continue her schooling?

"Nu, ja! that's a real sister, Mrs. Van Meiris!" Helga agreed swiftly, thoroughly pleased and scarcely less excited than the visitor. "Ja, a good, good sister. Sit by the window, dear Mrs. Van Meiris; it's cooler. Ja, sure, you stay for coffee. In just a minute the men will come from the field—a surprise, that's what you'll give them!"

She did indeed, and the rich relatives lost nothing in prestige through the re-telling. Five thousand a year, not a cent less—and neither chick nor child had Hoeck! Sure, yes, a brother-in-law of whom to be proud!

Johann, seeing in a flash Haasji's eager young face, thought it truly fortunate. Little Haasji was too imaginative by far to live out life on the farm; she deserved something better. "You'll let her go, of course," he said, greatly enjoying the good dame's self-importance.

"Sure, yes! But not till fall. This summer Papa gets him a garden going, and Haasji must help. In

the fall, sure. Also a little money we could get, but neen, to borrow that is bad."

Herman broached another viewpoint. "This Saskatoon, is it a good place for our Haasji? A young girl, Mrs. Van Meiris, is quickly hurt—"

Helga resented this damper on a neighbor's joy. "Nu, da, Saskatoon is a fine city with stores and schools and churches. Ja, and besides, ain't it her own aunt will have her right under her nose so to speak?"

"Oh, she'll be all right, that young spitfire," contributed Andre, tossing a doughnut to the dog beside the door.

"A good child, my Haasji." Vrouw Van Meiris seemed unnecessarily emphatic. "A good child. And a strict woman her aunt. Sure, yes, always she made her cheese perfect, even before she married."

Johann found the parallel delightfully amusing. "But my dear Mrs. Van Meiris," he teased her gaily, "aren't young ladies apt to be more troublesome than cheeses?"

"Ach, you should know my Haasji!"

"True," he assented wickedly. "Cheese is cheese, and Haasji is Haasji."

But Vrouw Van Meiris matched him swiftly: "Sure, yes," said she, with a toss of the head, "and a good cheese goes the way it's started—sure, daughters and cheeses it's all the same, Min Heer!"

So the days sped on, enlivened for the Van Meiris' by dreams of Haasji's future and for Helga by plans of Andre's wedding. A quiet, soul-satisfying time except for a sudden madness on the part of Johann. What could have prompted it Helga failed to see. Indeed, who could? Surely only a madman—or a Lind, would set to work destroying that bit of parkland lying between them and the Van Meiris' fields! The one beauty-spot on the whole quarter! Andre espoused his mother's indignation.

"What the devil's the idea," he demanded tartly of his close-mouthed brother.

Johann shrugged, his voice soft as velvet. "You've forgotten, Andre, this quarter happens to be mine."

Andre, brick-red, kicked at a newly-felled tree lying at his feet. "Damn it, Johann Lind, you carry this independence poise too far!"

But the sharp sound of an axe biting deep in willow roots was all the answer he got. It was maddening, to say the least.

An opinion seconded heartily by the nonplussed Helga. It was enough to drive one to despair! The complexities of the Lind nature evidently increased with the years. Aye, that was it—the mad streak must have outlet some way! Ole took fire at their tireless criticism. "By jiminy, to hear you talk that bit of scraggy bush was worth a million!"

Helga assumed an aggrieved expression. "Nu, ja, if you're going to uphold him—"

"Why shouldn't I uphold him?" Ole roared, growing angrier each passing moment. "Why not? Tell me that, dum-heads? Ain't it his land? Ain't he working it for you? Ja, if you ask me, that's where the madness comes in—year in year out working the damn land with never a Port-of-Pleasure for the doing! Ja, you bet I'll uphold him! What's more I'll have an end of black looks and nagging. Peace and quiet, that's what I'll have—one way or another!"

Helga shooed her son from the room. "Nu, nu, Ole," she purred placatingly, "you've got it mixed as usual. Andre wants a pretty place for Eli, that's all. And Johann had to take that silliness into his head."

Ole stumped the room like a restive ox, from stove to washstand and washstand to door. "Wants! wants! Ja, always he wants, that son of yours!" he flung at her fiercely. "A pretty place for Eli—bah! I'm sick to hear it. Girls! girls! girls! since he first put on long pants! Ain't that silliness to shame you? Nu da, you make me tired, Helga Boen!"

Meanwhile, unconscious of the furore, he had caused, Johann worked on, black fury possessing his soul. Willow, poplar, shining birch, all must go—nothing must remain of their taunting loveliness! Yet, each time a clinging fibre wrenched free of the soil, something gave way in his heart. For this was hallowed ground. Here he had sat with Sheila times without number. Not a shrub but recalled

her; not a cluster of leaves but whispered her name. Aye, here he had offered up his heart on the high altar of his graces, and here she had beguiled him with her clever insincerities. The memory of that impertinence must go—struck out with the willows that still murmured of it!

Whenever work permitted Johann made a point of visiting the Zakofs. He was determined Anton should get to school. To which end he coaxed and wheedled the reluctant parents until at last they stood convinced of the wisdom of such procedure. At any rate, whatever their hidden doubts, they understood that Barin Johann had set his mind upon it. And that, so please you, was the end of the argument. Why not? In the Baltic where Zekof was little more than a serf, to bow to the will of the over-lord was part of existence. And was not the Barin master of their destiny? Had he not steered them out of many a difficulty—had he not smiled on them alway? If, then, he wanted Anton's very soul, should they refuse?

It is true Daria tortured herself into an ecstasy of doubt and fear. Books were such dangerous things! Much learning such a treachery! Horspidy, yes! That was the way rebels and revolutions were made—and rebels were always hung! On the other hand to the meek and obedient a place of refuge was promised.

But Johann found a way of soothing all these fears and Anton began attending the little school built that spring two miles west of Simon Berg's quarter. And this child of illiterate parents grew enamored of knowledge. His bright mind observing everything, making note of everything; nothing too insignificant or dull. True, numbers were not so enthralling but geography charmed him. To put one's finger on a chart where the mountains spanned Africa, that was wonderful! And to see on that funny green globe where Africa sprawled made him feel so certain of it! The world apart became a reality, and the knowledge swelled his pride tremendously. The little Zekofs hung upon his words in worshipful admiration, and sometimes his parents paused in the midst of work to listen to him. Already they had begun to accept him as simple folk accept the clergy; he was of them and yet apart. With his young friend thus engrossed, Johann saw less of him, thought less of him and the Zekof problem in general. From early dawn till dark he went about his work and of work there was no end. Between haytime and harvest he added a new wing to the barn (he had bought blooded stock the previous season) built another pen for Helga's Yorkshire pigs and, as if that weren't enough, repainted old Herman's bedroom. A misplaced zeal in Helga's opinion, who fancied help towards Andre's proposed addition had been more acceptable; though she knew better, after Papa's ruckus, than voice the criticism openly. He was queer, that lad, and no mistake; but then, what could you expect of Johann Lind!

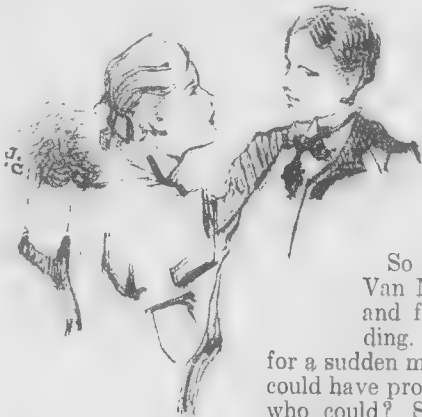
In town men got short shrift from him. Ha! cried the scandalmongers, he had turned bitter after all! His high-handed independence had not saved him the pain of lesser mortals. Well, he'd learn like the rest of them! Still, zealous though they were for his education in these matters they left him severely alone. His reputation was another matter. As the general merchant put it to Simon Berg over a keg of nails: "You can't expect honest folk to believe that tale about driving twenty miles in the dead o' night just for a priest. It don't stand to reason!"

Simon shifted his snuff carefully before speaking. Very jealous of words was Simon; of words and of dollars. He had never liked Johann, resenting in him strength equal to his own stubborn will, but until lately he hadn't troubled to give the matter thought. Now it was different. Thanks to Andre he understood the young tyrant better. But for Johann's monopoly of farm affairs Andre was free to plan for Eli's pleasure. Ja, Johann could build a barn for blooded stock but Simon Berg's daughter had to wait upon the caprice of the seasons for a home and husband!

"No sir, 'taint within the bounds of reason," the merchant reiterated. "Now, if there had been a girl—"

Simon spat disdainfully: "Ja, there's more to a bird than pin-feathers. But about girls—don't be too certain. Sly, that's what they are, the creatures." And off he went nodding sagely as much as

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Tall Timbers to Sky-Scrapers

By C. B. Robertson



The first Canadian Pacific passenger train to cross Canada from Montreal to Port Moody, now Vancouver, left the former city on June 28, 1886, just forty years ago. The above photograph was made on its arrival at Port Arthur, Ont. It arrived at Port Moody on July 4.

"TAKE a deep dive into the archives at the Parliament Buildings here," said Mayor L. D. Taylor of Vancouver, when I met him in Victoria the other day. "If you would appreciate my 'home town,' read, mark and learn the story of Vancouver, the youngest city in Canada, yet third in point of population today.

"It will give you a strange feeling—positively uncanny—to stand, then, in the midst of a great progressive Canadian city of close on three hundred thousand souls, and to realize that, only a few years ago (when a great number of those who live in the city today were being born, or were school boys and girls somewhere in the British Empire), that spot where Vancouver now stands was virgin forest, enfolding a little settlement of pioneers. It 'gives one pause,' and makes one wonder what the next few decades will make of Canada."

"Do you think that the pioneers dreamed, in those days, of what they would see within the lifetime of many of them, Mr. Taylor?"

"Oh, they dreamed brave dreams, but how could they guess how much greater would be the realization than the vision?"

"Yes, the city as it stands today, cannot have been conceivable to the pioneers who founded the little town of Granville. (Do you know that it was popularly called 'Gastown,' in doubtful compliment to 'Gassy' Jack Deighton, the talkative proprietor of the first little hotel of the settlement?) How could they dream that, in less than fifty years, a great, towering city should be born, and grow to manhood; a city far-famed as one of the greatest ocean-ports of the world?"

"I think that a genie, such as we are told of in the Arabian Nights, must have been slumbering in a great tree of the forest and, set free by the pioneer woodman's axe, must have awakened to life; must have decreed himself to be the soul of a city yet unborn. And the name of that genie must have been 'Progress'!"

So, before I returned to Vancouver, I did some reading, as the Mayor had advised, and I saw the city through new eyes, as the Mayor had predicted!

JUNE thirteenth, 1886, was an unlucky day, indeed, for the little town of Granville in the midst of the "Tall Timbers" which reared their branches above the Pacific coast-line of British Columbia. Upon that thirteenth day, a forest fire swept over the little town and destroyed every last home in the place. Where the town had been, the pioneers gazed upon smouldering ashes.

Strangely enough, as I write I hear the piercing siren of Vancouver's fire-engines as they tear past my window, shrieking to clear the misty streets of night traffic. An eerie sound—yet there's nothing to fear, for that other fire was forty-two years ago

and times have changed indeed. This is a day of efficiency in Vancouver, B.C.

Somehow, by virtue of the contrast, perhaps, the sound of that shrill, prolonged siren, fading in the distance, carries me back, and that fire of 1886 rises vividly before my eyes—I seem to sense the terror of those pioneers and their wives and children. Flaming forests—for the fire started in the midst of clearing operations near the town—and then loved little homes and precious household treasures licked up in a mouthful by a devouring demon; tongues of red flame leaping from roof to roof.

They tell it that forty minutes from the time

its building across the Dominion), that, by the beginning of the year 1887, a new town had risen upon the ashes of the old, a town costing half a million dollars to build, and housing now twenty-five hundred people.

The city, of course, had to raise loans, and it is interesting to note that the first purchase made, even before the building of the city hall, was a fire-fighting equipment. The first city council of Vancouver numbered among its members, J. H. Carlisle, who was appointed fire chief. With forty-one years of faithful service to his credit, he still directs Vancouver's splendid fire-fighting force!

It was the suggestion of Mr. William C. Van Horne of the Canadian Pacific that the port should be called, not Granville, nor yet "Gastown," but Vancouver, in honor of that intrepid explorer, Captain Vancouver, who, with his band of followers, sailed into Burrard Inlet through the Lion's Gate in 1792.

It was on the fourth day of July, 1886, that the first train from the East pulled into Port Moody; so bringing into fruition one of the chief conditions upon which British Columbia entered Confederation. Vancouver, however, was to be the terminal point of the C.P.R., as it is today, and the first passenger train from across the Dominion entered Vancouver May twenty-third, 1887. The little town went mad when that first train pulled in! The engine was decorated with evergreens and leaves and flowers.

It was the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign, and the engine headlight bore her portrait; about the smoke-stack was a bunting with the message: "Montreal greets the Terminal City." (Ah! A thrilling day, indeed!)

There was no local bank in the city in those days, but that was soon remedied—the Bank of British Columbia opened an office. Small business was done at first, but in five years the bank clearings had reached the sum of \$8,414,923; and it may be added, that in 1927—with thirty-five years between—the bank clearings had reached the enormous sum of \$888,704,118!

I have said that the rebuilding of the city after the fire cost half a million dollars—a great sum in those days. Last year over twenty-five million dollars was spent in building, in the city of Vancouver, and these figures do not take into account the new C.P.R. pier, a structure which cost five million dollars. This is the most modern and magnificent pier accommodation on the Pacific Coast.

There is a world of romance, a story of great progress upon the part of the city, back of the bald fact that such a pier has come into being.

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—Courtesy of Pacific Airways

Bird's eye view present day of Vancouver

that the first house was afire, every home in the community was blazing! There was a stiff gale blowing, and, in the teeth of the wind, men and women, carrying their children, rushed madly down to the water front, and crowded the wharves and the boats alongside. Many crossed the inlet, and, from the opposite shore, saw their homes, and their little town "go up in smoke." It was never known just how many people perished in that fire.

Within four days of that upon which the town was wiped out of existence, the determined pioneers began the rebuilding of their city. I say "city" advisedly, for on April sixth, 1886, only nine weeks before the fire, the city of Vancouver had been incorporated, a "city" of less than two thousand inhabitants.

So great was the faith of the citizens in the potential greatness of the place (by virtue of the long line of steel, even then completing its journey across the great Rocky Mountains, in the last stage of



Present day train, with new observation car, travelling through the Rockies, West of Lake Louise

What the Well-Groomed House

Will Wear

Becoming Colors and Charming Accessories to Outside Appearance

By Katherine M. Caldwell

IF THE Spring slipped up on you suddenly, catching you a little unawares, you may be one of those home-owners who are facing the happy business of freshening up the outside of the house this Fall, and of giving it that protection which is only afforded by a coat of paint. Even if your plan is for next Spring, it is not too early to think of the possibilities that lie in "doing over" the house. Does its present color scheme, for instance, fully satisfy you? Is it the one best suited to the house, to the background? Has it any real charm or individuality; does it strike some definite note of rich warm coloring or of crisp, spick-and-span freshness, or whatever note is most in keeping with the architecture, atmosphere and surroundings?

In short — does adventure beckon when you shake off the idea that the old color scheme need be forever perpetuated; that the effect of your house must remain always the same?

The house that is all of wood, is more amenable to change than the house of brick or stone, in which only the "trim" responds to the magic of the paint-brush. But it is surprising how much the character of a house is influenced by the color treatment of its window and door frames, its porch and eaves and perhaps its roof.

I saw this point well illustrated just this season. A pretty little house of two-storey bungalow type neighbors my home; that it really was a pretty house had almost escaped my consciousness; the house is of dark red brick, charming in line and now, charming in color; formerly, the entire outdoor trim was green, but this Spring it was painted a soft brown, with deep cream inner frames at the windows—and the improvement in the whole effect can scarcely be described; the little house is now so much more an individual, a harmony, a complete thing; there is something more satisfying about the new paint, with that particular brick tone, than was apparent in that old color scheme.

The colors you will use must remain a matter of individual choice. There are so many things that influence the decision! The size of the house, whether it is set with a background of green trees or high against a sky-line or soberly guarded by two neighboring houses; even the garden you have, or plan to have, is worth some consideration, for in blossom time, it will become a decided part of your entire color scheme; so if you have a fondness for certain flowers and intend to grow them whether or no, you will do well to remember their coloring when selecting your paint; you may be more willing to change the color of your house than the predominant colors of your garden.

Again, you may want your house color to help create a certain amount of illusion. Remember that light, bright colors increase the apparent size. The dark colors will make a small house smaller. If there are trees and generous planting to give their softness to the general effect, to paint in light and shade — if there



A unique but effective design carried out in brick

are wide lawns and a generous perspective, you can choose practically any color scheme you please; you need not be afraid of cream or white, light greys or buffs; but for the large house that has little relief from its surroundings, the softer tones may prove more appropriate.

Unfortunately, the dweller in crowded places must also give some thought to his neighbors.

There is not very much use in selecting a color scheme that is virtually ruined by its close neighbor; better to choose something less charming, perhaps, when considered by itself, but not so open to unfortunate close influences.

IT IS not often that we allow our sense of adventure to carry us very far afield in selecting the *body* color for the all-wood house; we remain fairly conservative as regards this large area. But when we reach the matter of the trim, the possibilities for individual effects declare themselves.

I have spoken of the importance of regarding the garden as part of the final color scheme; it does not do, however—at least, in this country of ours—to picture the house always sitting amidst green foliage and bright flowers. There is a long stretch of living to be done between November and May, when our settings vary from grey bleakness to gleaming white. If the house is for all-year-round occupation, we do not want to ignore the appearance it will have under the less flattering influences of Winter surroundings.

A mellow old-ivory tone is often a happy choice for the main color of the painted house. Very lovely with it are shutters and perhaps a door, of soft delft blue. This is a color scheme which does not die out in Winter and which is utterly fascinating when the garden blooms about it; picture the flaming beauty of yellow or rose and wine Darwin tulips in the early Spring—the creams and mauves of iris—the glories of tall hollyhocks, gladioli and the rich hues of the Fall flowers, the zinnias and marigolds, the wonderful dahlias that are a proud development of recent years.

The white or cream house of Colonial type has become very popular in our country and it takes very kindly to the various greens and a soft greeny-blue for its trim and the tone of its roof. One must be careful, however. There are very light shades of green and green-blue which are cool and charming on this type of house, during the Summer, but which in Winter lack the character that belongs to the slightly deeper tones.

A rather light olive green is attractive with walls of cream tone; sage green is very soft when set against old ivory; there are browns which are ideal with the warmer yellowish and buff tones; with that pinky tone of buff which has come into quite strong favor, a dark, rather weathered brown stain seems especially good; a light grey house carries trim of a darker grey with window sashes and so forth, of snowy white and I have seen window boxes of primrose yellow, overflowing with nasturtiums, mignonette and the sweet, sweet heliotrope (which should be tucked into every window garden, so that its fragrance can slip indoors with every little breeze).

Distinction so often lies in just a little difference — a shade lighter here, a tone darker there, soft ivory instead of white,



Stucco with cream trimmings, bright red roof and striped awnings to match, makes a harmonious color scheme

Continued on Page 62



FELS-NAPTHA has such a well-established reputation for doing the family wash, that housekeepers sometimes forget Fels-Naptha is "more than a laundress."

Or, to be more exact, Fels-Naptha is remarkably good at general cleaning because it is such a thorough laundress. For dirt is dirt, whether it's on painted woodwork or the children's clothes, and Fels-Naptha gives you *extra help* that gets dirt out with less effort.

It gives you the *extra help* of two active cleaners working together. Good golden soap and plenty of naptha, blended by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process. Naptha, you know, is the dirt-loosener "dry cleaners" use. And you can *smell* the naptha in Fels-Naptha.

So, when you put Fels-Naptha to work, you get plenty of naptha to dissolve the dirt while the rich soapy suds wash it away.

That's why, with Fels-Naptha, smudgy, greasy finger-prints quickly leave painted woodwork — windows come sparkling clean — floors and linoleum take on that well-scrubbed look — bathtubs, washstands and tile reach shining cleanliness. All with less work for you, thanks to the golden soap-and-naptha combination!

So please don't think of Fels-Naptha only in terms of a clean, sweet-smelling wash. Remember, that for general cleaning, too, nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha. Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha today — *and don't let it loaf between wash-days!*

FELS & CO., Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

The Young Man and His Problem

Three Thousand Opportunities

DURING the past few years, many secondary schools in the United States, and several in Canada have been considering the problem of vocational guidance. There was a time when great high schools enrolling perhaps a thousand students each, were content to let their students graduate without any further thought as to the careers they might follow, but today there is a strong tendency to follow the students into their occupations; to find out what they are doing and whether the education they received in school is in line with the demands that professional, business and industrial life may make upon them later.

In connection with the work of vocational guidance, a considerable quantity of literature has appeared, much of it undertaking to give descriptions of a variety of occupations so that students may be guided in their choice of careers. As a result of the scientific tendencies of the age and of the many special types of positions created, there are today many more varieties of opportunities than ever before. Consider for a moment such occupations as tacksitter, schakitz, colporteur, gagman, shop-router, dramaturg, gigolo, zodiac-therapist, tipster, jazzcar, periodontist, subject-for-scientific-experiment, to mention only a few listed in a recent work, *The Book of Opportunities—What 3,000 American Occupations Have to Offer*; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th Street, New York.

This work, while written for American readers, contains brief but clear descriptions of hundreds of occupations to be found in the Dominion of Canada and can be confidently recommended to the attention of Canadian readers. In the introduction, the authors assert that people beyond middle life will find in the book what Chauncey Depew meant when he said:

"A man who discovers himself getting old and his job gone need not be downhearted. Changing your business after forty has its difficulties, I admit. New businesses, however, are constantly springing up. Think of the manifold chances in electrical work that did not even exist a few years ago! Many a middle-aged man thrown out of his job through no fault of his own, but brimming with hope, is belatedly making good in electricity, engineering, motion pictures, and the radio industry."

The authors state further that they have tried to show what's what in occupations in such a way that the reader will have his vision broadened and his ideas crystallized.

For example, suppose you want to "go into publishing." There are at least five distinct ways of approach. You can enter the trade department and become a salesman; the book-keeping department and become an accountant; the advertising department and become a copy-writer; the manufacturing department and become a printer; the editorial department and become an editor. Any one of these callings might be that of publisher—yet few people know these distinctions. A similar variety exists in Journalism, Farming, Advertising, Chemistry; in fact, almost every field. A knowledge of the component parts of work simplifies the problem, and clears up the mystery.

An immense quantity of technical information is provided throughout the 477 pages of the book and an interesting feature is added by the inclusion of selected quotations relating to certain occupations. In the business section, for instance, Otto Kahn's ten rules of success for young men entering business are given:

1. Eliminate from your vocabulary the word "perfunctory."
2. Think—exercise your brain as you do your muscles.
3. The most serviceable of all assets is reputation.
4. Use your imagination.
5. Know how to bide your time and to "sit tight."
6. Be neighborly. Be a good sport. Remember that you can't lift yourself by downing others.
7. Work hard—it won't hurt you.
8. Take an active interest in public affairs.

By H. J. Russell

9. Meet your fellow-man frankly and fairly. You don't have to go through business armed to the teeth.

10. If you are successful, be patient, courteous and conciliatory. Avoid ostentation.

In the section on art, the following interesting anecdote is related:

Bruloff, the great Russian painter, once corrected a pupil's study. The pupil looked in amazement at the altered drawing, exclaiming: "Why, you have touched it only a tiny bit, but it is quite another thing." Bruloff replied: "Art begins where the tiny bit begins."

The Problem Department

ANSWERS to Education Questions, Series 10:
1. By what methods has the problem of religious education been approached?

Answer: Various experiments are being tried in the hope of finding a way of providing instruction in religion while not attempting to modify the secular character of the schools. The experiments of this type which have been most successful have arranged some form of religious teaching outside of the regular school hours. In some cases the school authorities have co-operated with this plan and have permitted the use of school buildings for these exercises.

2. Cite some examples of experimental schools.

Answer: Many schools have been organized for the purpose of demonstrating the feasibility of some educational reform. In Chicago, the Dewey School was organized for the correction of formal practices. The University of Missouri has an experimental school which has attempted to develop its course without the use of textbooks. In San Francisco, a school has been set up which abandons ordinary forms of group class work and uses the individual method of instruction entirely. In England and on the Continent many private schools are following methods advocated by modern reformers and educational psychologists.

3. Summarize the growth of the correspondence school.

Answer: In England, the University extension movement took, among other forms, that of giving courses through correspondence. Several universities in the United States and in Canada now give instruction by mail in various subjects. The movement has also become influential outside of university circles and many large correspondence schools now exist in England, Canada, and the United States. Numerous correspondence study courses of higher grade have been organized for business men.

4. Define vocational education.

Answer: The term vocational education has been used in recent times to cover those school courses which prepare for commercial and industrial pursuits. This is a very limited meaning of the words, because preparation for the professions is also in a very proper sense vocational education. If the broader meaning be attached to the term, all education is vocational.

5. What is the fundamental motive prompting the organization of the junior high school?

Answer: The fundamental motive for this new organization is to be found in the fact that formerly the elementary school did not include in its programme the advanced studies such as higher mathematics and foreign languages, nor any of the subjects which lead directly into professional training.

The Canadian Nation

THE current number of *The Canadian Nation*, the quarterly issued from the head office of the Association of Canadian Clubs, which is at 55 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, contains admirably prepared matter of an informative, interesting character, with the spirit of united Canadianism breathing from every page. This publication has already a wide circulation throughout the Dominion. With each succeeding issue it is giving increasing proof of its excellent value as an inspiring exponent of the patriotic aims and purposes which every true Canadian has at heart.

What to Study

NO. 3. Why study English?

Under the head English are usually grouped as many as five related subjects. They are English literature, composition, grammar, rhetoric, and spelling. To these are often added oral reading and public speaking. Two of these subjects are discussed hereunder.

Novel reading, if too much time is given to it, may become a vice. But in general the good novels are highly valuable. They give a better understanding of human nature, engender higher ideals, and, like history, afford a study of human behavior that becomes the subconscious basis of wiser personal conduct. Good novels employing the sterling words of everyday life are especially helpful in improving the student's own use of English. Foreign-born students from homes where no English is spoken often acquire style and vocabulary from the good authors that they read in school; and as a result they speak polished English.

One advantage of grammar study is that it frees the student to a considerable extent from the influence of the incorrect speech habits of his associates. Incorrect grammar, like incorrect spelling, is often taken as a badge of inferiority. A good knowledge of English grammar is an excellent preparation for the study of foreign languages. The study of grammar includes practice in analyzing English sentences. Analysis is a sure help to the reader in getting the thought from difficult passages.

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 12. Chief Supervisor, Illustration Stations.

Duties: To have charge under the Director, Experimental Farms, of the system of agricultural Illustration Stations; to plan crop rotations; to outline fertilizer demonstrations and cultural work which will convey in a practical way the results of agricultural research; to give direction in selection, care and breeding of livestock and poultry on the Stations; to investigate new districts; to supervise the inspection of Stations; to arrange the purchase of seeds and fertilizers and other material and their distribution to Stations; to prepare reports and articles; address meetings and judge exhibits; and to do other related work as required.

Qualifications required: Graduation in agriculture from a college of recognized standing; experience in carrying on experimental plot work; wide farming experience; a good knowledge of agricultural conditions and successful practice in both Eastern and Western Canada; familiarity with the work of the Experimental Farms, and with the use and adaptability of chemical fertilizers; experience in agricultural promotion work; preferably a knowledge of both English and French; good administrative ability; good address and ability to speak in public.

The Punctuation Test

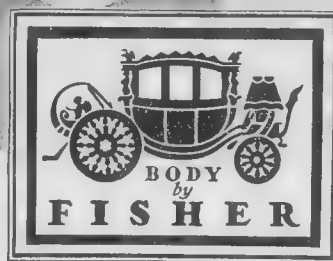
SEVERAL readers expressed interest in the punctuation test provided in the May issue, and have asked to see the correct form. The paragraph was punctuated in its original form as follows:

"These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussion of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them."

Aim High

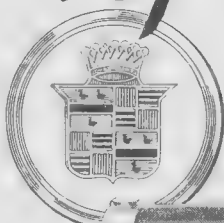
"ALWAYS aim high. Leave off in a better plane of thought and living than that in which you began the quest. There will be much to drag you down and hinder you in your progress, but keep your eyes fixed upon the goal. Nothing that is attained easily is of much value. The harder the struggle, the greater the prize. It is not easy to win something of lasting value. Dogged determination, persistent effort and an iron will that can overcome difficulties are needed in the lifelong battle."

*I*T is deeply gratifying to the Fisher Body Corporation that Bodies by Fisher play a major part in the brilliant success of the Cadillac and its equally notable brother-car, the LaSalle. Presenting a radical departure from past design, these cars are unmistakably the most luxurious and distinguished ever created for fine car owners. The bodies of the Cadillac and the LaSalle cars are the finest creations of master custom body artisans. But Fisher resources and manufacturing efficiency enable Cadillac to present them without the usual price-penalty—a fact which contributes to making both Cadillac and LaSalle incomparably the greatest investment values in the fine car field.

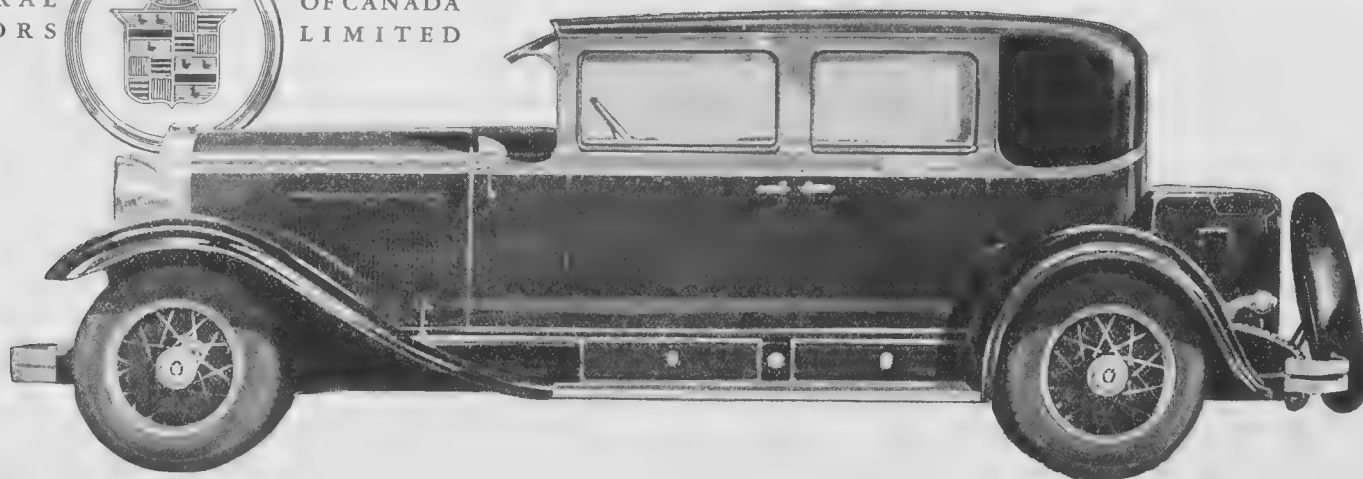


Body by FISHER

GENERAL
MOTORS



OF CANADA
LIMITED



Modern Progress Displaces Paris Antiquities

By Francis Dickie

The Seven-hundred Year Old "Flea Market" Must Give Way to Demands of the Real Estate "Boom"

BEYOND that ancient gate of Paris called Clingancourt lies that queer, quaint, fascinating place known for seven hundred years as *Marche aux puces*, or "Flea-Market," where since the 13th Century you could buy anything from an old bottle to an "old master," and where, it is humorously said, "they throw in the fleas for nothing." No common market this! Its age is guarantee enough for that. And though you will find not one mention of it in the various proper guide books to Paris; though writers in general for some unexplainable reason ignored this historic and remarkable spot; though millions of tourists have visited Paris without ever hearing its name, let alone visiting it, and though the recent edict commanding its wiping out found no place in the cable news of the world, still, Paris will be the poorer by one historic and exceedingly interesting corner, and collectors of old pots, pewter, books, furniture, tapestries, chairs, paintings, china and countless other odds and ends will no longer be able to go wandering seeking hopefully to pick up some valuable object for a few francs. Many valuable art finds have been made at the "Flea-Market." Once a Rubens there was found, pictures by David, Grueze and Goya, tapestries of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth centuries, a rare Persian carpet and historic swords, and these were all purchased for almost nothing.

For many years the frowning walls of the fortifications glowered down upon the "Flea-Market," and one of its principal streets ran parallel to the deep moat that had been an added protection to the city in those days before modern methods of warfare made such things futile.

In this region, spreading out from the very base of the walls, the streets and courts and little impasses of the market stretch for a distance of half a mile, a tawdry collection of old shacks built of odd bits of old lumber, from broken-up packing-boxes; some, in recent times, covered with tar-paper, or made of corrugated iron. And here in addition at certain times of the year, one-horse Gypsy wagons stood, quaint homes on wheels, smelly, dirty places, but sometimes housing as many as half a dozen people. It is, in a word, a town by itself, shabby and bedraggled and without pride, something a little out of the picture in this marvellous City of Paris, place of wide clean spaces and magnificent vistas, lined with buildings gravely beautiful. When you come upon the "Flea-Market" town for the first time it is difficult to believe that twenty minutes' ride from it is the glory of the Louvre, the Opera House and the lavish display of the *rue de la paix*. Yet this locality of the "Flea-Market" is far older than those other places known around the world; and just why the writers in guide-books should have ignored it passes all understanding. Perhaps, because it was a little out of the picture to the unimaginative compilers.

AWAY back in the Thirteenth Century when King Louis the Ninth was the reigning monarch, life was much different from that of today. But at least some things must have been the same. In those days housewives also had "spring cleanings." And every year certain objects were found no longer useful and packed off to the family garret, or sold to some passing collector of junk. In time even the garrets became emptied. Such collectors of discarded things there undoubtedly were, and these in sufficient numbers to need a central place in which to vend their gatherings from the city homes and the country estates. This is proved beyond a question, for the King issued a decree setting aside a certain portion of ground for the sole use of these merchants, dealers in what, for

want of a better name, have been called worthless things. The Market became an institution that lasted through the centuries unaffected by foreign wars and revolutions. To it drifted an amazing variety of things, many of little value, but none the less charming to the collector, and in addition occasionally things of great worth, which made it the hunting-ground of a fascinating kind to persons hopefully seeking to purchase something of great value by the outlay of a few pennies. And such finds were sufficiently numerous to really give the place a reputation.

As far back as half a century ago, when the beginning of that tourist invasion from North America began, that invasion which swelled from a

twenty-five cents. It is a thoroughfare lined with objects apparently worthless, yet where everything has a price ranging from one-tenth of a cent to fifteen. It is upon this street when the weather is fine—the only time business is done, everything being in the open—that the visitor could gain a full realization of the intricacies of what we call the capitalistic system. For hundreds of people in this section make a living dealing in objects upon the most of which their profit is not more than a cent or two. The street is about a quarter of a mile in length. It is lined with the frail homes of the dealers. Each man's front yard is his salesroom. In many cases children or old women guard the offerings. The children are pale, tired, prematurely old; the old women look as if they had never been young.

And the goods they offer! Here, for example, beside three milk-bottles lie a collection of radio tubes, a gas-stove, and a pile of books in an attractive black leather binding. There are ten volumes, laid upon each other to form an imposing array in good condition attractive to a collector of such things. One pauses and peeps within to find the bound files of MacMillan's Magazine from 1887 to 1893, a queer assortment of English reading to be found on the outskirts of a city where men read a different language.

The sightseer passes on to squares presenting better things. He looks upon beautiful old chests of pigskin, shawls from India, bedsteads from Brittany with end-pieces quaintly carved, upon four-poster beds. In the booth next door is offered the latest thing in gramophone records and radio apparatus, for the "Flea-Market" has progressed with the years. Next to this you come upon a dummy carrying a beautiful piece of ancient chain armor, and upon a chain beside it a sword of the period of Francois Premier. Just beyond is the vendor of mirrors. And of such cheapness! Here is a full-length piece of glass for the amazing sum of three dollars. Beyond is the entire woodwork taken from an ancient Normandy fireplace for the unbelievable sum of twenty dollars, and standing beside it a

typewriter chair and table costing almost an equal sum. But the list of things is too long for anything short of a book to do it justice. Why no one ever wrote the history of the "Flea-Market" in a land where writers are "great" on history, is passing strange; and seems almost tragic now that the place is soon to pass forever.

Whence come all these varied things? Regarding the larger pieces of furniture, carpets, tapestry and paintings, it is not possible to exactly say. But of the smaller objects, ranging from all articles of wearing apparel to those of household use and decoration, the mode of their collecting soon becomes known even to a foreigner who resides a short time in Paris, provided that person dwell in a real French neighborhood.

EARLY of a morning from "Flea-Market" town and from other poor quarters of Paris there start out several hundred men and women pushing before them little, low, two-wheeled vehicles which, with their protruding handles, look like a cross between a baby-carriage and a delivery-cart. Through all the highways and by-ways of the city streets they go, pausing now and then to cry with long shrill voicing: "*Marchand habit, feraille a vendre.*" And as they move along, they glance with hopeful, expectant eyes upward to the windows. Now and then some person signals them and they ascend to purchase whatever the person has to offer. Occasionally some dishonest maid or butler sells some of the possessions of an absent master or

Continued on page 57



One of the open squares in "Poorer" part of 700 year-old Paris "Flea Market," where everything from wooden shoes to gas oven stoves is for sale

few hundred people annually to the millions of today, the "Flea-Market" became known to collectors from across the sea. And thousands of bits of antique furniture, old brass, shawls, tapestry and lace and countless other things have gone from it to adorn homes situated across the vast breadth of North America from New York to Vancouver, from Winnipeg to New Orleans. So, despite the refusal of guide books to include this place among spots worth while visiting, the "Flea-Market" became well known.

There is no order to its streets. They spread out in all directions. Wide spaces in some places divide them. Here there are streets within streets, or rather squares and rectangular openings entirely surrounded by ramshackle booths, now mostly constructed of corrugated iron. Beyond these again are rows of houses with here and there a patch of garden. About two thousand people live in this village, all of whom gained a living from the collecting or sale of goods offered at the Market.

Even here at the "Flea-Market," which is after all somewhat of a term of contempt, one finds very sharply marked class distinctions. Certain squares, which are given over to the sale of furniture, carpets and tapestry, are more neat in appearance, the dealers better dressed. Then there are the squares where tradesmen and women, who are too poor to afford a roof, spread their goods upon a bit of old canvas or carpet upon the sandy ground. Most interesting of all is one long street devoted to the sale of useless things. Upon this latter it would be difficult to find an article of value greater than

Power

- - in the HOME

THE power of Canada's rushing waters is applied in so many ways that it is difficult to conceive of any industrial and social life in Canada without it.

From the rock drill to the curling iron, from the tram car to the electric toaster, from the silk mill to the electric range, there are endless gradations of power needed, and the flexibility of this service is perhaps its most valuable feature.

The home without electricity today is the home of fifty years ago. The wires in the house mean the ability to use the latest inventions for time-saving and efficient methods of keeping house, and also those more aesthetic and refining influences, which are represented by the electric piano, the electric phonograph and beautifully shaded lamps.

All of these combine to make the homes of today what they are—attractive, convenient, charming.

The NORTHERN ELECTRIC COMPANY, in manufacturing wires, cables, and other paraphernalia, which help make possible the application of the electric current, feels happy at being able to contribute to Canada's social progress.

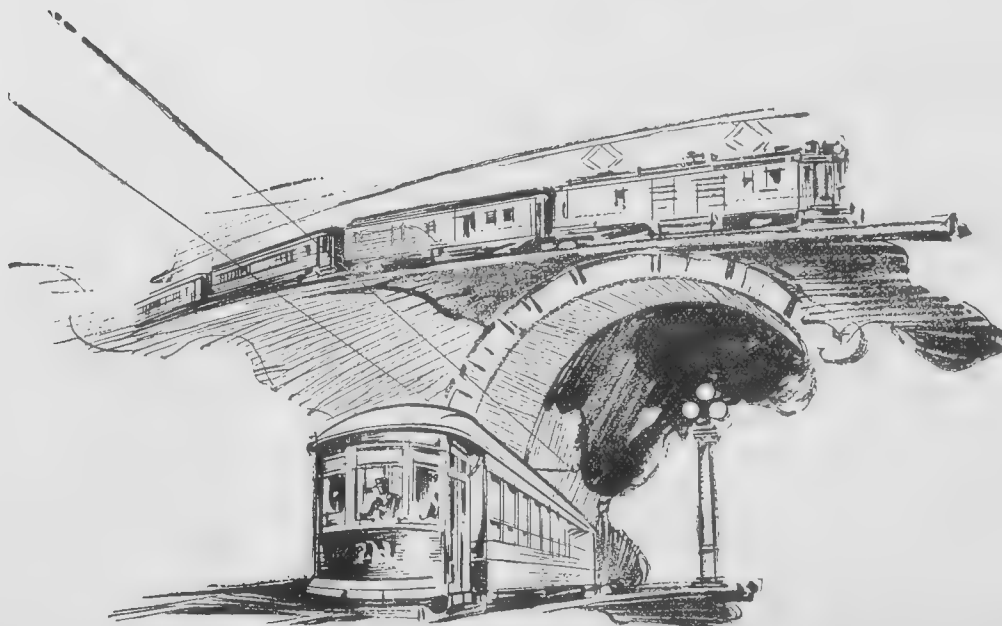
Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED

Equipment for Transmitting Sound and Power



Information

There is in Canada a wire mileage of 2,574,083, and nearly three-quarters of a million miles of wire have been manufactured into underground cables.



Local Women Say New Method Ends Superfluous Hair

**Novel, Safe French Way to Clear
Arms, Legs and Neck at Home**

To remove superfluous hair from arms, legs and neck—to regain the clean, smooth, daintily feminine skin of girlhood—hundreds of Canadian women, acting upon the advice of beauty specialists, have resorted to a safe, inexpensive home treatment that never fails to produce results. Mrs. Herbert Stone's experience, printed below, is typical, druggists here tell us, of the experience of any number of Canadian women.

She Reports She Is Overjoyed at Removing Ugly Growth

Mrs. Stone's case is interesting. She had almost despaired of ending the persistent growth of hair on her legs, arms



and the back of her neck; then her own beauty doctor suggested she try X-Bazin.

Applying this soothing preparation like cold cream, she says she left it on just a few minutes and then washed it off, like soap. The hair was gone!

Smooth and soft was her skin, its youthfully healthy tone restored. "I was overjoyed," she sums up, "to note the splendid improvement."

X-Bazin cream depilatory, made on the formula of Dr. Xavier Bazin, the noted French scientist, has helped thousands of women to regain smooth, soft, hair-free skin. A generous tube, with certified directions, may be had of your druggist, or toilet goods dealer, for 50c. Trial 10c tubes also to be had at the better 5c and 10c stores.

X-BAZIN CREAM (MADE IN CANADA)

**Removes Superfluous Hair
Painless, Inexpensive and Quick**

*"Put On Like Cold Cream,
Wash Off Like Soap"*

**STENHOUSE, LTD.
Montreal—Distributors**

EVAN WILLIAMS "Camomile"
Gives to fair hair the glorious sheen of spun gold.
Six distinct Shampoos—for every need—for every shade of hair. Ask your druggist.

Made in England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMER'S LIMITED
MONTREAL

**Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO**

to say, if you knew what I know, the goose would soon be plucked! Thus, through the charitable contributions of one and another, Johann's supposed peccadilloes assumed alarming proportions. The dissecting of which kept the good folk of Hawthorne in a lively state of expectation.

IN THE meantime Johann watched his crops with grim patience for this was a contrary summer. Nothing went right. When the earth was already sodden with water the rain still continued in a tireless deluge. And, when the sun showed his face at last it was to pour forth such blistering rays of fiery heat that the like had not been known for years! Ah, there would be a bumper crop! That was the first thought. A crop to put them squarely on their feet! But the terrible rays bored deeper each succeeding day. The tough prairie grass withered brown, leaves hung curled and limp on every bough and the fields of precious grain rustled dryly in the hot winds.

Stooped, leaf-withered, old Herman stood beside Johann gazing over the fields and up at the sky with its round red sun. "Unless we get rain the crops are done for," said Johann in a hard, even voice.

"Aye, aye," Herman nodded, turning his eyes skyward again. "Ja, but there will be rain." And that night Johann awakened with the wind whipping dankly against the walls and the patter of heavy drops on the low-slanting roof. What relief! What re-birth of strength and endurance! Never a blue sky so welcome as this gray sheet overhanging the parched and panting earth!

But again they had too much of it! Hour upon hour, day after day the rain descended with never a rift in the clouds. To bespeak a well-ordered Providence whilst witnessing this caprice of creation was to raise grave doubts. Such was Helga's sinful surmise. It was a gloomy time. The men, dogged as the weather, went about the chores in drenched clothing and the house had about it an endless reek of drying socks and mackinaws. Not a whiff of cheerfulness anywhere.

"If this keeps up it will drown out the crops; beat them to nothing." That, the new cry echoing over the countryside. "Still—" And again it seemed hope might prevail. The sun once more turned prodigal; the harvest might not measure to their first expectations, but for all that, be fair returns for labor.

Helga took heart of grace from the garden. Her potatoes, and the queer marrows and broad beans Vrouw Van Meiris had insisted on her planting, were coming on famously. Ja, a garden was great comfort; she understood that now. Just the same, it was ridiculous for the Van Meiris' to plant such wide fields in nothing but garden stuff. They'd never eat the half of it!

"Sure not," her neighbor agreed. "Sure not, Vrouw Boen. Such a pile of stuff with my Haasji not at home even ain't sense. Neen, neen! My Peter sells to the city—you wait, one day we get us a market garden paying good. Sure, yes!" Already things were looking up for them. There was the young cow with milk yellow as butter, and that other heifer soon to freshen! Vrouw Van Meiris bared her healthy white teeth in a cheerful grin. Sure, yes, things were going good, and one day there would be cheeses also!

Pure nonsense, of course, thought Helga. No one could make a living on a garden and cheeses. The poor Van Meiris' had a great deal to learn! An opinion, slightly reversed, shared with like fervor by the thrifty Netherlands.

Then came that chill week in August when every eye watched the heavens in fear and trembling. Would it turn colder? Would it . . . would it freeze? Herre Gud! Would it freeze on top of what had gone before? No! No! not while the clouds hung heavy. Not with such a lowering sky . . . but, if it cleared . . . That was it—if it cleared! How many haggard faces peered forth at dawn, fearful to look at yesterday's fields, yet driven like the prisoner watching the building of the scaffold that will end suspense forever.

Johann Lind

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Came at last, that night when the air had a tang of new wine about it and the steel-grey sky glittered with cold white stars. A night to make the city dweller breathe deeply rejoicing in the call of life. A crisp, clear, invigorating night . . . And, on the morrow a great red sun shone warmly down on sagging stretches of yellow grain rolling horizonward, a sea of dead hope.

Studying that sore destruction, a grim smile curling his lips, Johann decided that human unreasonableness was even harder to bear. Hunched beside the wood-box Helga sat weeping, her reproaches falling lead-like on his burdened conscience. He was the cause of their misfortune. He had dragged them into Saskatchewan to face ruin and defeat. Yea, that he had, and the catastrophe affected him but little!

He clenched his teeth on the retort he longed to make. Not so was her song of yesteryear. Fortune smiling, she nor any of them had entertained regret for a played-out homestead! Strange how small a part reason plays in human conduct. Pitiful, too, than conquest, the love of overcoming, should bring no transport to the struggle—Ah, poor old mother, she was grown too old for such high-hearted comfort.

Andre, not she, was the real grievance. To hear him rave was to suppose the whole of life lay shattered around him. He was broken, beaten, done, and the devil might have the Saskatchewan for all of him! Despite which noisy vehemence Johann knew him to be far from the discouragement affected.

As a matter of fact Andre played for sympathy. Now if ever, the old mother must acknowledge the wisdom of leaving the farm. Of course he had dreamt of entering business with something in pocket but at the worst city life had its compensations. Nonetheless he was much too clever to declare his purpose yet. In the grip of overwhelming disappointment Helga would be sure to tighten her hold—refuse to let him go. He must make her sensible to the folly of courting future disaster and he must do it by espousing all her predilections, antipathies, displeasures.

Had he known it, so much effort was wasted genius. In her rosiest moments Helga had always visioned her son in easier circumstances, in the enviable environment of an Herr Lind. And here was the joke of it: whilst the poor boy felt so depressed she hadn't the heart to suggest his going!

True to self Ole turned his back on the whole sorry business. Like Pilate, washing his hands, though squirming inwardly at having fathered such a palaverer idiot. Ja, he left them to their foolishness and spent what time he dared playing whist with old Herman.

Johann still hoped the oats might prove their salvation, but rain and heat had done its work too thoroughly—rust ruined the most of it. And now that the final blow had fallen Helga made up her mind to be done with regret. Ja, the past could not be remedied but her dear

Andre should court a better future! Thereafter all her talk tended cityward, its opportunities and pleasures. Opportunities, that is, for smart young men. To which sly Andre pretended to turn a dull ear.

But what could you expect? Were not his thoughts centred round Eli and their marriage now out of the question? Why out of the question? The unsympathetic Ole barked at her peevishly. "Can't they begin simple like the rest of folk?" To think how they all misunderstood her Andre! Papa, the quibbler; Johann, the cold-hearted, and lastly Simon. Simon Berg with, no one knew how much money banked, never offering a penny to the lovers!

Poor Lena, no less distressed, drifted about the house innumerable doubts and misgivings her inseparable companions. And Eli, the dread of immediate marriage effectively removed, began to dwell with increasing dismay on a lifetime of slavery in her father's household. He had been harsh before; he could scarcely bend to leniency now with fresh reverses troubling his acquisitive soul.

Cheek-to-cheek they clung sometimes, those two, saying nothing, but each conscious of the others' sympathy. Lena suffered the more having to relinquish the dream of winning rest for her daughter. She could never get through the work alone with twelve cows to milk and the young stock, not to mention the chickens and pigs, to care for besides. And Simon, true to avarice, would never hire a girl so long as Eli wasn't actually sick; nor was he likely to favor a vacation in the wake of crop failure. Thanks be, Eli wasn't really sick—no, but she had an irritating cough that Lena dreaded to hear, and heard so often in the dead of night.

Johann had his secret bitterness as well, touched hands with despair in ploughing down his beaten grain. To trample, tear, annihilate what had been rich with promise, that hurt. Aye, even the horses hung their heads as the bruised and broken grain rustled under their feet and the black earth yawned behind them. Thankless toil but for the hope of distant spring.

That Johann should even hint of another spring Helga accepted as further proof of callousness. It was true—he was like Herr Lind as two peas. Never a man so insensible! Well, let him pursue what course he would. Andre no longer must suffer chance endeavor. She had a small sum put by for the wedding, and besides she could easily dispense with a cow or two.

Andre pretended felicitous reluctance. Oh, he saw the wisdom of it, but there was Eli—Well, Eli could wait, said his mother; indeed, should delight in waiting so conscientious a lover. A proposal Eli seconded meekly when he came to take his farewell. She would miss him, for winter stretched ahead in a dreary interlude, but by springtime doubtless he'd send for her.

"There's a wise girl," said he absently, busy with the unpleasant discovery that Eli seemed strangely altered, and not for the better. "Yes, of course," he repeated lamely. "By spring I'll have my bearings—nothing lasts forever!"

Poor Eli! Now he was going she lost sight of former antipathies, remembering only the pleasures he had brought to an intolerable existence. "Andre! Andre!" she cried, her face rose-pink with sudden sweet confusion, "I shall miss you so! You have been kind—Oh, Andre, say that you still love me a little!"

His laughter, as he caught and kissed her, had a chilling effect on the timid Eli. "Love you!" he mocked her, pinching her scarlet cheeks, "Why else should I go to the city?"

"But I am stupid, Andre. And—not even pretty!"

"If I want you, that's enough," he told her again, frowning impatiently. "Come, for pity's sake, don't let your father find you in tears!"

Eli caught her breath sharply, smiling as best she could. "No, dear Andre, of course not. I'll not be so foolish as that." Indeed, when a moment later Simon approached them, his bristling red hair on

Continued on page 24

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THE **T. EATON CO** LIMITED
CANADA

Johann Lind

Continued from page 22

end, a heavy scowl on his face, she managed her greeting brightly: "Dear Papa, Andre is going tomorrow . . . He thinks it's best . . . he thinks we'd better wait—"

Simon laughed gruffly. "Less fool he! But don't expect too much once he's gone to the city."

Eli shrank back, nervous as a wounded bird, an unfortunate habit that never failed to madden Simon. A fine pass, thought he, when a man couldn't make free with his child! Well, since she found him such an ogre he'd not trouble to disillusion her. Close-set eyes like bits of cold glass in his face, he leered at his daughter. "No, don't expect too much, my filly . . . when a man breaks loose with the wedding fixed—it's better not, my creature."

Pale, shaken, but suddenly determined to ignore a cruel humiliation, Eli faced him smiling: "Now, papa, it's not nice to talk like that. Andre might think you meant it . . . Besides, there's always Alex Hoag!"

Too surprised for words, Simon rolled his snuff, wondering if by chance he heard right. The little hussy! Sly, that's what they were—but it pleased him. "Ha! you hear?" he chuckled knowingly. "What'd I say; women's sly, the creatures!"

So, after all, the parting was effected pleasantly; Simon even hinting that should Andre prove his mettle, and Eli behave herself the winter something might be done about the wedding. "But mind, now," he reiterated gruffly, "don't expect too much—of anyone."

"No, dear Papa. No, no, of course not," said Eli. But, no sooner was Andre gone than she began to dream, and the dream, strangely enough, had nothing to do with her lover.

THAT winter Johann led the life of a recluse; his one confident old Herman who, despite seventy-odd years still retained an alert and cheerful mind; his only diversion in occasional visit to the Zekofs or a chat with Peter Van Meiris. Peter Van Meiris was friendly enough but the Zekofs warmed him with their lusty welcome. Horspdy! the Barin had no rival in that house. Forever proven, so please you, by the new baby named for the Barin. Johann Nickolas Zekof—a name that for luck!

Sometimes a dull day was enlivened by a letter from Haasji. Oh, she was very gay, so she wrote Min Heer, and as full of learning as a river of water. Still, of knowledge there seemed no end. High school over, Min Heer Uncle proposed the University. Ach! so much learning made a muddle in the head! There were deeper joys; she was not so fat. Neen, neen, not by half! And she had discovered poetry!

She had discovered poetry and, enslaved herself, sent Min Heer a leather-bound copy of the Rubaiyat for Christmas. "You will like it," she wrote him; sure, yes, he had a joy in him that Omar like blackbirds on the wing—Min Heer would understand. To which she longed to add, had he lived in Naishapur he, too, had written poetry!

With the return of spring hope soared high in every heart, gloom and past misfortune fading shadow-swift from memory. On every hand came sounds of busy toil, whirr and whirl and metallic rattle, the ever-welcome music of the patient husbandman. With everyone employed and the weather of the best time sped by unnoticed. In a single bound, so it seemed, black fields waved green, the new crop thick and even, and the meadows lay lush in prairie grasses. Aye, overnight the busy haytime was upon them! When, to his mothers' everlasting satisfaction, Andre came home on a vacation. Ja, after a winter's slaving in a department store and business college nights didn't he hurry home to help in haytime? Ole hoped she was right, but hinted broadly at other motives.

"Of course there's Eli," Helga admitted crossly.

"Ja, you bet," said Ole, "there's Eli, and besides, maybe, something to get from his mamma."

Helga took fire at once. So! He was taunting her with the brindle cow. "Nu, da, Ole Boen, I can't give my child a cow

to buy a little learning? I that raised the creature from a puny calf!"

"Right your course, right your course!" he bawled, no whit contrite. "It's not the cow—by jiminey, since when did I love a cow? It's just I like to see a man stand water alone—some time!"

But at that he did his son grave injustice. Andre had a way, all his own, and a zeal to get on in the world he coveted. Indeed, what better proof of the success ahead than that on his return in the fall he was to enter the employ of a real estate firm known throughout the province. Bursting with pride, Helga sped to Hawthorne that the delectable news might circulate the town. Postmistress Jensen, fat, slightly deaf, helped considerably in the happy ministry. What Helga might have whispered to an ear less dull she was compelled to shout for everyone to hear.

"Think of that!" shrilled Dame Jensen, all agog. "Think of that—and Eli goes with him, I suppose?"

Helga shook her head. "Not yet, Mrs. Jensen. A house bought and paid for, and furnished to her liking, that's what the boy wants for his wife! But in a year, give good luck, I'll not be holding first place in his heart."

"Ja, that's the way of things, Mrs. Boen. Children's an affliction one way or 'nother. Ja, as I say to Jens—thank God our two's in better hands—it's terrible hard to be a mother!"

Helga's healthy spirit balked at such unnatural philosophy but pity for a bereaved woman induced patience. Childless and old, how should poor Mrs. Jensen know the raptures that repay maternal anxieties?

But Mrs. Jensen scarcely needed pity. Hers was an engrossing business. Inquisitive by nature, though without malicious bent, she made an admirable public servant. Everything and everybody roundabout for miles was known to her. The blacksmith hadn't a letter today from Rosebury? Of course not! Anna had missed the mail. Mrs. Jensen had expected it for Oliver Hugdal's Hulda had told her that Peter Olsen's second wife, Tilly, was giving a house dance Monday. Right there and then Dame Jensen had said that come Friday there'd be no letter for Anna's papa the blacksmith. "That girl won't get the Tuesday post if she's dancing till daylight!" That's what she had said, and that's how it turned out!

Indeed, it was queer doings, if Mrs. Jensen couldn't tell the why of it. Though sometimes, owing to her little infirmity, things got slightly twisted. But in the general Dame Jensen was a great comfort to the villagers.

Nor was she backward in repeating Helga's news. In no time Hawthorne knew that Andre was all that the most exacting mother could desire, and not a woman with a marriageable daughter but began picking flaws in Eli.

What such a boy, smart, handsome, ambitious, saw in a girl like Eli they failed to understand. A good little thing yes, and agreeable, but so retiring—some said weakly. A real pity, for everyone knows that to succeed a man should have a wife to push and prod him. The idea of Eli's pushing and prodding anyone seemed comical indeed. Comical, that is, to the mothers of strong-minded young ladies.

Eli wasn't worried about her deficiencies in that respect. Graver fears troubled her gentle spirit. Deep once more in the ever-increasing summer duties, she felt herself failing in strength and courage, and this feeling of encroaching

weakness induced a pitiful melancholy Simon interpreted as wilful peevishness, or silly pining after a remarkably cool lover.

However, with Andre home again existence grew less dull, though to tell the truth their meeting had been far from lover-like. Oh, he still loved her, so he said, but she had surprised a look of disappointment in his face that went far to fix her secret fear. That night she studied herself in the mirror. It was true! Dark lines circled her eyes and the shell-pink once so native to her oval face had given way to a waxy pallor. Indeed, she was very different from the jubilant Eli Andre had admired on the way from Hawthorne station that happy day long since.

Blushing scarlet poor young Eli let slip the nightgown from her modest shoulders. She was thinner; much thinner. Oh, yes, but—the shameful deed done, her courage revived—her skin was soft and white . . . soft and white—and pretty! Pshaw! that cough of hers was nothing after all. Papa was right, she doubtless worried needlessly, encouraging the dizzy spells that frightened her so much. She'd have to pull herself together, for Andre's sake regaining the vim and comeliness he missed.

This happy resolution together with the occasional leisure Andre's coming brought her, had its good effect and, to Lena, at least, it seemed the little Eli was fast regaining health. Simon had his own opinion of wasting precious hours in the midst of summer work but now that Andre was heading toward big business it wouldn't do to alienate his affections. Plainly that would be killing the goose before it laid a single egg. Simon was a farmer now, but he had been a townsman formerly—he knew a thing or two, did Simon! Ja, for instance he knew that Winnipeg was verging on a boom; a tidal wave of fortune to the wise. To the foolish—but Simon wasn't foolish . . . Andre, his son-in-law, in the real estate game—he, Simon, with money to invest . . . No, Simon wasn't foolish—Let Eli dawdle through the haytime; he'd see that she paid him for the leisure!

DURING the holidays Haasji saw very little of Eli for the Van Meiris had joined forces to redecorate the house. Painting and varnishing till you saw yourself in each door and lintel! But it would never do to leave for the city without visiting old friends. Ach, no, Haasji knew better! But once at the Bergs she wished herself away. Lena bore traces of recent tears and that restraint of manner marking forced hospitality. The Vrouw was sick? or maybe Eli—or the crops bad?

Lena looked into the glowing face of the eager girl before her and heaved a sigh of mingled gratitude and pain. No, she wasn't sick, but Eli had been taken with another spell from the lungs. Ah, she hadn't the strength to work as Simon demanded. God knew she hadn't! But Papa couldn't see it. All through haytime she had toiled beyond endurance and last night—

Haasji found it hard to grasp such parental strictures. What father could wish to harm his own child? It made a madness to think of it! That Simon was a so mean pig! Understanding what was passing in her mind Lena hastened to excuse her husband. "Papa, don't mean to be hard—it's his ambition—our welfare . . . Ja, and he don't spare himself, either."

"Where is Eli now?" Haasji demanded as lightly as she could.

Lena fetched a sigh. "My poor Eli! Like as not in the woodlot weeping her heart out . . . she and Papa near had words. . . ."

Weeping? Ach! well, Haasji'd soon cure that. "Sure, yes. You wait, Mrs. Berg, such a gayness I put in that Eli no Papa takes out again!"

Leaving the house, Haasji turned her steps to the pasture, a triangular patch of land peppered in birch and young willow. She knew that Eli had a predilection for the great slough that, winter and summer sufficed the stock, and was her father's boasted pride. Yes,

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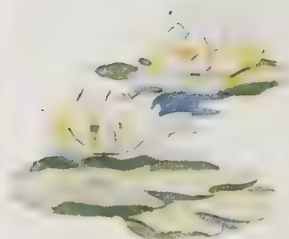
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Where Ignorance is Semi-Bliss

Continued from page 12

tappin', the "Big Mitt," "The Snatch" and most any other line of high-class grift, is my business."

"Oh," Burns voiced. He had a dim comprehension that wire-tapping was something crooked in regard to horse-racing. But "The Big Mitt," "The Snatch" and high class grift were all meaningless words, so, mentioning them, he said: "They're all Greek to me."

"I knew you weren't one of us," Dunbar acknowledged at this admission. Then proceeded to explain: "The grift is a name certain kinds of thieves give to themselves—bunco men, mostly."

"And 'The Big Mitt' and 'The Snatch'?" Burns repeated, questioning.

"Different ways of beating a man at cards."

"Cards"! The boy snapped the word up with sudden bitterness. All the momentary-come light of happiness brought by their conversation went out of his face. He turned half away, gazing out through the bars into the dimly-lit corridor beyond.

Surprised at the quick metamorphosis, Dunbar dropped his hands from propping his chin, raised himself to a sitting position, his legs dangling over the edge of the bed.

"Why, yes, cards," he repeated, faintly puzzled.

"And did they bring you here too?" Burns faced about once more, in his eyes dawning sympathy.

"Why, no. It was wire-tappin' that got me five years. But why do you say 'too'?" he asked, non-plussed by the boy's manner and question.

"Because it was cards got me seven years!" There was a wail in the uttered words.

"Just a minute ago you said it was embezzlement."

"So it was, but the cards led to it."

"Tell us about it," Dunbar begged, made eager by the boy's connection with things kindred to his heart.

And Burns, yielding to the desire to tell his tale for the first time to such sympathetic ears said:

"I am a bank teller, or, rather, was. About six months ago I learned to play poker. Of course, I'd played cards before that—whist, pedro, the parlor games, you know—but never cards for money. Well, anyway, us bank boys got to playing quite a bit; but just a small game, you know, table-stake, with never more than twenty or thirty dollars changing hands in a night among half a dozen of us. Then about a month ago, I met in with some strangers at a down-town club in the town where I was working. I won't name it, but it's got about two hundred thousand of a population. The strangers were three young fellows not much more than my own age. I won't bother you with all the trivialities that led up to my getting acquainted with them, but anyway, we sat down to a game of poker. When the game broke up about three hours later, I had won over two hundred dollars. But they were awfully jolly; the two that had lost didn't seem to mind a bit, though it seemed to me quite a lot of money to lose in one night, the most I had ever been out was fifteen."

"But of course they wanted revenge?" Dunbar queried.

"Oh, yes. In fact we played for several hours the next two nights."

"How did you make out?"

"I won both times."

"That's interesting—go on—what happened next?"

"Well, you see, I was about three hundred winner by the end of the third night's play. They naturally wanted to play some more. I was quite willing, but in the bank service one is not supposed to gamble, and playing as we were in the open club for quite big stakes, I was afraid some of the bank's customers might see and report me, or some of my superiors drop in. So I suggested they come to my room. It was in the bank building on the upper floor. The bank usually gives several of the clerks quarters upon the premises. But the room was private. I was quite safe there."

"They agreed. So I met the three of them at the club and brought them up to the room. We began to play. The game had been running along for a

couple of hours without any very exciting betting when I got a royal flush in spades "pat." I raised several times before the draw. After the first two raises two of them dropped out, leaving myself and a fellow named Gillen. On the draw he took one card, and we began betting back and forth.

"At first we raised each other by ten and twenty-dollar bets—right here I must tell you that we weren't playing table-stakes—finally, he increased; made a fifty-dollar raise. I was trembling all over by then. My hands shook like a leaf, so I could hardly hold my cards. I saw his raise, and, swept away by excitement, threw in all the rest of the money I had in front of me—two hundred and ten dollars. At that, he sat back for a minute looking at his hand. Then he said: 'See here, we both think we got unbeatable hands. We might go on raising all night these little sums. Now I propose to make one big bet and end it.'"

Colors and Shades

By V. W. Newson

*Love is like the limpid dew;
Hope is pink and Faith is blue;
Sorrow is of violet hue,
Broken in a prism true.*

*Sin is absence of the right;
Black is absence of the light;
Fear is amber, red Delight
Anger purple as the night;*

*Folly's green and Wisdom grey;
All to oneness find their way,
And in virtue blend their ray;
God is whiteness of the day.*

"As he said this, he reached into his inside coat pocket and brought out a great wallet fat with money. He took out the package of bills from it and threw it on the table into the pot. 'There's ten thousand dollars there. I'll see your raise and raise you the balance.'"

BURNS paused for breath; for in the living again the scene, he had grown excited; his face was white and working. But, catching the tolerant amusement in his listener's face, he stiffened, grew calmer, and went on: "Well, I sat there for a minute, staring at that pile of bills. There was a five-hundred-dollar note on the top of the elastic-bound package, and, being a good judge of money, I figured there must be all he said. But perhaps thinking I doubted, he tore the rubber band off and sifted the bills out over the table—six five hundred dollar bills, the rest in hundreds and fifties. 'Count it,' he said. But I shook my head that it wasn't necessary."

"Then I said: 'I can't call your bet; I've put in all I have.'"

"But you can get ten thousand," he suggested.

"And then I looked at the money, and then at my hand. I had him beaten! I had an unbeatable hand! All that money was mine if I could just get nine thousand-odd dollars to call his raise. And then—"

"And then," Dunbar snatched the words from his lips, and leaning forward over the bed toward him, finished the sentence—"and then the larceny rose up in you; you knew you couldn't lose," he voiced contemptuously with a crook's trained knowledge of human psychology. "And you borrowed the bank's funds to call the bet."

"Yes," Burns voiced the words very quietly, almost with weariness. After a minute he went on: "So I decided to get the ten thousand—there were plenty of packages that size all ready done up in my cash-box every day."

"So I explained quickly that I would call the bet, if given until the next night to get the money. They agreed. In the meantime we sealed up our hands in two separate envelopes with our names on them, put the money in another envelope, and then sealed up the whole thing in a larger envelope and took it to the steward of the club for safe-keeping."

"I didn't sleep any that night; and I don't know how I got through the next day. But I did, and during it slipped a package of twenty five-hundred-dollar bills into my coat pocket—being teller, it wasn't hard."

"Nine o'clock was the time agreed upon for meeting at the club. We then brought the envelope up to my room, put the money of the original pot on the table, and then I threw my package in. I was sure of the money anyway, and so didn't even bother breaking the package to take out the few dollars there was over needed to call him."

"Together we broke our hands out of the envelopes. I had been in a fever all day. But now that I had won, I was suddenly strangely cool. I threw my cards face up on the table, and started to draw in the money, so relieved and eager that for the moment I never glanced at his cards. But suddenly my hands dropped."

"Hold on," he was saying, 'I've got you beat.'"

"I looked, and there he was slowly spreading out his hand—a royal flush in hearts, the ace to the ten."

"Well, what of it?" Dunbar's voice was satirical.

"I'd lost—a royal flush in hearts beats a royal in spades."

"Oh, does it? I always thought both were equal," Dunbar remarked oddly.

"That's what I thought too," the boy admitted, accepting Dunbar's words as a question. "And I said so."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, they all said not. But, of course that didn't satisfy me. I insisted that we consult Hoyle's rules. So one of the party ran down to the club and brought the book back. And there it was in plain print—in draw poker royal flushes are graded by suites: Hearts first, diamonds, clubs and spades next in order."

"Then," Dunbar remarked, in the same odd voice, "the winner picked up all the money; said good-night, and walked out with his friends."

"Yes, I guess so. I don't really know just what happened after that. That is, immediately. I was numb, dazed. I sat there at the table staring at the cards. After a long time, I came to; made decision. Then I walked down to the police station and gave myself up. I knew there wasn't any use trying to run away," he explained, seeing a queer light in the other's eyes. "I'd worked too long in a bank for that. Besides, I hadn't a cent to travel with."

"And the judge gave you seven years?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell the Court about the game?" Dunbar asked, the odd toning still in his voice.

"No; at least not particulars. Just admitted I'd lost the money gambling; and took my medicine."

Dunbar dropped lightly to the floor, stood staring a moment in silence at the boy seated now so dejectedly before him. Presently he said, and his keen vulpine face was almost soft: "Well, kid, it's a shame to tell you now—but it may do you good in the future—all royal flushes are equal. That Hoyle he showed you was faked; he had it in his pocket all the time. You was faked by one of the oldest 'come-on' games with cards in the world."

"What's that?" Burns came to his feet, his face ghastly grey in the cell's dim light. He took one step forward; his hands reached out; the fingers, prehensile, caught Dunbar's arms in a convulsive clutch. "You lie," he gasped; but his words strangely lacked conviction.

Their eyes met there in the half-dark of the bare, chill cell. Unwaveringly Dunbar's keen blue ones gave back the other's searching stare. Under his steady gaze, Burns dropped his hands. Into his eyes came relief. And he said, in tones vibrous with unutterable pain: "And all royal flushes are equal."

"Yes, boy, they're all equal."

"With a harsh, animal cry Burns whirled around, crossed to and clutched the door-bars with quivering hands. Standing there, he stood glaring out into the gathering night, muttering, muttering half aloud to himself in monotonous repetition:

"Seven years for not knowing that!"



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Johann Lind

Continued from page 24

there she was crouched under the nearby willows, a red-eyed little heap of human misery.

Swiftly compassionate, Haasji slipped an arm around her friend's shoulders. "Ach, now! To weep, Eli Berg, with a lark singing like a lover makes a shadow on the sun. You should know better!"

"But I'm such a goose, Haasji . . . I can't help it." Eli did her best to smile while Haasji dabbed at her eyes, scolding like an irate little hen.

"Sure yes." Implacable Dutch honesty prompted. Such a goose, Eli, to let folks run you. It makes for you a misery."

"Oh, but Haasji, you don't understand . . . you don't know—"

"Papa!" supplied Haasji sharply. "But sure—selfish old pig of a papa! Such a papa now, what good to please him"? In her indignation Haasji forgot the benefits of Mevrouw Hoeck's careful pruning. "Poof! a papa like that is just a wind in the rafters what for should it make you a pain to let him roar?"

Eli shivered. "You don't understand; you can't understand, dear Haasji . . . I'm so foolish, so frightened and—tired! So terribly tired, Haasji, and of course I should work for my keep."

"Ach!" cried Haasji, "you make for me a pain to hear you talk! What for that papa shouldn't keep you? Mevrouw my aunt, her cook works for keep—sure, yes, with money besides! Eli . . . why don't you go to the city?"

Indeed, Eli had thought of it, but there was no money. She had no money, Lena had no money—since the new drivers Papa took the eggs and cream to town himself.

"What! he takes the house money? And you make yourself a misery over such a papa!"

"Oh, Haasji, I know it's silly but what can I do? It's too late . . . I'd not be strong enough to work . . . like that lucky cook. It's true, Haasji, I'm sick and . . . the harvest ahead of me!"

Haasji knew what it meant to have the threshers at the Bergs, and poor Eli looked far from adequate to the task. Neen, it wouldn't do; that mountain of cooking for hungry threshers was too much! But for all her sympathy Haasji assumed her best city-fed severity: "Now, Eli, be sensible and listen to me. Threshing, you should know, makes for me no trouble at all and a few days from school—poof! like a kiss at sunset. Sure, yes, Min Heer Uncle will be mad, and when the madness is out I get a little present. To make a man mad, Eli, is what you call good business—"

Eli wouldn't let her finish. "No, no, Haasji, it wouldn't be right. I couldn't let you do all that work for nothing—and Papa so cross in harvest."

Haasji tossed her golden head. "You should care! A cross papa makes for me no difference. And such pies I make with very little fat!"

"But I'd never be able to repay you—"

"Ach! you talk like that and I get in me a big madness. Eli Berg, what for is a friend if not a little help in trouble"? Then, mischievously recalling certain covert overtures of Andre's, she added merrily: "Sure, yes, you repay me. At the wedding Haasji Van Meiris makes a sweet bridesmaid—Min Heer Andre will like it, you bet!"

That settled, there still remained Simon, and Haasji knew better than expect Eli to break the plan to him. She'd have to do it herself and might as well do it at once. Ach, yes, but he seemed very dour and unapproachable as she crossed the green meadow to hail him. Like a cinnamon bear in an empty peave. But pound though her heart did, Haasji smiled broadly, cheered brightly: "Mr. Berg! such horses you got! Big, strong, shiny—like a parade in a circus."

"Best in the district," growled Simon, "raised right here on the farm."

"But yes. A smart man Simon Berg, Min Heer Papa said so always," added the flatterer, edging nearer to pat the great creatures whose excellence served her so well.

Simon replenished his snuff, beady eyes the while on the girl's happy face. Now why in tarnation wasn't Eli like that? Bright, strong, fearless; a pretty bag of tricks . . . Haasji decided the opportune

moment had come. "Ach, Mr. Berg, such foolishness I got in me, you would laugh to hear. A bridesmaid, that's what I want to be—but Eli, neen, she likes a black one best; and besides, maybe Min Heer her papa can't afford it. Poof! I know better. Simon Berg don't have a daughter married like a serving girl"! Smiling divinely, Haasji assumed a comradely confidence: "A big silliness, sure yes. But now I make with you a bargain. In threshing I work for you—for nothing, and at the wedding Haasji Van Meiris is bridesmaid."

Simon suspected a trick but on second thought, Haasji looking so guileless and innocent, concluded the girls had been quarreling. Whatever it was none, surely, would benefit more than he. "Well, if you're set that way I'll not stop you," he spat out gracelessly. "But mind, don't expect too much. Women has their tricks, the creatures."

THAT Simon should lose a valuable colt the day he paid the threshers made life no easier for his womenfolk. No, sir, if they'd been worth their salt the thing hadn't happened. A roan filly that's what it was; and Simon counted on his ten stubby fingers the increase it had meant in five, six, eight years! Herre Gud! And his womenfolk were to blame for it, always idling over the stove and the dishpan—not to mention moping for a lover erratic as the wind. Well, he'd teach them. He'd make them pay for that neglect and loss! He'd not hire Anton Zekof as usual to get in the potatoes. No sir, Eli could do it and toughen up for matrimony!

"But, Papa," poor Lena pleaded in despair, "Eli has such a cough—"

"Well, she don't cough with her hands," snapped Simon. "Less coddling and coffee and you'd spare your pity! No woman of mine hangs round idle."

Far from it! Day in and day out Eli followed Simon in the potato patch, bobbing, bending; hands and feet numb from biting wind and waterlogged earth; filling sack after sack. Shivering always, save only when those fire-hot flushes swept her tender flesh painting their dire signals in either pale young cheek. Sickening moments when vision blurred, and the tired hands fumbled clumsily.

Ja, what else but clumsiness that Eli should fail to see the spade across her path—should sprawl like a cow on ice in the potato patch? So thought Simon when the girl fainted; as none but a ninny would have fainted from a sprained wrist. Bah! he had a good mind to spank her, the idiot; falling down like that on a job half done! Nor did his choler lessen when, next morning, Eli rose with arm and hand so swollen that field work was out of the question. Lena was at her wits' end, living in constant terror of a definite break between the two; trying her utmost to pacify Simon and wheedle Eli into a brighter mood. But Eli, suffering in mind and body, would not be wheedled. Daily her fear of Simon increased, amounting at last to dementia, his step on the sill enough to send her scurrying to cover.

Just such a foolish scurry precipitated the dreaded clash. It was evening and Eli, turning the separator, had failed to catch the sound of Simon's approach. When he flung in, stamping the mud from his heavy cowhide boots, she screamed and, like one devil-pursued, fled towards her room.

Cold, tired, and, if the truth be told, troubled in conscience, Simon felt that scream like a lash on raw wounds. Mad-dened, bawling a curse, he sprang after the terrified girl, catching her back from the door and shaking her soundly. That might have been the end of it had something, primitive, fierce, strong as life itself, not leaped to sudden power in mild man-cowed Lena Berg. Tiger-swift she caught up a brimming jar of rich, sweet cream and flung it at her husband's flaming face.

Petrified, the breath sticking in his throat, Simon mopped the greasy mass from eyes and beard. Herre Gud! what had struck him? What—what?—? Blowing like a badger he turned on her, fist upraised. But Lena was high above fear,

uplifted by the exultation of a first successful blow. "Ja, hit me, Simon Berg," she shrieked. "Hit me . . . Kill me, I ask no better favor!"

But Simon did not hit her; he left the house instead. Then came reaction. Like phantom haunted children they clung together, those two man-subordinated women, listening feverishly for every sound. Eli wept noiselessly, and Lena, heart-sick, stared dry-eyed into the gathering dark. If Andre were only less ambitious! What good this ruthless ambition?

Ambition had made of Simon a soulless, insensible monster—and he had once been kind . . . Eli stirred restlessly in the maternal arms: "Oh, if I could only get away! I'm sure I could do something—anything would be better than this!"

Lena's righteous indignation boiled over. "Nu, ja, Eli, it's true—you should not have put up with this . . . you should be safe in your husband's house—"

"Mama, please don't! Don't begin that again . . . if Andre don't want me—"

In her anger Lena approached truth. "Oh, he wants you, never fear—you and the money he thinks to have from Papa . . . Herre Gud! what am I saying—what have I said of Helga's boy?"

Incredible or not, the idea was new to Eli who, in an extreme of humility never thought of herself as possessing any coveted gifts. But now, in a flash she saw how true it was, wondered how she could have been so blind before. And it brought strange relief. Andre might not love her but he wanted her—needed her.

"Mama," she cried eagerly, "it's true! It's true! Andre wants money for houses; it's all they talked of, papa and he . . . Oh, if we could only find a way to ask—" Scandinavian propriety permitted no more. To voice what the heart understands is folly.

"Tist!" cautioned Lena suddenly. Isn't that Papa's step? Ja, ja. To bed, my little Eli; he mustn't see you now. Tomorrow, God willing, we find a way out."

ON THE morrow Simon went to town and Lena, tearing through her thousand tasks, decided to make a flying visit to the Boeps. An ill-starred choice, for Helga had lost two handsome geese to the coyotes that night, and was suffering from neuralgia. Consequently, Lena discovered a friend little inclined to optimism.

Ja, it was a queer world where things were always going wrong. The red heifer had a rip on her belly to haunches, the new rooster was dead and the coyotes had her Christmas geese! A queer world—but some had it easy. Dame Peterson vowed for truth that the new minister's wife walked in silks on week days. Ja, and here was she, Helga Boen, cheated of the linoleum and the knitting machine she wanted, thanks to a second crop failure. And her poultry and geese got stolen! But worse than all, she couldn't help her son and he was so eager to get on.

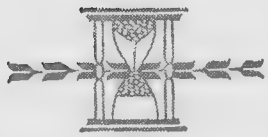
With tragedy staring her in the face Lena had small pity to waste on such as this. "Ja, you have lots to grieve you, Helga Boen, with a good husband and better sons! Crop failures? Herre Gud! There is worse—there are losses nothing can repay. The death of a child, for instance . . . And Andre, strong, ambitious—" Lena bit out the word—"why should he need help I ask you? Ja, you should grieve to help a horse—for strength, and my little Eli dying by inches for need of rest! My little Eli with a lover selfish as Absalom caring not a fig! Ja, stare, Helga Boen, stare; that's what you've made of Andre with your flattery and panpering, a heartless mercenary; even Simon had better thought of me than Andre has of Eli."

The heavens fallen, Helga had been less shocked . . . round-eyed, thunder-struck, she stared at Lena an incredulous moment. But, thanks to maternal conceit, soon saw the rights of it. Poor Lena was approaching the danger-line; Simon's meanness was driving her mad! She'd have to forgo those hard words; that unjust criticism; in her right mind

Continued on page 56

In Years to Come..

*How much of their fascinating childhood
will remain on Memory's page?*



YOU'RE busy now, to be sure. Watching over them. Mothering them. Seeing that they get the right food, enough sleep, plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Doing everything a mother could do to make them the finest children in the world.

But don't make the mistake of thinking yourself too busy to take snapshots of them. You love them so much, they are so much your own flesh and blood, that you may think you'll always remember the wonderful days of their childhood.

Forget the cunning little way that Buddy's cheeks used to dimple? Never. Forget the expression on Betty Ann's face when she saw her mother come into the room? Impossible. Yet you *do* forget. No matter how you try, you can't keep on thinking of them as babies when they've grown into active boys and girls. Your life is so bound up with theirs that when they change you change too.

And the more they change the more you wish you *could* remember how they used to be. Look ahead a few years. Wouldn't it be wise to take snapshots of your youngsters as they are now, as they never will be again?

You think they're just the cutest kids alive, of course. And you love and admire them—oh, ever so much. That's the very reason why later on you would regret your



If the father who snapped this picture had wanted to get a "close-up" of his little girl, he would have used the Kodak Portrait Attachment, an inexpensive extra lens which produces the most wonderful snapshots of head and shoulders.

failure to make a picture record of their fascinating childhood. You couldn't possibly take *too many* snapshots. The cry is always "Why didn't I take more?"

How easy it is! We don't need to remind you either of the great pleasure you get in seeing how the prints turn out. From seven-year youngsters to seventy-year oldsters, everyone enjoys the fun of taking snapshots.

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Greater Love

By Gertrude E. Walker

THE sunshine poured through the window of suite 54, on the top floor of the Canton, catching threads of the silver which crowned Mrs. Mitchell's head, bringing into relief the sweet face and capable, even as they were frail, hands busied with a bit of sewing.

"Mother." It was Mrs. Jack who spoke. "You look like a picture sitting there."

"Tut, child, you're always paying me compliments. It's an old old woman and mighty near helpless I am. Not a step can I go without your help and then only a few can I make. What would I do if I hadn't you?"

"No need to ask that, Mother, you have."

"Yes, and many's a time a prayer of gratitude I'm making for such a daughter. I've been sitting here thinking over the past. It's just nine years ago today that I fell and never a free step have I taken since. But I've scarce missed it. You've been my feet, aye, and of late," the soft voice quavered a bit, "my arms most of the time. It's just a few minutes at a time I can hold a needle, even. There aren't so many would have given up their lovely home and been content in a suite, just so we could be all on one floor and there need never be any worries about me. I've never said much, Jennie, but somehow today it's all been pouring over me how much you've given up to me. You used to be so active in all your societies and everything. It's an absent interest you take now and all because you choose to stay with your old dottering mother. Not many men would have been like himself either; he's been a real son. Come over here."

Mrs. Jack came as she would have fifty years before, dropping on her knees before her mother's chair bowed her head for the white hands to rest on.

Mrs. Mitchell stroked her hair for a moment and then, lifting the face, looked long into the eyes, and with a swift movement bent and kissed her full on the lips.

"You seem like a wee one to me again the day."

"It's an old wee one I am. Mother, never feel you've kept us from anything. You've made up to me for more than all I've missed. We both love you and so many come to see you I never miss the other things."

"Well, I'll not be here forever. Then you can go again, but just remember this: There isn't a single time I can ever remember when you failed me."

After a moment Mrs. Jack rose and busied herself preparing the cup of afternoon tea her mother so dearly loved.

"Jennie, there seems to be a storm coming up. The sun seems clouded over. It's a strange black cloud that's darkening the window. Will you have a look?"

One look and Mrs. Jack hurried to the back door. As she opened it a puff of heavy black smoke swept past her. Quickly closing it, she turned to the kitchen window. The flames could be seen darting up. The block was on fire! . . . the elevator . . . ? Desperately she opened the hall door. The corridor was filled with smoke. In a second she had measured the distance to the elevator, thought of her mother's halting steps and resolutely closed the door. No chance there. Every escape cut off.

Turning back, she entered the dining room, now almost in twilight from the smoke outside.

Trying to keep her voice even, she said:

"Mother, I'm afraid the block is on fire. The way to the elevator is cut off, there only remains the window. We'll get ready so when the firemen come they can easily take us down."

"Child, you can save yourself. I know you can. I haven't much longer anyway. Go along . . ." she tried to rise but fell back as a breath of smoke forced its way through the door and choked her.

"Don't be foolish, Mother. The firemen will soon have the ladders up and we'll both be taken down. Imagine, you are eighty-five, being carried down the ladders by a man." Her voice was even, but her eyes were watching the window with a stark fear. She hurried to the bathroom and returned with a wet towel.

Her breath caught again, Mrs. Mitchell continued:

"Jennie, hurry; you can get away. I know you can. Think of Will. I've only a few short days at best. Don't sacrifice yourself for me."

"Mother!" Her arms were tight about the frail figure who tried with puny strength to loosen the hold and shove her away to safety. "Even if I could, I wouldn't leave you. Do you remember what you said just a few moments ago . . . ? the smoke was thicker . . . 'do you think I could now?'"

"Jennie—" the words were a prayer . . . "please, dear . . . try . . . and . . . save . . . yourself . . ."

"Mother, they'll be there in a few moments. Turn your face toward the window, dear. I can't open it lest more smoke come in. . ."

Her mother's form sagged toward her. "Mother . . . Mother . . . !" frantically she felt for the pulse; no response. Laid the towel on the wrists and held them tight as she prayed:

"Oh, God, make them hurry. Make them hurry. Don't let her go!"

No sign of the ladders yet. Would they never come? The smoke was getting heavier. Her breath came in shorter and shorter gasps.

"Mother . . . Mother . . . !" she tried to rouse the silent form, but there was no response.

"It's getting worse . . . are they never coming? Was that a shadow at the window?"

Her eyes were smarting. The smoke was like a dense cloud she could scarcely see the other side of the room . . .

"Mother! I can see the top of the ladders. Mother, can you help just a little?" Half carrying, half dragging she was part way across the room when she stumbled and fell. For a moment the two lay silent.

A convulsive shudder of the loved form roused her. Rising to her knees she succeeded in getting to the window just as a fireman's head rose on a level with the sill.

Hurriedly pushing it up, he reached for the figure held out to him.

"Hurry and get her down. I'll be all right until you come back." The words were scarcely audible.

"Oh, I wish they'd hurry. She'll want me. Why don't they come back?"

She looked over the sill, but realized she could not make it alone. She tried to reach still further over to get fresh air . . . and it was thus they found her.

Reviving in the fresh air she whispered:

"Is she all right?"

The next she knew she lay on a stretcher beside her loved one. Her throat hurt. There didn't seem any part of her that wasn't smarting and hurting. Reaching over she touched the face of her mother . . . drew back . . . felt until she caught the hand . . . it felt so cold. Could she speak . . . her throat hurt her so . . .

It was thus with clasped hands they found them when the hospital was reached.

In life they were very pleasant and in death they were not divided.

To a Trout

By Robert Watson

In the wild mountain stream
Life is a fairy dream,
Catching the sunlight's beam,
Gaily you whirl;
Gracefully, easily;
Darting so merrily;
Floating down lazily;
Eddy and swirl.

Energy simmering;
Gliming and glimmering,
Flashing and shimmering;
Happy and gay;
Home in the laughing brook,
Safe in your stoney nook;
Spurning the angler's hook;
Long may you stay.



Carefree Childhood!

GUARD IT AT THE DANGER LINE

ONE of the greatest sources of the troubles that come to children is the neglect of baby teeth. For, while these are still in place, the permanent teeth are forming in the jaws. And so, decay and premature loss of the first teeth may cause harm to the second teeth and seriously affect a child's health.

Decay can begin almost at once after the first teeth appear. Acids that cause decay form in the pits on the grinding surfaces and in the crevices at The Danger Line. No toothbrush can reach into all of these crevices to scour the acids away, so a dentifrice must be used which can neutralize such harmful acids and still not injure the tender surfaces of the child's mouth and gums.

Squibb's Dental Cream will accomplish this. It is particularly effective because it contains more than fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Every mother knows this safe, effective antacid.

Thus, every time Squibb's Dental Cream is used it neutralizes the dangerous acids, particularly at The Danger Line, between the teeth.

Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists—only 45 cents for a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons of Canada Limited, 468 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

Use Squibb's Milk of Magnesia



Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food.

At Druggists', 25c. and 50c.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.

Smiles You Can't Forget

are those revealing film-free teeth

Now remove "off-color" film on teeth as urged by the foremost dental opinion of the day. See how quickly teeth brighten and grow whiter

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

LOVELY teeth, such as you see here, are not kept white and dazzling by ordinary brushing methods. They receive a new and special care that dental science advises for beauty and for health.

This new way acts by removing film on teeth. And film, modern opinion agrees, is the source of "off-color" teeth and of the commoner tooth and gum disorders.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel film. A slippery, viscous coating. It forms on teeth and clings. In it, by the millions, breed the germs of acidity and decay.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar with germs is an established cause of pyorrhea.

Thus film is not merely a destroyer of beauty, but a menace to healthy teeth and to gums of rosy, coral tint.

To remove film scientifically use the special film-removing dentifrice so many modern dentists prescribe, called Pepsodent. Pepsodent is based on the most recent scientific findings of the day. It differs in action by curdling the film, then removing it.

It acts to firm the gums. It multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. Teeth are whitened by it as by no other safe method known.

Send for free tube to try. See how much whiter teeth will be ten days from now. Gums will be firmer—decay retarded. This is the way most dentists urge.

Your dentist and Pepsodent in combination offer you the best the world knows in modern tooth and gum care. Here health is synonymous with beauty.



(Above) LOLA HARKNESS takes justifiable delight in her pair of Great Danes, and the world takes delight in Miss Harkness' infectious smile... a smile kept gleaming and bright by daily use of Pepsodent.



(Above) CAPTAIN McPHERSON and ZONA WIDENER consider nautical problems. Miss Widener's smile reveals the dazzling teeth that mark the constant use of Pepsodent.

(At Left) AT ASHEVILLE, N. C., and ready to tee off, is Miss Olga Borgfeldt of New York with Mr. Louis Kalvin of New York. Here are two smiles that Pepsodent keeps dazzling white for society's affairs.

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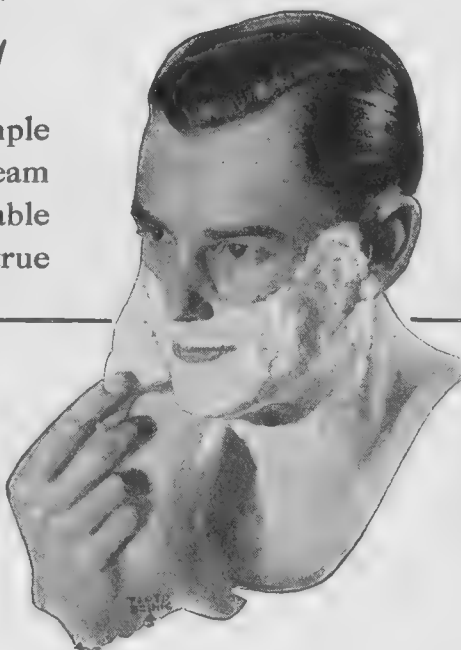
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Palmolive Shaving Cream has five unique features—things 1000 men told us they had sought. With their wishes to guide us, we set out to reach a new goal in shaving comfort.

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That creamy lather which multiplies 250 times to soften the stiffest beard—that unguent-like blandness from the

palm and olive oil content—they are no accident. They follow naturally as a result of our 65 years of successful soapmaking.

These 5 exclusive features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now make the trial, please

No doubt your present shaving preparation suits you, yet there may be a better way. We've tried to find one for you, and will thank you to give it a test. Just send the coupon now, before you forget.

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10 SHAVES FREE and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1524, The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto 8, Ont.

(Please print your name and address)

Any Odd Man

Continued from page 9

proceeded to prepare supper—bacon and canned tomatoes, bannock, apricots and canned cream.

"What a glorious spread!" she said appreciatively, as he summoned her to the bench. "Aren't you coming too?"

"After you," he answered. "I'm afraid there are only implements for one at a time."

She ate alone and in silence, and when she had finished she rose. "If you do the cooking, I must do the washing up," she asserted.

"No," he answered. "There's no need." So he sat himself down with the implements unwashed, and just as he did so there was a sudden roar of wind outside. Miss Fortune glanced up.

"That's the storm!" she said, her eyes larger than ever.

"Nothing on earth more sure," he answered.

There was an uneasy pause, while the noise without was that of the ocean on a rocky beach.

"What does it mean?" she asked, as the cabin veritably shook. "It's getting worse and worse."

"It is," he agreed. "It means that I shall have a very rough passage tonight."

SHE sat very close to the stove, for the cabin was cold despite its modest dimensions. "You can't go in such a storm as this," she told him. "Why, listen to it! It must be pretty well unbreathable out there."

"We can sit up and talk till it's a little calmer," said he, and talk they did. He told her of the wonderful lure of the wilderness, of the long moonlight trail, where one is alone with Nature and with God; of the circle of the firelight, and beyond that, where the serried tamaracks stand, the ghosts of the great grey loneliness coming and going. He told her of the eternal struggle for supremacy against Nature and the forces of a lean and cruel land; of hunger and hope, and the ever-pressing urge to voyage on through the greatness. And he tried to make her understand the glory of it, and the manliness of it, and what the wolf howl, the most lonesome sound in the world, meant to him. "In the South you have your street cars and your theatres and your dances," he said. Those things used to call to me, but now they seem hollow. Sometimes the South calls, and I go back to the gleaming pavements for one glorious beano, but Lord, how soon it falls! The men weary me because they know nothing of the bigness of the things which were of man when the world was young, and as for the women—they live in their own little world, and, as Tennyson put it, 'They take the rustic murmur of their burgh for the great wave which echoes around the world.'"

"That's all very fine," she admitted. "We have our individual tastes," of course, but what would happen if each one of us cast off our shackles and took to the Wild as you have done? Ours is a great Empire, and every man should be trying to do something to add to its greatness."

Alec's face was between his hands. "I did my bit when the Empire really mattered," he said a trifle morosely. "I packed my load and made my portage all right, and now to blazes with the Empire! What has it, or anyone, done for me?"

"Possibly nothing," she answered, "and the longer you sit, the less it will do! I think I know," she said half chaffingly, half in earnest. "You came back broken in spirit, expecting everything glorious, and instead you found that the girl you had thought about was off with some man whom you would never have tolerated in the ordinary course. So you threw up the sponge, relinquished the world, and said: 'To blazes with the Empire!'"

She leaned back and laughed, while he regarded her solemnly, then presently a twinkle came into his eyes. "You're a very clever girl," he said, ramming the contents of the red-hot stove. "Nothing Elizabethan about you!"

"No," she answered, "I'm not clever. I've told you I'm only an ordinary

woman, but big men are so obvious. My summing up was just, wasn't it?"

"If you are just," he answered, "you're the first just woman since Solomon invented justice."

"Justice was invented long before Solomon," she said gravely. "More likely than not, a woman invented it!"

"Then," muttered Alec, "like many great inventors, she made a pitiable effort when it came to carry it into practice."

At this she tossed her curls again, and Alec rose. He went over to his pack-sack, and drew from it a comb and brushes. There's water there," he indicated. "All the grub's in the cupboard. I know you'll be anxious for me to get off and tell your dad you're safe. I'd better go."

She too rose. "Yes, she answered curtly, you'd better go, though I hate anyone taking such risks on my behalf. After all, no harm can befall Father and the boys. I'm safe now, but something might happen to you in such a storm. Listen! What's that?"

Her hand clutched at his sleeve, but Alec drew aside as though unconscious of it. Down upon the wings of the storm floated a sound which might have been the wailing of some human soul in torment. It wavered, and grew and faded, and finally died into the heavens with indescribable melancholy in its cadence.

"That!" said Alec. "Have you never heard that before? Is it the first time you've ever heard it?"

She nodded, still listening, while the ghostly echoes seemed still to ring on.

"It's the timber wolves ranging for game," Alec informed her. "They come like blight with the first storm each winter."

"Wolves!" she repeated. "Then you can't go. I never heard anything so awful."

He laughed, and swung easily aside. "Why, I shall hear them every night for nights to come!" he exclaimed. "It's nothing when you're used to it. Often I hear them following me along the creek, but we take no notice of them out here. We would never get anywhere if we did."

Her frightened gaze was still upon him, and a sudden realization came to Alec. "I see," he said slowly. "Glad to find you're ordinary in one respect, at any rate. You don't like being left, eh? Well, I tell you you needn't mind them. They'll come all around the cabin likely. They do in stormy weather, but if you are wise you'll just sleep through it, same as I've done scores of times."

There was a pause, then—"Do they come in daylight?"

"Not often," he told her. "I can stay till daybreak if you like. That's for you to choose, but you look infernally tired. Suppose you turn in and I'll watch for you and keep the stove burning after I've got more firewood. I'll do that if you like."

"Thanks awfully," she answered, and Alec slouched heedlessly out into the wolf-infested storm to cut more wood, while something seemed to tell him that her fears were not really for herself—this girl who had known no fear while lost in the woods. And she, for her part, was thinking that there was, after all, something rather grand in being a trapper.

When he came back, the curtain was drawn, and she was asleep, seemingly. Alec sat himself by the stove, his big hands clasped.

"Well, I'm darned!" he muttered. "If this doesn't beat a scene from Alice in Wonderland!"

WHY aren't you a settler?" was her first question next morning. "You'd make a much better settler than a trapper."

"Settler!" he scoffed. "Not on your life! Don't you understand yet what the woods mean to me?"

"I think I do," she answered, "but you could still have your glorious woods and go hunting in the fall. I'll tell you what you lack, Mr. Forbe—you need to see things grow—I mean plants, flowers, trees and things."

Continued on page 34

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Forhan's Limited, Montreal

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE

IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

Any Odd Man

Continued from page 28

"Do I"? he said with a wry smile. "That must be slower than fishing. Maybe when I'm so old that I can no longer pack my grub, I'll be glad to sit and watch things grow."

"You don't have to sit," she pointed out. "That's like watching a kettle. It would never boil if you did. But here comes the sun, and I feel fit for anything after such a glorious night. Poor you!" she added solemnly.

"Don't," he answered. "I can sleep just about as well sitting up as anywhere. Now for breakfast and the sand-hills trail!"

And a few minutes later, taking her hand, he swept her on her snow-shoes down the long incline for the creek. The sun was brilliant, and twelve miles further on they came to an even steeper descent, and Alec was teaching her to cover ground more easily and faster than ever she had covered it before, when she lost her footing on the down-grade and got one snow-shoe under her. Alec caught her in his arms, and they both laughed merrily. There seemed to be no immediate haste to relinquish the present order.

"Splendid," muttered Alec at length, when presently propriety compelled it. "That, if I am not mistaken, is your father's camp away down in the bottom. It looks very near, like your spruce hens, but it's still a long way off."

His hand was still upon her shoulder. "Aren't the sand-hills lovely," said Miss Fortune, for indeed they were—a vast, white rolling panorama from their feet, stretching away into purple haze, till range and sky became indefinable.

"Very," he answered. "Somewhere over there your homestead lies."

She faced about, and pointed a mittened hand towards the Badlands of the North. "And away over there," she added, "is your wee cabin."

"Quite wrong!" replied Alec with his usual candour. "It's over there," pointing in almost the opposite direction. "It's been a wonderful little cabin for just so long."

"That so"? said she absently, regarding the distant ranges.

"Yes," he answered, "but I fear it will be a dull little hole to return to—when the fairy is flown."

OLD MAN FORTUNE was so relieved and grateful at his daughter's safe return that he insisted upon saddling up immediately and Alec's accompanying them back to the homestead. So yet another day, and Sylvia Fortune was showing him round the steading. She showed him the fat, sleepy cattle in the warm shed, the young peach and apple trees, the pigs, the geese, and the guinea fowls, which, she said, were the sentries of the homestead. She told him how they had hewn away the forest, tree by tree and boulder by boulder, till all this was what they had achieved, and from

it he obtained some faint glimmer of the part these people had played and were still playing as builders of the universe—in blazing a great trail for the feet of others to tread. Even now the Wild was ever striving to reclaim what they had won from it, and so the fight was going on, a fight very nearly akin to the one he loved. But in their lives there was something which his sadly lacked—a definite goal a purpose, the moulding of great things out of very little. "Any odd man goes trapping."

"Well, do you like our place"? asked Sylvia's father, not without a touch of pride, when at length she and the young woodsman returned from their round of inspection.

"I think it is simply fine," answered Alec with true enthusiasm.

Fortune took the chair opposite him, between them the warm, open blaze of the kitchen fire, while Sylvia, neat and homely, busied herself preparing hot cakes for supper.

"Ever think of filing a homestead yourself"? queried her father. "You're the type we want out here, and there's a good quarter section almost next to ours."

Alec shook his head slowly. "I'm afraid the woods have too strong a hold on me," he confessed, at which the older man also nodded, then he answered: "Well, if you think it will lead you anywhere."

These words rang in Alec's ears that night. He was thirty-two, and certainly he did not seem to have achieved very much in the manly order of things. He had simply cast off his shackles, and gone his own way.

A week later he hit the trail again, but there was a strange spell upon him, and he did not return at once to his own cabin. He made a slight detour to visit a neighboring trapper, an older man, with whom he was on good terms.

"I'm packing out," Alec explained. "Thought maybe you might take over some of my gear."

His friend nodded. "Going west, eh"? he concluded. "I've got a kind of a hunch myself for the Peace River."

"No," answered Alec, with his customary gravity. "I'm quitting the trapline. Going in for ranching."

The other frontiersman started. "Ranching"? he echoed. "You! Where?"

Alec told him, and again the trapper nodded. "Next door to Fortune," he observed. "Well, he'll be a good neighbor. Got a daughter, ain't he?"

Once more the hot blood rose to Alec's forehead. "What in Jupiter's that got to do with it"? he stammered out.

But the old trapper simply grinned. "Go ahead, boy," he advised. "Yes, I'll be glad to take your kit. Here's to the new homestead"! and upending his billy, he swilled down about a pint of scalding coffee.

Stop Your Cryin'

By William Thompson

Stop your cryin'! Don't you know
You can't keep a-yellin' so?
Drive your Mammy almos' mad;
Cheer up honey, do be glad.
Let me dry those tears away.
You're just one year old today!

See here, when you gwine to quit?
Look out, or that face'll split!
Times has come for you to stop,
Or I'll have to call your Pop.
Gwine to spoil that angel face
N make your Mammy fall from grace?

Lawdy! Gwine to cry some more!
Liza, you just shut that door,
Scare the neighbors half to death.
Goodness me, you're out of breath,
Ain't you got no sense at all?
You am certain full of bawl!

Mammy's rosebud, now be calm,
Put your head on muddie's arm.
Look out for the bogie men,
Dancin' with the old black hen.
Let me dry those little eyes;
Get you gone, you naughty cries!

Angels rock my lamb to sleep,
Jonah's whale is swimmin' deep,
Old Jack mule ain't got no hay,
Have to eat some other day.
Fairies on your eyelids creep—
Thank the goodness, he's asleep!



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The lustrous sheen of their surfaces is a delight to the eye. A touch of a damp cloth leaves them glistening. They are durable. They are not injured by ordinary acids or cleaning liquids.

Crane Limited offers a complete line of fixtures in these two wares—twice-fired vitreous china for lavatories, closets, and the smaller pieces; solid porcelain for baths, sinks, laundry trays, and all larger pieces. For those who desire superior plumbing, a house equipped throughout with vitreous china and solid porcelain is recommended.

For a complete explanation of the merits of these wares, and for information on Crane materials for houses small or large, visit the nearest Crane Exhibit Rooms. There will be no urging to buy, since Crane fixtures are sold only through plumbing contractors.

If you desire information on planning and decorating an out-of-the-ordinary bathroom, fill out the coupon below.

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Tall Timbers to Sky-Scrapers

Continued from page 15

Thirty-two years ago, it was thought a sign of progress that the total number of vessels entering the port aggregated 2,365. Last year, the number was something over twenty thousand. Huge elevators have been built along the once-wooded shore line "through which," according to an authority, "sixty million bushels of wheat have passed in a single season—figures that are destined at no very distant date, to double and treble as this great, all-the-year-open port enters its ultimate development. Where once the old "Beaver" alone threaded her passage through the Lion's Gate, ocean-carrying ships of all nations pass today in their voyages to the Seven Seas, and the four corners of the earth."

(The "Beaver" was the first steamship to ply the waters of the Pacific Coast. It belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company, and was finally wrecked off Prospect Point on July 26th, 1888.)

That "genie" whose name was "Progress" quite evidently brooded over the city to some purpose. The industries of lumbering and mining and fisheries advanced with great strides in the Province, and Vancouver was the port, as it is today, from which lumber and ores were exported; also the commercial centre in which the development of these industries was financed. The gold rush to the Klondike brought to Vancouver people a realization of the possibilities of reaping considerable trade with the then uncivilized North. In that day the Bank of British Columbia did a rushing business, having its own assay office. It served well the city and the province up to the time of its amalgamation with the Canadian Bank of Commerce in 1900.

FROM 1888 to 1891, during the mayoralty of a progressive man, David Oppenheim, the high-lights were: the laying of the first water-main across the Lion's Gate (this followed upon typhoid epidemics, for which they laid the blame upon well-water); the introduction of electric lighting, and the extension of the small telephone service; the granting of a street-railway charter; the erection of fire-halls, a hospital, and a big market. Streets were paved—twenty-four miles of sidewalk, and a sewerage system was planned.

Within the next few years, many new schools were built, a courthouse, banks, provincial government buildings, athletic grounds and parks. In 1891 the first water system was in operation, and the first ship reached Vancouver, direct from London! Iron foundries, a sugar refinery, and more and more lumber mills were built.

In 1893 and 1894 there was a general financial depression throughout Canada, and the "slump" hit Vancouver hard for a time, as everyone knows. Conditions began to show real improvement in 1896, owing, largely, to the big mining development of the province. And so Vancouver grew older, and wiser, and greater as the years went on.

Hastings Street, which had been, so short a time ago, an Indian trail through dense forest, became a great business thoroughfare, one which, according to many people, is unequalled for the beauty of its architecture, by any "main street" in Canada.

Great docks and piers came into being—the crowning glory of these being the last to which I have already referred. The sheds of this pier have an area of two hundred thousand square feet, and there is storage accommodation, outside the pier, for approximately seventeen thousand tons of freight, with trackage capacity for two thousand cars.

Exports from Vancouver, last year, totalled more than three million tons, valued at at over two hundred and seven million dollars—yet they have built for the future—for the growth of even greater shipping—lumber, logs, grain, flour, fish, metals, paper, and general manufactured products.

Today one marvels at the wisdom of Mayor McLean of 1887, who presented a petition to the Dominion Government, asking that Stanley Park, as it now is, should be set aside for preservation in its natural state. The city leased this

park-site for a period of ninety-nine years.

That first mayor of Vancouver must have been inspired in his idea by the genie Progress, who must have wished this beautiful park of virgin forest to stand out in contrast; and as a living representation, as the years go on, of Vancouver's beginnings. Yet it is more than that, its existence is justified, if only by virtue of its sheer beauty; by virtue of memories of Nature's grandeur which travellers carry away in their hearts—enduring and abiding memories.

WITH the Great War, the city and the province showed the good British stuff of which they were made. They gave not only men who were "faithful unto death," but a great army of men and women who worked in the shipyards and the machine shops, supplying the Allies with ships, and shell-cases—new industries indeed, but efficiently developed, in "no time at all!"

Since the war, the city has progressed amazingly. This youngest city of the Dominion is third in size, and one of the largest and most important ports in the British Empire. When one considers her record of achievement in her short life of forty-two years, her potential greatness seems to be illimitable.

She has progressed from the swing of an adze to a great industrial centre. From a candle-lighted log-house, she has progressed to a great city, brilliantly lighted like a jewel enfolded by the surrounding mountains and the sea. From a settlement with a little one-room school a great educational system has evolved with twenty-two thousand pupils learning to be good and efficient Canadian citizens. Forty-two years ago, one little ship sailed into and out of her port; now—nearly twenty-two thousand!

They used to dream of horse-drawn street cars some day—now: the largest street railway system in Canada! A hydro-electric power to the extent of a \$38,000,000 project at Bridge River is being prepared for the future growth of the city.

The future growth of the city? What is it to be? Today, "Tall Timbers" are replaced by a skyline of towering buildings. Vancouver is the gateway to the Far East, to Australia, to New Zealand. "She has the finest harbor in the world," it is said, "with forty-two steamship lines and three great railway systems connecting her with the trading centres of the world. Six elevators, twenty-eight berths, thirteen loading berths, and a harbor railway, connecting the north and south shores, are recent developments along the twenty miles of sheltered water frontage.

"Eleven hundred industrial plants, giving employment to fifteen thousand people; many churches and missions, and thirty public and four high schools—these are but a few of the side-lights which reflect Vancouver's growth."

So—what of tomorrow? Will that genie: Spirit of Progress, set free by the woodman's axe, continue to permeate the soul of the city with a great ambition to create, always finer educational opportunities; open up more industries, and develop those of today; serve Mother Canada, as a great port for the export of Western grain and other Canadian products; foster world trade through her shipping facilities, in service to the Empire?

Vancouver is, indeed, a city whose watchword is: "Progress!"

"Take a high dive into the archives," said Mayor Taylor. "Read of our past, and then try to visualize our future—if you can!"

Undreamed Of by the Pharaohs

It is now proposed to erect a scenic railway to enable sightseers to ride in comfort to the top of the great pyramid, where they will be able to get an unobstructed view of other sightseers flying around it in airplanes. And the Pharaohs doubtless thought that the building of the pyramids was man's greatest achievement.—Toronto Globe.



S T Y L E • P O W E R • S P E E D • S T R E N G T H

FOR ONCE it is safe to follow your first impulse and buy a car because its beauty fascinates you. ¶ Thousands have done precisely that with the Six of the Century during recent months, to find that Hupmobile engineering has richly rewarded them with amazing new performance qualities. ¶ Not alone in the super-smoothness and increased power of Hupmobile high compression; not alone in marvelously quick get-away and pick-up. ¶ But also in braking that is smooth, soft and *sure*; in steering

that spells the end of tiresome tugging at the wheel; in handling-control and in riding-ease that free you from all the old fatigue of motoring. ¶ You can see with your own eyes the new distinction and beauty which Hupmobile has created; and nothing pleases a Hupmobile dealer more than the opportunity to demonstrate the newness of performance which contributes so much toward making this car the Six of the Century.

¶ Twenty-four body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, \$1815 to \$2215 f. o. b. Windsor.

HUPMOBILE
The SIX of the Century

WHITER teeth for all by correct brushing and BRUSH

NO EXTRA CARE
NEEDED. JUST THESE AD-
VANTAGES OF MODERN
DENTAL KNOWLEDGE

Here is a modern brush that makes teeth whiter and provides surer protection against decay. It polishes teeth by cleaning them more thoroughly. Modern dental knowledge has given it the correct size and shape to do this.

That is why most dentists, and millions of others, use DR. WEST'S Tooth Brushes today.

Why it polishes

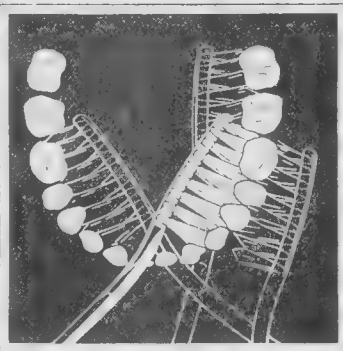
All spaces between teeth, and all crevices, are swept clean by the extra-pointed, wide-spaced tufts. Special polishing bristles used in this famous brush cost 3 to 5 times more than the ordinary kind. They do not bend and slip over, but remain erect—with tips firmly contacting teeth.

Dangerous spots where most decay starts—inside, and far back—are as easily reached as the front teeth (note diagram). Small size and correct shape make this possible. And also make correct brushing easy.

Your druggist has DR. WEST'S brushes, in sizes for each member of your family. They are sterilized and sealed for your protection. And each is guaranteed.

SIMPLY DO THIS:

Use your DR. WEST'S twice daily: 2 minutes each morning; 2 each night. Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges of teeth. Use any good dentifrice—cleaning is done by bristle tips. Do this regularly. Then, see how teeth really brighten!



EACH 90 DAYS

get a new DR. WEST'S. This insures you full benefits. Dentists do this each 60 days.



THE WECO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Ltd. TORONTO

Canadian Distributors

Lymans, Limited, Montreal; Lyman Brothers & Co., Ltd., Toronto.
National Drug & Chemical Co., Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Vancouver, Regina, Winnipeg

Prince Albert

Continued from page 10

street gang tore it down and threw it to one side in order to survey a through street. It was not till later that the citizens recognized that they had lost a valuable historical landmark. There is not even a photograph of the old mill and the only known record is a school girl's painting in the possession of Mrs. C. E. Gregory of Regina.

Captain Moore, an Old Country Irishman, had the first sawmill and grist mill. While hunting on the plains one year, the captain paid a visit to the mission. Finding that all lumber was being cut by whipsaws, he promised the settlement to build a mill. In the summer of 1876 he returned with the machinery, having been two months on the trail between Winnipeg and Prince Albert.

With him came Alex Loudon, Thomas Miller, John McKenzie and Wm. Lytle.

The same year Wm. Hodgson built a grist mill driven by water power on the Red Deer Creek, a few miles south-west of the mission.

Groceries had to be shipped overland from Winnipeg, and with the uncertainties of ox-team transportation, they were very expensive, and hard to get at any price.

T. N. Campbell, who was an early merchant in the little settlement recalls bringing in a stock of goods for his store which was all sold out in two days.

"Most all groceries cost fifty cents no matter what they were—sugar, tea, salt, everything. It was a sort of flat rate. That was cheap for tea but dear for sugar and salt," says Mr. Campbell reminiscently.

Charles Mair, the Canadian poet who died recently at the Coast, was the first merchant in Prince Albert, outside the temporary trading post operated by the Hudson's Bay Company some little distance east of the mission. It is recorded that Mr. Mair, according to Eastern custom, "put counters in his store to display his goods." This was in 1877.

The old-timers smile as they recall that he used to sell some of his more expensive goods piecemeal, somewhat as is done in the ten-cent stores of today. For instance, if one wanted a door-lock, the knob, screws, etc., would all be priced separately. It was quite an expensive purchase when all the parts were assembled.

"Screw-nails used to cost ten cents apiece; tacks five cents each," recalls Mr. Campbell. "Matches were \$2.25 for what is now fifteen cents a box. I remember stopping at Duck Lake one day to get a box of matches because they were only \$1.75 there."

"Charlie Mair used to get \$5.00 a gallon for coal oil," says Mr. Campbell, "and he would not sell less than a five-gallon can. After these cans had been jiggled over the road from Winnipeg in a Red River cart, they were far from full, but they sold for five gallons just the same."

Freight was \$5.50 a hundred from Winnipeg, about 550 miles, which was not so bad.

All transactions were on a trade basis. The only money in the country was police cheques and orders on Donald A. Smith in Winnipeg, who handled all the Hudson Bay money.

But just because supplies were expensive was no reason for expecting that they would always be in stock. Once there was a broom famine. Not a broom could be borrowed in the whole settlement, and many were the makeshifts. Some tied willows together; one woman used a wild duck's wing to sweep her floors.

In talking to the early settlers, funny little incidents rise to the top. A story is told of John A. McDonald, a pioneer, who sold part of his farm and took a trip to Toronto. He came back with a pair of yellow gloves and the story goes that he was never successful in any business he undertook afterwards. Of course no one explicitly puts the blame on the yellow gloves but—well, there you are.

Later on the Hudson's Bay had a small mill where they ground flour which was shipped by boat up the Saskatchewan to Fort Carleton, Battleford, Fort Pitt and Edmonton.

Continued on page 39

For a man's jobs



around the house

There's nothing like "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for lubricating purposes around the house. Use the tube, it's handier for:

Lubrication—"Vaseline" Jelly is an excellent lubricant for all kinds of household machinery. It won't drip as oil does. Use it on washing machines, electric sweepers, dish-washing machines, phonographs, etc.

Sporting Equipment—To prevent rust forming on golf clubs, guns, skates, sled-runners, etc., cover with a layer of "Vaseline" Jelly before putting them away. The same for Garden Implements and Window Screens.

Garage Use—In some of the finest garages of the country they use "Vaseline" Jelly for lubrication purposes, and prevent rust from forming on nickel parts of the body by an occasional polish with a soft flannel cloth and a little "Vaseline" Jelly.

Door Hinges—Remove the squeak from door hinges by applying "Vaseline" Jelly. If doors are inclined to stick, the use of "Vaseline" Jelly will often help.

Remember, when you buy, that the trademark "Vaseline" on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd, 5520 Chabot Ave., Montreal, Canada.

Vaseline

TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY



White summer shoes
can be kept spotless
with

"NUGGET" White Cleaner

It is economical to
use and easy to
apply.

There's a Nugget Shade for
every shoe made

50

Prince Albert

Continued from page 38

THE first steamer which plied the Saskatchewan for the Hudson's Bay Company was "The Lily," an iron boat built on the Clyde. Previous to this there were the old York boats. The next was a government tug which in 1877 was hauled overland from the Lake of the Woods to Red River; from there it came up under its own steam to the mouth of the Saskatchewan and was hauled up Grand Rapids. The rapids at the mouth of the Saskatchewan have always been an effective check on navigation and the Hudson's Bay Company built a narrow-gauge railway on which to portage goods from their Saskatchewan river steamers to those on Lake Winnipeg. The Northcote was the first steamer to make a trip to Prince Albert. It was built at Grand Rapids in 1875. The Company operated four steamboats at various times in and out of Prince Albert, the Northcote, the Marquis, the North West and the Manitoba. But no boats have plied the Saskatchewan since the railroad came in. In view of their service to what was at that time the largest settlement in Saskatchewan, the fate of these old boats is of interest.

The Marquis was hauled up on the shore in 1890, and never went into the water again. The hull is still to be seen on the river bank just below the city. The Northcote finished at The Pas. The hull of the Manitoba can sometimes be seen below the waters at the mouth of the Shell river a few miles west of Prince Albert. The North West was the last boat of any dimensions to operate on the Saskatchewan. It was beached at Cumberland House in 1897. Two years later came a flood when the river was full to the top of its high banks and the old boat was washed away and broken up. That was known as the year of the big flood. Stables with cattle in them drifted past. The town was entirely cut off from the hill, and eleven Indians, encamped on the island, were drowned.

There was considerable disappointment at Prince Albert when the C.P.R. put its main line through the southern part of the province, after the early surveys had indicated that it would go through the north. A number of settlers had come in on the assumption that Prince Albert would be on the right-of-way.

"Nothing but dirty politics took it south," said one old-timer, vehemently.

Among those earliest settlers who followed the Nesbitts and the McKays to Prince Albert were many from their old home in Manitoba. McKillop's Directory says: "Among the settlers who came in from Kildonan were the Drevers, McDonalds, McBeaths, McKays, Sutherlands, Andersons, Finlaysons, Spencers, Browns, McIvers, Pritchards, Adams, Haleros, Houries, Turners, Fiddlers, Fletts, Kennedys, Monkman, Whitfords, and others."

R. J. Pritchard and his young bride were among the first. Mr. Pritchard was a trader, and later had a ranch about nine miles north of Prince Albert. It was reported of him in 1888: "He had one pedigree bull, Duke of York, two pedigree cows, one ten months old bull calf, Duke of Regina, and four pedigree cows—all Shorthorn Durhams."

John A. McDonald farmed for some years and then was "wholesale and retail butcher," as his advertisement testified.

Alex McBeath, better known as Sandy McBeath, was among the early ones and had the distinction of being the first postmaster in 1877—when Prince Albert began to have a regular mail every three weeks. The mail carrier was Hon. James McKay. Mrs. McBeath still lives in Prince Albert. R. G. McBeath, the author, is a brother of Sandy McBeath.

In 1875 Bishop McLean arrived, traveling by dog-train. Then and there he chose Prince Albert as his headquarters, and took up residence in a log house; the diocesan see of the Anglican church has centred in Prince Albert ever since. In 1876 he built St. Mary's church and a little later founded Emmanuel College, which was later removed to the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon.

Jos. Combs came in 1876 and Mrs.

Combs shortly afterwards. James Sanderson, who still lives in Prince Albert, came the same year, followed shortly afterwards by Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Agnew. Mrs. Plaxton, who has lived in Prince Albert since '79, came on the first passenger train to arrive at Winnipeg. Mrs. Plaxton brought in the first canaries and the first house-plants, I was told, and she exhibited plants at the first fair put on by the Lorne Agricultural Society forty-four years ago. The first geranium that bloomed in Prince Albert had more callers than many brides.

A competitor in the growing of house-plants those days was Mrs. Richard Gwynne.

J. F. BETTS, Speaker in the Legislature of the North West Territories from 1894 to 1898 was one of the early merchants in Prince Albert and lived there till his death. He used to tell a story of a rather thrilling hold-up in which he unwillingly took a prominent part.

He had been to Winnipeg to officially petition the Government to establish a R.N.W.M.P. Barracks at Prince Albert. He came back by the mail stage (it made a trip once in three weeks). A bandit appeared, gun in hand, ordered them to get down, tied their hands behind their backs. He then proceeded to go through their pockets, and relieved Mr. Betts of a roll of \$210 and a jack-knife. He put back the money but kept the knife to cut open the mail sacks.

Mr. Betts also took a good deal of pleasure in recalling a little incident of that anxious night in '85 when the little settlement waited through the darkness for an attack of the Indians. Everything in Prince Albert dates before or after the Rebellion.

The church being the only permanent building in the village, was hastily translated into a stockade.

Mr. Betts ran in to see if everything was all right—and as he ran he tripped over something soft. It proved to be a handsome cerise ball-gown. In spite of her haste to get to the stockade, the owner had waited to get her new dress, and then in her excitement and fright had dropped it.

That day a scout had ridden into Prince Albert at full speed, his horse dripping—to give warning that the Indians were coming. Hourly they had been expecting this, for the fighting was only a few miles away. The women were ordered into the stockade at once, but some of them tarried long enough to bury their silver.

One woman hurrying along with her two children on a sleigh—arrived at the stockade to find that she had lost one. Expecting every second to hear the blood-curdling war-whoops of the Indians, she rushed back along the trail she had come. She laughs now when she tells of finding the baby sound asleep in a snow-bank, where he had dropped off.

It was an anxious night. The women crowded into the small building, worried about their husbands who had gone out to defend their homes and families from the inflamed natives. They had no idea if their men were alive or dead. Children, too young to realize what was the matter, cried in nervous fear. Some slept on tables or on the floor. One mother put her six small ones to sleep on the pulpit.

Babies were born that night in the little stockade, and all through the tense hours women listened, in constant dread.

Many are the reminiscences that are exchanged over those old days. The next best thing to being a combatant at the Rebellion is to "sit in" while F. C. Baker, T. N. Campbell, Jas. Sanderson, and Dr. Porter, the first physician to carry his art west of Winnipeg, argue about dates or incidents of these interesting days.

IN THE old directory, to which reference has been made before, H. W. Newlands, now Lieutenant Governor of Saskatchewan, had an advertisement as Advocate, Notary Public. A. L. Sifton, B.A., LL.B., had a modest advertisement as Barrister and Attorney. Reference was made to the Regina Leader as a strong Conservative paper. The Canadian Pacific Railway had a full-page

Continued on page 55

"I wouldn't be without it any more than I would be without soap"

—writes one woman of this step in the toilette which women consider essential to personal irreproachableness

By Ruth Miller

Authority on Perspiration Problems



Odorono was made by a physician and physicians commonly advise its use as the most hygienic way of dealing with perspiration embarrassments. Today they know that perspiration does not rid the body of poisons. It is over 99% water and its principal function is the regulation of body temperature. Keeping the skin dry in small areas with Odorono is perfectly safe and healthful.

WOMEN of leisure, trained nurses by the score, physicians' wives and sisters, high school girls, saleswomen and dress-makers—the great procession of women that play such a vivid part in life today all write to me.

Always they tell me in fascinatingly varied and personal ways that they consider keeping the underarm dry and fresh all the time is an absolutely essential part of an adequate toilette. . . Only when they know that dampness on the underarm is impossible do they feel clean and well dressed.

When the underarm becomes damp one never knows when an unpleasant odor of perspiration will be noticeable, when a cherished frock will be ruined by an ugly damp stain, when one will appear less fastidious than a lady should.

So religiously, year in, year out, women who insist upon complete personal irreproachableness use Odorono. So regular a part of the toilette is it that four million bottles are used every year.

As one woman says, "I wouldn't think of being without Odorono any more than I would think of being without toilet soap. I have used it constantly for ten years."

Simply apply Odorono after the bath a few times a week. The underarm stays perfectly dry and fresh in spite of heat, nervousness and exercise, making impossible the reproach of odor and of stained dresses.



There are two strengths of Odorono. Regular Odorono (ruby colored) used at night twice a week keeps average skin dry. Odorono No. 3 (colorless) milder, for sensitive skins must be used more often. At toilet goods counters 35c, 60c. The new Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c.

New 10c Offer: Mail coupon and 10c for four samples: Odorono, Odorono No. 3, Odorono Cream Depilatory and Deodorant Powder.

The Odorono Company, Ltd., Dept. W-7
468 King St., West, Toronto, Ont.

I enclose 10c for 4 samples.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

(Print name and address plainly)

MADE IN CANADA

PRICE
\$10,000

- (1) Payable in monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly instalments over any period you desire.
- (2) No interest to pay.
- (3) If you die this house will be given outright to your dependents. No further payments necessary.



Would You Buy a House on the Above Terms?

SUCH an offer would be an opportunity, wouldn't it? Briefly, that is what the North American Life Endowment Policy offers you—the only difference is that you receive \$10,000 (or whatever sum you choose) in money rather than in real estate.

Investigation will show you still greater advantages of the North American Life Endowment Policy. Let the North American Life man explain it to you.

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\$35,608,067

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\$6,400,567

"Solid
as the
Continent"

Head Office:
TORONTO, CANADA

AGENCIES
IN ALL
IMPORTANT
CENTRES



This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

A YOUNG man was very seriously injured while working for a farmer in clearing brush, by the explosion of a cartridge of fulminate of mercury. At the time of the explosion the young man was using an axe. It appears that the farmer in the previous summer had cleared his land near where the accident happened by using dynamite to blow out the stumps. The cartridges were used to explode the dynamite but sometimes it happened that the fuse burnt out without an explosion. During the trial the judge held that the young man was injured by an unexploded cartridge which by pure chance he had struck with his axe. He sued the farmer for damages and the farmer was held not liable on the grounds that he had used the highest degree of care called for on his part and that the accident was the result of a risk inseparable from blasting. To make him liable in such a case would seem unreasonable, and would, in fact, make this method of clearing of land impossible.

TO TRESPASS upon another man's property is a ground for damages even though the trespass only happened once. In such a case, however, the damages allowed are only nominal but there are cases where the trespass has been wanton and repeated and done in an insolent manner and in such a way as to justify heavy damages being awarded.

In a recent case in Saskatchewan it appeared that a farmer had trespassed upon his neighbor's land for a number of years and in particular in 1921 when his neighbor had a good crop he went over his stooks with a wide disc for about three or four hundred yards and when he was spoken to about it "he just grinned." On another part of the section the same farmer was in the habit of feeding his horses and dumping the dirty oats out on the grass and allowing the seeds to grow. The owner of the land spoke to him and told him he wanted to keep his land clean, but the other still pursued the same tactics. At another time he went over the oat sheaves of his neighbor with his sheaf loader and destroyed a number of sheaves. On this occasion he was told not to go on the land with his threshing outfit but in spite of such prohibition he angled across that quarter with it. He was repeatedly told to keep off the land but his only reply would be to "yell derisively" at his neighbor and on two occasions crowded him off the road and on many others used very foul language and insulted him. The situation came to such a pass that the only thing left for the neighbor to do was to sue for damages, asking that he be paid \$100.00 as special damages for the damage done to the stooks and \$500.00 for general damages for his conduct.

The court allowed him both claims on the grounds that this was a trespass not unintentional but of a wanton nature, long-continued and accompanied by foul and abusive conduct.

Answers to Queries

Calman, Alta.

(Q) I am a subscriber to your paper and should be obliged if you would answer the following questions:

"I have a third interest in twenty acres of crop, on land belonging to my brother. Can a man who has a judgment against me touch the crop? I am living on this land?"

"If my wife buys this land, is she, or her property, liable for the judgments. Can they take anything on the farm for the judgment. The debt was contracted before marriage."—Doubtful.

(A) You are always entitled to claim your exemptions against any seizure by a creditor. The exemptions include necessary feed for your exempted stock,

and seed for whatever portion of the land you cultivate, but not exceeding 160 acres. A creditor may, of course, seize your share of the crop but should not try to dispose of your exempted property. You have a considerable exemption of tools, implements and stock, particular items of which are too numerous to mention in this reply. However, any lawyer can give you the exact particulars.

If your wife purchases the land she, of course, cannot be held responsible for your debts. However, if she used your money to purchase the farm, a creditor might possibly be able to show that she is merely a trustee for you. Usually it is very difficult for a creditor to succeed on such a claim and we cannot see that you would be losing anything by making the purchase in your wife's name.

Winnipeg, Man.

(Q) We arranged with a man to deliver all our orders and do our trucking work. He recently had an accident in which he damaged another car. The owner of the other car is endeavoring to collect from us. Please let us know whether we are responsible for the damage.—C.L.C.

(A) If the driver of the truck was your employee then you are responsible for the damage. If, however, he is an independent contractor then he alone is responsible. An employer is usually liable for all damage caused by his employees when making deliveries in the course of his business. If, however, the man who makes your deliveries owns his truck and works upon some contractual basis, being paid a fixed amount or by piece work, he would appear to us to be an independent contractor and he alone is responsible for any damage which he causes while making deliveries.

Saskatoon, Sask.

(Q) About a year ago we leased a house under a written agreement and the lease was to expire on June 1st, 1928. When we were asking the owner about the house he stated that we could cancel the lease whenever we wished, because he could always get another tenant. Because he said we could cancel the lease we did so in April and moved into another house on May 1st. Now the landlord says that we must pay him rent for the months of May and June, 1928. Can he make us do this after saying we could cancel the lease?—G.D.

(A) It is almost impossible for you to insert in a written lease a verbal term which would allow you to cancel the lease at any time. The writing is supposed to be your agreement and all the agreement. If the written agreement gives you the right to terminate the lease at any time upon giving notice then of course you have the right to take advantage of this term in the lease. If there is no such term in the written lease then you cannot terminate the lease. In our opinion the representation made to you by the landlord cannot be given any effect, and you are liable for the rent for the months of May and June.

A POOR FIELD

The squire, more noted for his knowledge of horseflesh than theology, was not a frequent attendant at the village church, but his wife had prevailed upon him to set a good example to the villagers for once.

Awakening suddenly during a rather tedious sermon, the squire yawned and blinked round the congregation. His eyes eventually perceived the hymn number board.

"Columbus!" he exclaimed in an audible whisper, and in a tone of great disgust, "Only three runners!"

ONE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

GENTLEMEN:

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED \$..... FOR..... YEARS
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, TO BE SENT
TO—

NAME

STREET

POST OFFICE PROVINCE.....
THREE YEARS FOR TWO DOLLARS



PERHAPS no greater tribute has been paid to the development and solidity of the producers' co-operative movement than was witnessed during the past month at a meeting held at the city of Regina. A remarkable and distinguished group of international representatives of co-operative marketing, numbering over 120 and hailing from all parts of Canada, Australia, the United States and Great Britain, met in conference to discuss the co-operative question from every angle and in every detail.

The discussion was by no means confined to the question of co-operation from the standpoint of the producer. That is an *idée fixe* which admits of no contradiction. In spite of jeremiads of sable hue the wheat pools have gone on from victory unto victory. They have consolidated their gains until now their position as a dominant factor in the grain crop of Canada is unimpeachable and unassailable. By their control of farm products they have regularized and stabilized the flow and the price of the products and have ensured to the farmer an equitable return for his labor.

These are facts which, as we have said, do not brook contradiction and one significant feature of the meeting was its complete acceptance of this precept. The delegates in their acquiescence in this fact were not, however, content to rest upon their oars and to adopt a policy of inaction. It was stressed over and over again that this was but the beginning of a tremendous development of co-operation, not only by the producer, but also by the consumer; not only by the citizens of the same country but by all citizens of all countries. Co-operation, it was felt, must be extended into every phase of human life, until in the end there evolved a civilization completely co-operative in every detail.

In this aim there is involved a tremendous issue, for it binds together both the practical and the ideal. This thought was admirably conveyed by the Honorable Irene Parlby when in the course of her address she said:

"There is one reason more than any other that has led to the apparently rapid organization and development of the Prairie Wheat Pools which cause so much interest and no little wonder to the outside world, and that is that for something like a quarter of a century here in Western Canada, men and women have been trying to learn a new philosophy of life; have been practising it in some small measure through their farm organizations. A philosophy which holds up as a necessary ideal of character, loyalty of one human being to another; mutual aid as a law of life, self-sacrifice if necessary, for the good of the whole.

"With that philosophy we have glimpsed a vision of a world wherein the spirit of competitive strife will be entirely routed and replaced by the spirit of co-operation, not only in our economic life, nor merely in this nation or that, but permeating all human society, and leading a weary world, into the ways of peace and beauty and harmony."

The debt of gratitude due the Canadian Wheat Pool was well expressed in a resolution passed at the conclusion of the meeting when, after approving of the establishment of co-operative associations, of meetings in conference and after reaffirming their belief in the soundness and practicability of the pooling method of marketing farm products it was declared as follows:

"We also desire to re-state the purposes and reasons for the establishment of co-operative marketing associations, which are not formed to unduly raise the price to the consumer, but are organized to enable the farmer to secure a return for his product at a price level in keeping with the price of the commodities which he has to buy, or in other words quoting from the charter of the Canadian Co-operative Wheat Producers

Limited, to be an agricultural organization instituted for the purposes of mutual help, to improve methods, and reduce costs of marketing; to reduce speculation, manipulation and weights and all unnecessary transactions in such marketing; to market directly and with regularity so as to furnish farm products economically to the users thereof and to preserve for the growers and the public their proper profits and economies."

A MEAFORD newspaper recently carried an item that there were no suckers in the neighborhood, all being in the river, and that therefore stock salesmen would find no reward in visiting the district. Would that such a remark, even though made in a vein of facetious sarcasm, were true, not only in Meaford but in every district from Vancouver to Halifax! Unfortunately man seems so constituted that the lure of easy money proves too delectable a bait to be resisted. Hook, line and sinker are swallowed without a struggle. No law, however stringent and however well devised can prevent such occurrences, and the utmost that can be accomplished is the constant dinning into the ears of every man (for at some time or other every man becomes an investor) the fact that the more attractively a stock proposition is painted the more dangerous it is likely to prove.

More particularly we refer to the situation which has arisen lately in connection with the mining industry. Discoveries in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and British Columbia have led to the creation of innumerable companies, associations and syndicates, floated for the ostensible purpose of a genuine development of an industry which bids fair to become one of the most important in the Dominion. So far is this true that on the Toronto Mining Exchange there are listed more than a hundred companies, shares of which are traded in daily to the extent of over a million in number.

Let us be frank and say at the outset that we have no desire to decry mining in general. We believe that in the minerals of Canada we have wealth untold; we believe that in a great number of cases, there are those who have an honest interest in the industry and who have given expression to their honesty in placing all their own personal resources into the great game. Ontario owes her great wealth in no small measure to the tremendous mining development which has taken place in a comparatively short time and we believe that what Ontario has gained in the past, Ontario and Quebec, to say nothing of the other provinces, will gain in the future. However, we cannot but feel that the situation is fraught with great risk and difficulty for the ordinary investor.

It is trite to say that there are companies formed and managed with a genuine desire to give the shareholders a run for their money, but it is equally true that there are companies where the promoters are anxious to line only their own pockets. Where is the prospective purchaser of stock to draw the line? Where can he obtain information as to the merits or demerits of any particular proposition? How can an estimate be formed as to its possibilities? In general how can he determine if investing in a mining company is a gamble, a speculation or an investment?

Putting money in a mining proposition in its early stages is an out-and-out gamble. A prospector goes out, discovers a likely-looking claim, locates it and then begins the merry game of disposing of it to a syndicate. The syndicate issues units for development work, taking a generous share of either the cash or of the units for having brought itself into being. Money is then spent on development and the next move is to obtain an

Continued on page 63

Enterprise Consolidated

FOUR PRODUCING UNITS

Producing Gold, Silver, Lead and Zinc Ores

- ¶ We have just issued an attractive, illustrated prospectus of Enterprise Consolidated Mining Co., Ltd., describing the various properties in British Columbia brought together by the company under one economical operating head.
- ¶ Under the best engineering advice available—its technical staff including such well-known geologists and mining engineers as Arthur Lakes, H. C. Wilmot, B. W. W. McDougall and W. G. Norrie, all leaders in their profession—four groups of producing properties have been rounded out and operations are now being energetically conducted.
- ¶ Three of the properties owned by the company produce gold ores. The other produces silver-lead ore of very high grade.
- ¶ One group, credited with gold production of \$1,250,000 and dividends of \$137,500, is already equipped with 100-ton cyanide mill, hydro-electric plant and tramway connections.
- ¶ The other two gold-producing groups are to be equipped with flotation-cyanide plant for joint use. Flow sheet is now being worked out by company's metallurgists and construction will be started as soon as conclusions have been reached.
- ¶ The fourth group, producing high-grade lead-silver ore, already has a 50-ton concentrator, which will be modernized this year, and hydro-electric plant.
- ¶ The policy adopted by Enterprise Consolidated Mining Co., Ltd., assures production at early dates, without waiting for completion of tedious development plans. Ample capital has been raised to carry pre-production programs to completion and the company is directed by men of internationally-known reputations.
- ¶ In our opinion Enterprise Consolidated offers a peculiarly safe mining investment, with tremendous speculative possibilities. As far as humanly possible, the risk inherent to all such enterprises in initial stages has been eliminated.

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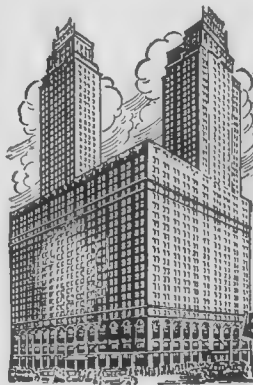
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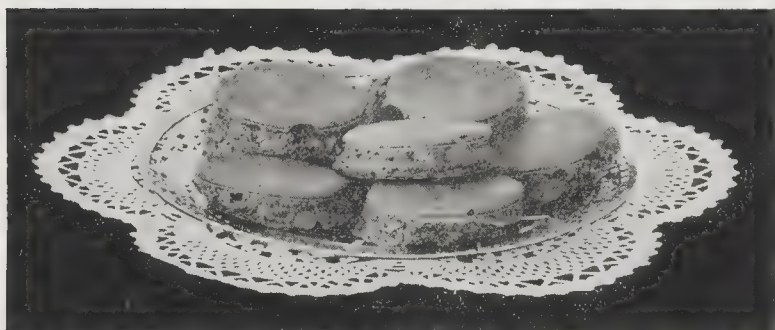
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When the Milk Turns Sour



Filled Graham Cookies

WHEN the hot weather comes, so many women accumulate sour milk, and do not know what to do with it. The older housekeepers tell us that they preferred sour milk and cream to sweet, but their daughters wail that they have no luck at all with sour milk baking. Eventually, a far too great proportion of it is thrown away, unless there are pigs and chickens to get it. Certainly the biscuits, waffles, pancakes, etc., made with it are much more tender than those made from sweet milk.

Sour milk is really much safer to use than sweet milk, because the bacteria which cause the formation of lactic acid, which causes the souring, really destroy the other bacteria which may be present. By the time the milk has become "clabbered," practically all the harmful organisms are gone. If we could overcome our dislike for the taste of sour milk, we could drink it, without pasteurization, more safely than sweet milk.

Aside from its freedom from harmful bacteria, there is another important reason for drinking buttermilk. As soon as sweet milk enters the stomach, the gastric juice forms it into curds, which are then digested. The buttermilk has already been made into very fine curds before it is swallowed, so that in the process of digestion, it is not necessary to first break up the large curds. Sour milk and buttermilk are just as useful in cooked foods as if taken "straight."

The biggest difficulty in using sour milk successfully in baking seems to be in determining how much soda to use, as milk varies so in the degree of acidity. It is much safer to use enough soda to merely neutralize the acid of the milk, then use baking powder for leavening. Many experiments have led us to the conclusion that a good general rule to follow is half a teaspoon of soda to one cup of sour milk. This, of course, is level measurement, using a standard-sized teaspoon and a half-pint cup.

The method of adding the soda is important. No longer do we stir a large amount of it in some hot water, let it froth, and thus lose a great deal of its raising ability, but stir it in and sift with the dry ingredients, thus running no risk of biting into a lump of soda in the biscuit we are eating. Any favorite recipe may be used, substituting one cup of sour milk for one cup of sweet milk, and adding half a teaspoon of soda, using the baking powder, sugar, butter, etc., as the original recipe calls for.

In substituting sour cream for milk, we must remember that the cream has butter fat in it, and reduce the amount of butter in the recipe by two tablespoons for each cup, unless the cream is very rich, when we reduce the butter more accordingly.

If one has too much sour milk on hand to use in baking, no wiser use can be found for it than in cottage cheese, which can be used in such a limitless

variety of ways, especially in the summer time, when too much meat is not desirable, and some members of the family may be a little tired of eggs.

Biscuits

Sugar 1 t. Bk. powder 2 t.
Flour 2 c. Salt ½ t.
Butter (or other fat) 2 tb.
Sour milk to moisten.

Sour Cream Biscuits

Like above, omitting the butter, and using thick sour cream in place of the milk.

Sift together the dry ingredients, rub in the shortening, when it is used, then enough sour milk or cream to make a dough which can be turned out on the board, rolled or patted to the desired thickness, then cut, and baked in a hot oven.

Cinnamon Rolls

Use a biscuit recipe, but using a little more shortening. Roll out to half-inch thickness, spread with butter, sprinkle with brown sugar and cinnamon, roll up like a jelly roll, slice across, about three-quarters inch thick, and bake in a hot oven. Nut meats or



Tasty Bran Muffins

chopped raisins or currants may be used in place of the cinnamon.

Dutch Apple Cake

Use the biscuit recipe, adding twice as much shortening, and 1 beaten egg, and spread the dough on a shallow pan instead of rolling it out on the board, having it half an inch thick in the pan. Pare the apples, cut them in sections, lengthwise, and lay in even rows on top of the dough, press—then, in a little, sprinkle with sugar, and if it is liked, with cinnamon, and bake in a hot oven. Serve warm as a dessert with lemon or vanilla sauce.

Berry Muffins

Sugar 4 tb Sour milk 1 c
Berries 1 c Soda ½ t
Butter 2 tb Flour 2 c
Salt ½ t Beaten egg 1
Baking powder 2 t

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg then the milk alternately with the sifted dry ingredients, then the berries, either fresh or well-drained canned ones (blueberries are very good) and bake in a rather hot oven.

Delicious
Spice Cookies
are made
from
Sour Milk



Sour Milk Scones

Flour 2 c Butter 3 tb.
Soda ½ t Raisins ½ c
Salt ½ t Beaten egg 1
Baking Powder 2 t Brown sugar 2 tb.

Sour milk or buttermilk to moisten

Or 1 tb. butter, and sour cream to moisten to a soft dough.

Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat the egg, and add to ½ c. of the sour milk, and add to the dry ingredients after rubbing in the butter and adding the raisins; then add enough more sour milk to make a soft dough. Roll out to ½-inch thickness, and cut in rounds about the size of a saucer, then mark in quarters, but do not cut through the circles, and bake in a hot oven.

Bran Muffins

Flour 1 c Shortening 2 tb
Salt 1 t Sour milk 1½ c.
Soda ¼ t Raisins ¼ c
Baking pdr 1½ t Bran 2 c.
Brown sugar 4 tb.

Sift the flour, salt, soda, and baking powder, stir in the bran. Cream the butter and brown sugar, add the dry ingredients with the sour milk, alternately. Stir in the raisins, and bake in greased muffin tins, in a moderate oven. Reserve one or two tablespoons of the flour to mix with the raisins.

Corn Meal Muffins

Corn meal 2 c Egg 1
Soda ¼ t Shortening 2 tb
Baking pdr. 1 t Sugar 2 tb
Salt ¼ t Sour milk 1¼ c.

Make as any other muffins. Bake a little more slowly than when using white flour.

Steamed Bread For Sandwiches

Corn meal 2 c Baking powder 2 t
Sour milk 2 c Molasses ¾ c
Graham flour 2 c Nut meats 1 c
Salt 1 t Raisins 1 c
Soda 1 t White flour 2 tb

Mix the white flour with the chopped raisins. Sift the corn meal, baking powder, soda and salt, stir in well the graham flour. Add the milk, molasses, nutmeats and raisins, and steam in greased covered molds

Continued on page 45



Sour Cream Pie

FOUR SUMMER LUNCHEONS

that Appeal to the Imagination as Well as the Appetite



Crisp, crunchy Puffed Wheat—and with it finest summer strawberries and cream. Always a supreme favorite.



Surprise cookies! Make with a cracker, meringue, Puffed Rice and a dab of jelly or jam. Simple—and good.



This delicious Puffed Rice-date soufflé is an easy summer dessert. See simple recipe elsewhere on this page.



A refreshing mid-day salad: Dip pieces of banana in mayonnaise and roll in Puffed Wheat. Serve on lettuce.

Warm-weather suggestions to brighten luncheons and bring the charm of fresh variety to your table

SOMETHING different! Something new! That is what women of today are seeking to make luncheons attractive, to stimulate flagging appetites during the dog days. Colorful, dainty, dishes that attract the eye, and through it, the appetite.

The recipe suggestions on this page provide quick and simple ways women have found to achieve that result. Try them yourself if finding simple warm-weather delicacies is your problem.

Each recipe has a delicious ingredient, Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, cereal foods wholly and delightfully different in taste and form from all others.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded to 8 times its natural size, then oven toasted to a supremely delicious crispness. The flavor is like nutmeats. Over 20% is bran, but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed.

Quaker Puffed Rice is the finest selected rice, also steam exploded. The flavor is delicate and unusual. The food value, high in carbohydrate.

Both foods meet the modern idea in diet by attracting the appetite. In both all food cells are broken in the process of steam exploding. Thus digestion is made easy.

Served as suggested here, or plain, with milk, or half-and-half, they in themselves supply the Great Adventure of a Change. Try them today.

Recipe for Puffed Rice and Date Soufflé

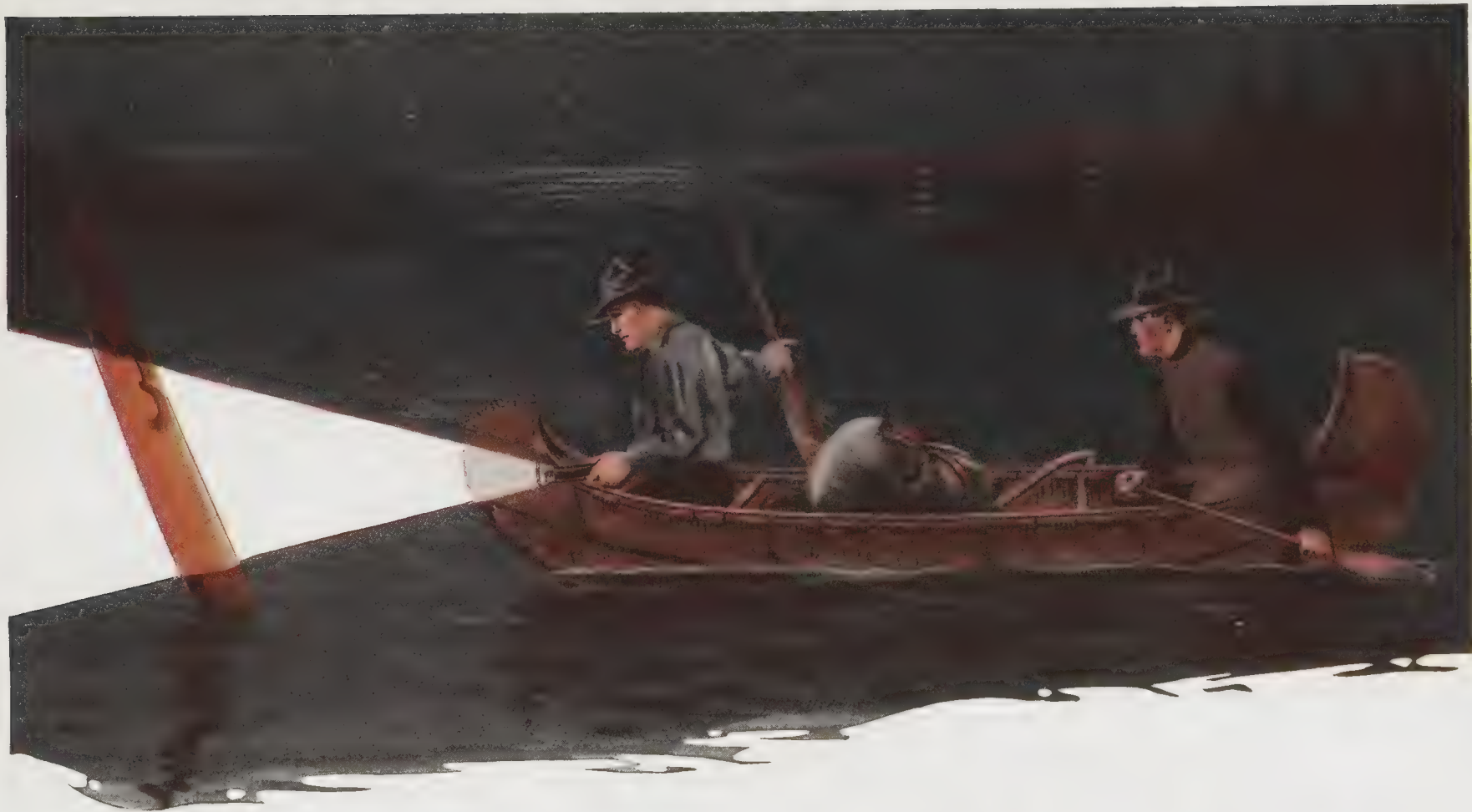
In this delicious pudding, Puffed Rice grains crisped in butter, take the place of nutmeats.

3 eggs	1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup sugar	with pinch cream of tartar
½ cup fine cracker crumbs	½ teaspoon vanilla
½ pound chopped dates	2½ cups Puffed Rice

Crisp Puffed Rice gently in warm oven, adding three tablespoons melted butter. Beat egg yolks and add to them sugar, cracker crumbs, dates, baking powder and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and Puffed Rice. Set pudding dish in pan of water and bake one hour in slow oven.



Get Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice at your grocer's.



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Lurks in
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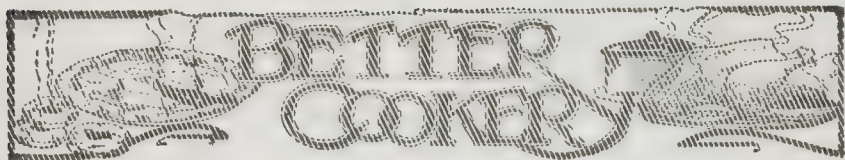
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Owning and operating Radio Station CKNC (517 metres), Toronto, on the air every afternoon, and Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

EVEREADY



Continued from page 42

for 2½ or 3 hours. This amount will fill three one-pound baking powder tins. The molds should not be filled more than two-thirds full, or they will overflow when done. Cool thoroughly before attempting to slice. Cheese filling with this bread makes delicious sandwiches.

Ginger Bread

Flour 2½ c Baking powder 1 t
Soda 1 t Ginger 2 t
Salt ½ t Fat 2 tb
Sour milk 1 c Molasses 1 c
Cinnamon if liked ½ t

Mix in a bowl the sour milk and molasses, stir in carefully so as to have it smooth, the sifted dry ingredients, and pour in the melted fat. Beat well and pour into a shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven.

Ginger Bread II

Flour 2 c Sour milk ½ c
Baking powder 2 t Molasses 1/3 c
Soda ½ t Melted fat ¼ c
Salt ½ t Sugar ½ c

Ginger 1 t

Sift together the flour, salt, sugar, soda, baking powder, and ginger. Add the molasses, sour milk, and melted fat. Sour cream may be used in place of milk, and only 2 tb. of shortening.

Southern Corn Bread

Corn meal 2 c Melted butter 2 tb
Boiling water 2½ c Sour milk 1½ c
Salt 1½ t Baking powder 1 t
Eggs 3 Soda ¾ t

Scald the cornmeal with the boiling water, beating till slightly cooled, then add in order, the melted butter, salt, soda, baking powder, beaten egg yolks, and milk. Beat well, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Two tb. of sugar may be added with the cornmeal if wished.

Rice Griddle Cakes

Boiled rice 1 c Beaten eggs 2
Flour 1 c (separated)
Soda ½ t Sour milk 1 c
Baking powder 1 t Salt ½ t
Sugar 1 t Melted butter 1 tb

Sift the flour, soda, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add the beaten yolks to the rice, then the milk, then the sifted dry ingredients, and the melted butter, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites.

Sour Cream Waffles

Flour 2 c Sour cream 1 c
Salt ½ t Eggs 2-3
Soda ½ t Sugar 1 tb
Baking powder 1 t

Sift the flour, sugar, salt, soda, baking powder. Add to the sour cream and beaten egg yolks, mixed together. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. If a little too thick, add a small amount of sweet milk.

Vegetable Soup

One never knows how delicious vegetable soup can be till a little sour cream is added just before serving. The curdled effect which might be expected is not there. This is a favorite dish with our Ruthenian friends, and is an idea well worth borrowing from them.

Cookies

There seems to be more kinds of good cookies which can be made from sour milk and cream than there are of any other kinds of baking.

Spice Cookies

Eggs 2 Flour 3½ c
Brown sugar 2 c Cinnamon 1 t
Shortening 1 c Nutmeg ½ t
Sour milk 3 tb Allspice ½ t
Raisins 1 c Soda ¼ t

Baking powder 1 t

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the well beaten eggs and beat well. Then add the sour milk, and the dry ingredients sifted, using a little of the flour to mix with the raisins. Vary the spices to suit the taste. Add the raisins and drop on a pan, from the tip of a spoon. Bake in a moderate oven.

Oatmeal Drop Cookies

Butter 1/3 c Flour 1 c
Sugar ½ c Baking powder ½ t
Eggs 2 Soda ¼ t
Sour milk 2 tb Spices 1 t
Rolled oats 1 c Chopped raisins ½ c
Salt ½ t

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten eggs and milk and rolled oats, then the sifted dry ingredients, and the raisins. Drop on a pan and bake in a hot oven.

Hermits

This is a large batch of cookies, which will keep for some time.

Shortening 1 c Baking powder 2 t
Brown sugar 3 c Currants 2 c
Sour milk ¼ c Raisins 2 c
Eggs 4 Nut meats 1 c
Soda ½ t Spices 2 t
Pastry flour 6 c Flavoring

Cream the shortening and sugar, add the beaten eggs and milk, then the sifted flour and other dry ingredients, using part of the flour to mix with the fruit and nut meats. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pans, leaving room enough to spread, without spoiling the shapes of them.

Sugar Cookies

Butter 1 c Soda ½ t
Sugar 1 c Baking powder 1 t
Eggs 2 Flour 3½ c
Sour milk 1 c Flavoring 1 t

Roll out, cut, and sprinkle with granulated sugar.

Brownies

Butter 4 tb Sour milk ¼ c
Sugar, brown, 1 c Nut meats ¼ c
Eggs 2 Flour 1 c
Chocolate 1 square Salt ¼ t
Vanilla 1 t Baking powder ¾ t
Soda ¼ t

Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs, well beaten, then the other ingredients, sifted, the melted chocolate, alternately with the milk, and then the nut meats. Beat vigorously till smooth and light, pour into a greased shallow pan lined with waxed paper or well greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven. Take at once from the pan and remove the waxed paper. When cold, cut at once in squares.

Seed Cookies

Shortening 1 c Sour milk 1 c
Sugar 2 c Egg 1
Soda ½ t Flour 4 c
Salt ½ t Baking powder 2 t
Spice if wished Caraway seeds 1 t

Mix as any drop cookies, and bake in a moderate oven.

Filled Oatmeal Cookies

Flour 2 c Soda 1 t
Rolled oats 2 c Shortening 1 c
Sugar 1 c Spice if wished
Salt ½ t Sour milk (to moisten) ¼ c

Sift the flour, soda, sugar, salt, spice if used. Mix well with the rolled oats, in a mixing bowl, rub in the shortening, and add enough sour milk to hold the mixture together enough to roll out quite thin. On half of the cookies, place a spoonful of date, fig or raisin filling.

Filled Graham Cookies

Butter 1 c Buttermilk 2 tb
Brown sugar 2 c Graham flour 3 c
Eggs 2 Soda 1 t

White flour enough to roll out (about 2 c)
Roll thin, put a spoonful of filling on one-half of the cookies, cover with the remaining cookies, and bake in a moderate oven.

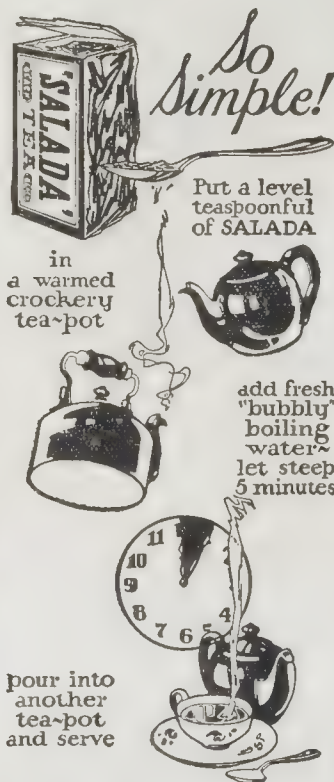
Raisin Squares

Flour 2 c Salt ½ t
Sugar 1 c Soda ½ t
Butter 1 c Baking powder 1 t
Sour milk 1 c Eggs 3

Mix in the usual way, roll quite thin, spread with raisin filling, cover with another layer of dough, and cut in squares, and bake.

Continued on page 46

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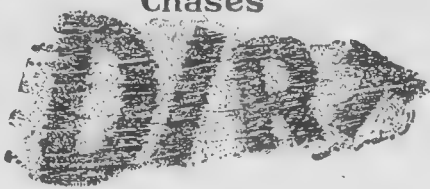
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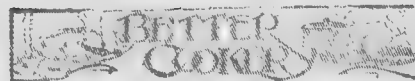


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Old Dutch Cleanser protects your home with Healthful Cleanliness because it removes the dangerous invisible impurities as well as the visible uncleanliness. Old Dutch chases all dirt—none is left behind.

A little Old Dutch goes a long way

Made in Canada



Continued from page 45

Bran Filled Cookies

Butter $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Flour (bread) $1\frac{1}{2}$ c
Brown sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c Bran $1\frac{1}{2}$ c
Egg 1 Soda $\frac{1}{4}$ t
Sour milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c Baking powder $\frac{1}{2}$ t

Mix the batter. Drop spoonfuls rather far apart on a buttered pan, flatten out into cookies with a spatula, put a spoonful of filling on each, cover with another spoonful of dough and flatten it out. Bake in a fairly hot oven.

Filling for Cookies

Sugar 1 c Water $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Dates, raisins or figs, 1-lb.

Nut meats may be added if wished.

Cool till thick, preferably in the double boiler so it will not scorch. Cool before using.

Bran Honey Cookies

Shortening $\frac{2}{3}$ c Nut meats $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Flour 2 c Soda $\frac{3}{4}$ t
Honey 1 c Baking powder 1 t
Eggs 2 Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Milk, sour, $\frac{2}{3}$ c Bran $2\frac{1}{2}$ c
Raisins $\frac{1}{2}$ c Vanilla 1 t

Part of the honey may be replaced by brown sugar, if one wishes. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls on a greased pan and bake in a hot oven.

Doughnuts

Sugar 1 c Cinnamon $\frac{1}{4}$ t
Butter 2 tb Salt $1\frac{1}{2}$ t
Eggs 2 Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Nutmeg $\frac{1}{4}$ t Sour milk 1 c
Baking powder 3 t

Flour enough to roll out

Beat the eggs, add the sugar, melted butter, sour milk, and two cups of flour sifted with the salt, spices, soda and baking powder, then enough more flour to handle, keeping the dough as soft as possible. Knead as little as possible, cut out, fry in deep fat, and drain on brown paper. Roll in sugar if liked.

Sour Cream Doughnuts

Sour cream $\frac{1}{2}$ c Flour 2 c
Yolks of eggs 3 Soda $\frac{1}{4}$ t
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t Baking powder 1 t
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c Nutmeg $\frac{1}{2}$ t

Raisin Cake

Sour cream 1 c Vanilla 1 t
Flour 2 c Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Sugar 1 c Baking powder $1\frac{1}{2}$ t
Eggs 2 Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Raisins 1 c Spices if wished

Separate the eggs, and mix as any butter cake, combining the egg yolks and sugar, then the sour cream alternately with the sifted flour, etc., folding in the stiffly beaten egg whites last. Bake in a flat pan, and if used while fresh, is quite good enough without icing.

Prune Cake

Sugar 1 c Flour 2 c
Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Eggs 3 Baking powder 1 t
Sour cream 4 tb Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Prunes 1 c Spices if wished.

The prunes are cooked, pitted, fairly well drained, and cut in pieces before measuring.

Spice Cake

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c Pastry flour $2\frac{1}{2}$ c
Brown sugar 1 c Soda $\frac{3}{4}$ t
Molasses $\frac{1}{2}$ c Baking powder 2 t
Egg yolks 4 Spices 2 t
Sour milk 1 c Raisins 1 c
Currants $\frac{1}{2}$ c Walnuts $\frac{1}{2}$ c

Bake either in layers or in a loaf. Ice with caramel frosting.

Devil's Food

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c Chocolate $1\frac{1}{2}$ square
Brown sugar 2 c Sour milk $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Eggs 2 Vanilla 1 t
Boiling water $\frac{1}{2}$ c Soda $\frac{1}{2}$ t
Cake flour $2\frac{1}{4}$ c Baking powder 2 t
Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t

Dissolve the chocolate in the boiling water, and add to the batter after the other ingredients. Bake in layers and put white boiled frosting on top.

Mattie's Cake

Eggs 2 Molasses $\frac{2}{3}$ c
Brown sugar $1\frac{1}{2}$ c Soda 2 t
Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c Flour 3 c
Buttermilk (or sour) 1 c

Continued on page 47

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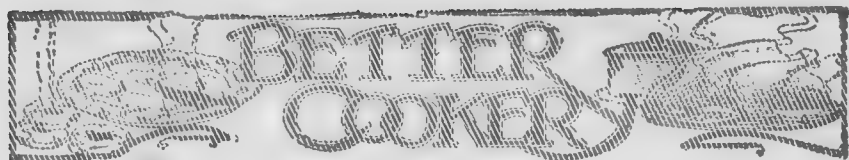


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Continued from page 46

Reserve the white of one egg for frosting. Bake in layers.

Filling

Raisins, chopped 1 c Water $\frac{1}{2}$ c
Brown sugar 1 c Vanilla 1 t

The egg white reserved from the cake.

Boil the raisins, sugar and water 15 minutes, pour over the beaten egg white, add the vanilla, and put on top and between the layers.

This is one of the most delicious cakes we know of, especially when fresh.

Steamed Pudding

Shortening $1\frac{3}{8}$ c Graham flour 2 c
Molasses $2\frac{3}{4}$ c Soda $\frac{3}{4}$ t
Sour milk $2\frac{3}{4}$ c Salt 1 t
Eggs 2 Raisins 1 c
Baking powder 1 t

Melt the shortening. Add the other ingredients, put in buttered covered molds, and steam 3 or 4 hours.

Sour Cream Pie

Sour cream 1 c Raisins $\frac{3}{4}$ c
Eggs 2 Cloves $\frac{1}{4}$ t
Cinnamon $\frac{1}{2}$ t Flour 1 t
Sugar $\frac{3}{4}$ c

Separate the eggs, reserving the whites for a meringue. Mix all together and bake in a lower crust, till a silver knife thrust in the centre comes out clean. Make a meringue of the egg whites, and two tb. of powdered sugar, spread on top and return to the oven to brown.

Cottage Cheese

One of the best ways of utilizing sour milk is in cottage cheese. Care must be taken to keep the heat very low, or the curd will be tough. Some people put the sour milk in a cheesecloth in a strainer, then pour boiling water slowly through it, carrying off the whey.

The milk may be put in a double boiler till the curds separate from the whey, then strained through two thicknesses of cheesecloth, in a strainer. Mix with salt, and pepper and moisten with cream and serve.

It may be used in a variety of ways:

Fold into a salad dressing and serve with lettuce salad.

Make into balls and combine with various fruits and vegetables for salads.

Small whole beets may be scooped out after they are cooked and cooled, and the centre filled with cottage cheese.

Green peppers are stuffed with cottage cheese, after having the seeds and membrane removed; chill, and slice cross-wise.

Halves of canned peaches or pears, with cheese balls in the cavities, are delicious.

The flavor may be changed by adding chopped green onions, chopped green peppers, cress, pimientos, caraway seeds, etc.

Lemon Whey

The whey which drains from the cottage cheese contains considerable nourishment. It may have lemon juice, and sugar to taste, added, and after chilling, be served as a very refreshing beverage.

COOLING SUMMER DRINKS FOR CHILDREN

By Phoebe Cole

ICED tea and iced coffee are popular meal-time beverages in many homes at the noon and evening meals in summer, but the children of the family should never be allowed to drink either of these beverages, say the child specialists. Tea and coffee undoubtedly make children nervous and fretful and thus retard, rather than aid, their growth.

Yet on the hottest days many children turn away from the glass of milk which is supposed to be their meal-time refreshment, and beg for something less nourishing and more interesting.

Of course the intelligent mother of today understands why every child should get at least three full glasses of milk every day: milk is rich in calcium (lime) and the child must have that element if he is to build strong bones and

sound teeth. But there are other ways of getting milk "down the little red lane" besides by the drinking glass route. Milk soups, custards, junket, puddings, as well as the milk served over the breakfast cereal, will take care of a good part of the daily milk ration.

So on hot noons and evenings, when the child's appetite as well as your own is languid, and only cold things are appealing, while the grown-ups cool off with iced tea, let the youngsters rejoice in a pitcher of lemonade or orangeade. These drinks besides being a welcome relief from the usual glass of milk, are really good for the child. The citrus fruits are all very high in vitamins, and contain valuable mineral salts that every growing child needs for his tooth building.

Remember that for squeezing the small and cheap sizes of lemons and oranges are just as good and just as juicy, pound for pound, as the larger, more expensive fruit. So buy the small sizes and let the children have all the fresh fruit drinks they crave in hot weather. They are much more wholesome than "pop" or ice cream cones; the latter are a food, not a refreshment, and are really heating.

Using Left-Overs

Happy is the housewife whose family eats heartily enough to "lick the platter clean" at every meal, for then she is not faced with the decision of throwing away small amounts of perfectly good food, or else thinking of something to do with them. Left-overs are a bugbear to the thrifty woman, unless she has learned the jellied salad scheme.

The jellied salad may contain, besides its basic gelatine, water, and a bit of lemon juice to give flavor, practically anything left over in the meat, fish, fruit or vegetable line, though not all together. Either decide on a vegetable salad, which may contain meat, or a sweet jelly, which may serve either as a salad or a dessert.

To make six portions of a jellied salad, use:

2 tablespoons gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water to soften gelatine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water to dissolve gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper and paprika
3 cups any cold meat or cooked vegetables
Lettuce
Mayonnaise

Cold cooked peas, string beans, carrots, beets, asparagus tips, cauliflower, or diced raw celery may be used, in any proportion that is convenient. Mix all into gelatine mixture, turn into wet mold, chill thoroughly and when ready to serve unmold on lettuce leaves. Such a salad is easily prepared in the morning, from last night's left-overs, and is all ready for dinner, saving work at dinner time. If you have space in the ice-box, mold in individual molds instead of one large one.

If you crush your strawberries when you make shortcake, and have some of the crushed fruit left over, use it in a delicious mold.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream
(6 portions)

1 tablespoon gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
1 cup strawberry pulp and juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1 cup heavy cream

Soften gelatine in cold water. Place over hot water until dissolved. Heat strawberry pulp, sugar and lemon juice and add to gelatine mixture. Stir thoroughly and when cool place in refrigerator until thickened. Then fold in well-beaten cream and leave until firm. If convenient, it is pretty to garnish with a few large whole strawberries.

French Dessert

Stale cake is another left-over that often presents a problem. Here is a delightful way to use either sponge cake

Continued on page 48

Perhaps it was the Queen of Spain!



WE asked our dietitian where the name "Spanish Bun" originated. To our surprise, she didn't know. So perhaps it was the Queen of Spain, who, when giving a party at the palace, was so intensely pleased with a cake made by Don Chef, that she instantly (being an English Princess) exclaimed: "I just adore this Spanish Bun." This, of course, is pure speculation. But there's no denying that Spanish Bun, made after the following recipe, deserves universal praise.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups brown sugar
3 eggs
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder and spices 2 or 3 times, then add sugar; melt, but do not oil, butter, add to first mixture, then beaten eggs and milk. Beat well, put in greased pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. When cool cover with icing.

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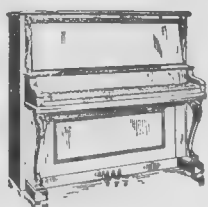
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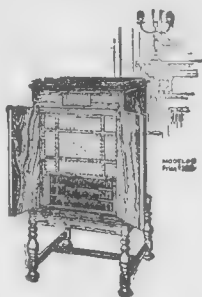
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Continued from page 47

or any other cake. For six portions use
6 slices cake
½ cup shredded cocoanut
2 cups orange pulp
1 tablespoon powdered sugar
1 cup heavy cream (optional)

Peel oranges, cut into small pieces, saving all the juice; pour over cake, sprinkle with cocoanut, and serve with whipped cream if desired. Any stewed berries may be substituted for the orange to soften the cake, but sometimes one has no berries on hand, while most households always have oranges and lemons on hand.

"LIFE ITSELF IS NOT SHORT, BUT WE OURSELVES SHORTEN IT"

(By Barbara B. Brooks)

THE title of this article was taken from a bulletin published by a Department of Public Health. The author says that man has always lamented the fact that his existence on earth is too short and at the same time has neglected the fundamental health principles which would help him to reach his goal. It is not of so much importance to lengthen life as not to cut it short.

Among the things which tend to shorten life are lax methods of bringing up children, impure air, poorly selected food and excesses of any kind. Intelligence as to sleep, food, recreation and personal hygiene helps to insure the normal span of life.

Many families in comfortable circumstances get sufficient sleep, play and observe a high degree of cleanliness but are negligent where food is concerned. It is not easy to instill good food habits into children and if they are not founded during the early years, they are apt never to be acquired.

There are several things to consider about the everyday menus. If these rules are observed an adequate diet will be assured:

1. Cereals.
2. Milk—a quart for each child, a pint for each adult.
3. Fruit.
4. Dark bread—bran muffins, graham, whole wheat.
5. Two vegetables or more, one raw if possible.
6. Eggs, meat or fish.
7. Do not eat too much of any one food.

Below are several recipes which are wholesome and which will aid in furnishing regulating material which is so essential to health:

Bran Nut Bread

½ cup sugar 1½ cups flour
1 egg ¼ tsp. salt
½ cup milk ½ cup all bran
1 tbsp. butter (melted)
2 tbsp. baking powder
½ cup chopped walnuts

Mix and sift flour, salt, baking powder. Beat eggs and sugar until light, add milk to which melted butter has been added alternately with dry ingredients. Beat well, then stir in bran and nuts. Fill greased bread pan ¾ full, and bake in 350 degree oven about 45 minutes.

Bran Pudding

2 eggs 1 cup sugar
2 cups bran 1 tablespoon butter
2 cups sweet milk 1 cup seeded raisins

Soak the bran in the milk. Beat eggs and sugar, then add butter, bran, milk and raisins. Bake in a moderate oven about twenty minutes until firm. Serve with cream or with hard sauce.

XENIA'S SALADS

(By Betty Barclay)

XENIA THURMOWSKI was native born, but the name alone, without even a glance at the dark eyes, the glowing maroon cheeks, and the bobbed waving hair, advised one of foreign ancestors.

Grandpa Thurmowski may have migrated from St. Gobain, St. Quentin, St. Petersburg or Ste Anne de Beaupre—we never cared to ask and never knew.

Xenia the beautiful was a Canadian, and as such was welcomed with open arms to our inner circle.

"We couldn't do without her," announced Jane Smith—clearly of Anglo-Saxon origin.

"I should say not," agreed Marie Cassidy, while Jean MacLeod, Pauline Goldstein, and other one hundred per cent. Canadians nodded approval.

Xenia blushed delightedly.

"Just the same," she laughed, "there is really nothing to salad making. You merely learn what foods blend in salad form, what foods are good for one . . . well, and then you mix them up together, and the job is over."

"Sounds simple, doesn't it, girls?" asked Jean. "Just as simple as one of those questions in algebra that Professor Smoke used to ask us."

"But oh, the working out of the problem!" breathed Pauline dismally.

"You can't compare a salad with an algebraical problem, even if there are minus quantities in salads," laughed Xenia. "You know, the real reason you girls rave about my salads so much is that the salad is relatively new. Our parents did not understand that we must eat a great deal of fruit and green vegetables in order to keep our bodies from becoming acid. In fact, they had orchards and gardens and ate this kind of food without thinking, and as they worked hard, they were able to eat more meat, bread and other acid-producing foods, that we can, without having much trouble."

"But this generation found it necessary to change its habits—and the salad was born. It proved so tasty that even those who do not appreciate the value of its minerals, salts and vitamins, started to eat it regularly. That's the whole story."

"Then the salad is one of the acid-reducers?" inquired Pauline.

"Almost invariably," announced Xenia. Look at the common salad foods such as oranges, dates, apples, celery, lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, eggs, beets—why there is hardly an ingredient that I have named that is not alkaline."

"How about oranges?" laughed Jean.

"There goes the skeptical Scotch," laughed Xenia. "As a matter of fact, oranges and lemons are very decidedly alkaline in their ultimate reaction. Many people think of them as acid fruits, but the idea is just as silly as the old one about tomatoes producing cancer."

"Just the same, I wish I could prepare a salad at home like one of those you serve at the Circle," complained Pauline.

"Here are a few recipes," laughed Xenia. "Copy them down for a start, and I'll give you more later."

Star Salad

On individual plates of lettuce arrange in star pattern, five sections of grapefruit, free from membrane; on these place five sections of orange, free from membrane. Cut long, slender strips of figs, and place on edge of orange sections. Fill spaces between orange star points with finely-cut dates. Serve with French dressing, made with orange vinegar.

Orange vinegar is very easy to make. Put the juice from six oranges in a glass jar; add a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in a little of the juice; cover with cheese cloth and let stand in a warm place about a month, or until sour enough to use. Strain, and use in place of cider vinegar.

Mock Lobster Salad

One-half cup cooked haddock; ½ cup diced celery; ½ tablespoon lemon juice; ¼ cup mayonnaise and ½ tablespoon minced pimento. Mix cold, flaked haddock with remaining ingredients and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Economy Salad

Peel oranges and cut into one-fourth inch slices. Arrange on lettuce covered salad plates, alternately with canned sliced peaches. Garnish with walnut halves.



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Ye Gods and Little Fishes

Continued from page 11

"Fishing"! Was that the echo of the voice of old Brother Bill?

But I am not so hoggish as that now, for I know that the fish can bide and I am contented with a fair day's catch. But I do know that right gladly would Bill have lived and gaily would he have died by the banks of such a mountain stream.

Out on the sea, in the Gulf of Georgia, round some little islands, I have rowed a small boat in quest of sea-trout in the company of a novice who never before handled a fishing-line, and, at the end of an hour, the bottom of our boat was glinting and shimmering in the setting sun with thirty-two beauties of good size and weight.

WHEN the salmon are on the run. All the rivers and their tiny tributaries are so alive with eager, spawn-full fish, that it is possible to toss them out of the water and on to the bank with a pitchfork. As I write, I have before me a faded photograph of an old Indian, standing on a rock at the edge of a pool on the Fraser River, near Yale, B.C. In his hand he has a large ladle attached to a long pole, and, with this primitive contrivance, he is scooping out live salmon, which can be seen struggling and slithering over one another in the pool below.

In the most miserable trickles of water that come through the back gardens of the settlers along the valley of the Fraser, salmon can be seen, exhausted and battered by the stones as they fight and struggle on in their death-bringing endeavors to reach the place of their birth and spawn.

During the big run, which comes every four years, when the local markets for fresh fish are overstocked and the canneries have more than they can conveniently handle, the fish have had to be sold to the canners at one cent apiece, ten to fourteen pounds in weight. I, myself, have bought them retail, on the Vancouver wharves, for five cents each.

What a wonderful thing the salmon run is, as the fish come in almost endless procession—the spring salmon, the sock-eye, the hump-back, the coho, the dog-salmon and the steel-head!

One hears strange stories about salmon and salmon fishing, and, incredulous as they sometimes sound, I at least believe most of them, for I have become a hardened and ardent fisher, and, in the process, have had fishing experiences bordering on the impossible.

I can remember summering at a little place called Halfmoon Bay, up the coast from Vancouver. An early run of salmon was noticed by some of the settlers. With others, I pushed out quickly in my rowing boat to try my luck. My tackle was just what I could pick up in my cabin, for my own goods had not been unpacked: a good, stout line, but a trolling spoon that looked old and rusty. I rowed along for awhile and finally hooked my salmon. I fought him carefully, but at last he gave a flip and was off, taking the rusty spoon with him.

I rowed leisurely toward the Bay, knowing my fishing was over until I could get fresh tackle. Near the wharf I noticed a settler busy with his net. He was hauling several dozen salmon into his boat. As I passed him, I asked him how much he wanted for a fish.

"Twenty-five cents," he shouted. I tossed him the coin and he threw a nice, fourteen-pounder into my boat. When I reached my cabin and started to clean the fish, I noticed something hanging from its mouth. It was my broken, rusty spoon. So here it was, the identical salmon I had hooked just a short time before. And yet that salmon had had all the Pacific ocean in which to play and get away from me!

On the Shuswap River, in the interior of British Columbia, below a waterfall with energy enough to electrify a dozen towns and the water rushing there all unused, I have stood on the bank and watched the salmon by the score slowly swimming upstream. I have dangled bait of every enticing kind sheer under their

Continued on page 50

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Ye Gods and Little Fishes

Continued from page 49

noses, and have seen them push the bait aside and continue their journey, for it is rare indeed that salmon, on their way to the spawning grounds, take a bait after leaving the salt water.

IN THE valley of the Okanagan, that Garden of Eden of all Canada, three hundred miles from Vancouver, where it seldom rains and the sun seems forever to shine on the thousands of acres of apple orchards, where the mountains with their ten to twenty feet of winter snow furnish a never-failing supply of stream and lake-water to irrigate the country—surely the spirits of all dead fishermen must foregather there in the spring and summer to issue their ghostly lament that they should have passed on without knowing and sampling these living lakes and streams, where the brook trout jump clear out of their natural element for the fly, where a mess of worms on a single trout-hook, dropped into an eddy or a pool in the stream that passes the back garden or runs through the town park, seldom fails to land a pound or two in weight of rainbow trout.

Everywhere it is the same anglers' elysium. The wooden flumes that bring down the irrigation water to the ranches also bring down trout that can be giddled in the orchard ditches. Sometimes, on the orchard land itself, dead trout will be noticed, these when alive having floated down and followed the water until there was not even a trickle left to sustain life.

I have gone out a few miles, in the quiet of an afternoon, and have browsed by some little stream in the thickness of the forest, to cast and to get a rise at every cast—not very big trout, but still bonnie, bonnie fish, that gasped at me so terribly in their misfortune that, in soft-hearted moments, I have tossed them back home.

But, after all, I doubt from my own experiences if a trout feels so sorely about being hooked, for in that same little stream I can remember hooking a trout in the lower jaw. When I took him off the hook, I left a hole and a touch of blood where the hook had been. I tossed him back into the stream, but caught him again in less than twenty seconds; the same fish with the previous hook-mark clearly showing in the under jaw.

The beautiful lakes of Okanagan and Kalamalka—so close to the little orchard town of Vernon—abound in giant rainbow trout weighing up to fifteen pounds; and they dash at the trolling spoon and put up a fight for half an hour that swings the boat, quickens the pulse, obliterates the cares of the world and intoxicates like wine of some rare old vintage.

And who would stoop so low as to use a gaff or a net on so bonnie a fighter? It is a straight struggle for the victory, right to the landing of him in the boat. He flings clear out of the water away at the end of the line; he shakes his head like a mustang trying to get rid of the objectionable bit. You give him what he demands of the line, but no more. You coax him boatward. Now and again he tugs, and you let him run, but it is when he catches his first glimpse of the boat that the struggle begins in earnest. About he turns and sheer away he races, as you pay out yard after yard of line. He rests at last, then the coaxing boatward recommences. Time after time he breaks water, and makes you dread that loop turn which so often throws him clear. In he comes and off again he goes, then down, down, sheer down he sinks until you fear you have lost him forever. He sulks, and he fights again; but gradually he weakens, although he battles gamely to the finish. He turns over suddenly and seems to give up, but he is reserving all his remaining energies for that one last desperate throw for life which he makes as you try to flip him into the boat.

If he gets away, then good luck to him! After all, the fight's the thing, and who, better than he, deserves to win? And it is so true, as Walton has said, "No man can lose what he never had!" and again: "Angling may be said to be like mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt."

IN MY fishing, I have dared farther afield into the wilds of the grizzly and cougar country, the country where the wild deer stand in the narrow pathway and stare in surprise and curiosity at you as you approach, then dash into the thicket to watch you from their place of hiding with the same insatiable curiosity; out there I have ventured on the rough paths and the mountain trails to the vast lakes, miles in extent yet practically unknown; and away up and out there I found the greatest sport of all, rainbow trout that swallow a spinner whole, that strike two at a time for a cast of Parmachene Bell or Brown Hackle and bend a rod double in their madness to get away; Rainbows that an old sourdough told me would come right out of the water and snatch the bait out of my hand, and that, if I baited with worms instead of using a fly, I would have to bait my hooks behind a tree as a precaution.

All but the sourdough's last comment I proved for myself, for I caught trout, two at a time on more than one occasion, on one little fly-hook, and in two hours two of us landed one hundred and twenty, using a single fly each.

Again, in the hushing of an early summer evening, as the sun was beginning to dip over the western mountains, I have rowed out on a wonderful sheet of water called Sugar lake, out under two soaring eagles—one a baldhead and the other a golden—mating there in the wilderness.

"Oh swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
Just parted from the shore,
And to the fisher's chorus-note,
Soft moves the dipping oar."

I have rowed out on the lake to where the muddy waters of the incoming river lie in a clearly-defined strip through the pure crystal water of the lake itself, to where the giant dollyvards were lying in waiting, ready to prey on the unsuspecting rainbows.

Cannibals? Yes, cannibals, all of them! As Shakespeare has said: "Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea." "Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones."

Of a truth, those dollyvards are the "fishes that tippie in the deep." With the lure which I knew they could not resist—the tail-end half of a rainbow trout skewered through by a piece of baling-wire, with a strong triple hook lying alongside the tail, and a stout line attached to the other end of the wire—I have moved along slowly, then—strike! and away she goes; a long struggle until my hands are sore and the perspiration is running over my nose, but, at last, a twenty-three-pound dollyvarden exhausted at my feet in the boat.

"Big fish"! did I hear you exclaim, shade of old Brother Bill?

"Ye gods—and little fishes!"

Sunrise in the Rockies

By E. Gardner-Smith

Stillness enfolds the snow-crowned mountain height,
O'er gorge and chasm are spread the wings of night;
Countless the stars which stud the summer sky,—
Slowly they fade as dawn steals gently nigh.

Abysmal darkness softly rolls away,
Vapory seas their faery isles betray;
Swift-mountain flames deep caverns now illumine,
While ghostly peaks emerge from shrouded tomb.

Scintillating rays emit their flashes bright
Glaciers reflect the sun's resplendent light;
Turret and tower, minaret and spire,
Glisten and glitter, bathed in lambent fire.

Torrents that leap to depths a thousand feet
Waft silvery spray the rising sun to greet;
Heaven's gracious sign, in many-colored hue,
Spreads gorgeous arch across the azure blue.

Vapors of night are borne on early breeze,
Breath of the morn dissolves the misty seas:
Here in vast shrine, with glory all around,
God hath His altar,—this is holy ground!

The Way of a Maid With a Man

Continued from page 6

acquiescence, doubting her love, I asked how long she had known her lad. Four years, she told me; since they were both nineteen. "We've been crazy about each other since the night we met," she said. "Four years is a long time."

At twenty-three, perhaps, but not at fifty. With me, the years melt into one another unperceived, almost uncounted. I don't remember just how many years it is since Elaine left me. There are no events that matter very much, to mark the passage of my years; no births; no marriages; no high moments anywhere. But of course I'm spared a lot. No pain comes very close to me—not any more. I have to keep reminding myself how fortunate I am that life to me is shadowy because I've stood aloof. Strange, to think I've only once been in the thick of it; only that short year of Elaine. Where emotion is not stirred, life has no tides.

"I have reasoned with my family until I'm tired, yet they're unmoved! 'Money,' they say; why, that's absurd! I can earn my living anywhere; we'd manage."

"Perhaps—until the babies come; what then?"

"That day has passed. Babies are always welcome now, with intelligent people—"

"Well, well—" I said, embarrassed. These modern girls have no reserves!

"They warn me what a terrible thing it is to live with a husband's people. Why should it be so bad? His people are part of him. He lives with them in peace; why shouldn't I? I can adjust myself if I want to."

"H'm. Well—"

"And as for the religious objection—that's too silly! You'd think we were a Chinaman and a member of the Royal Family, to hear the uproar over that!"

"As bad as that?"

"Oh, worse! And then, the fuss about our possible transfers! What earthly difference does it make if we do move about a bit? We're together, aren't we, if they let us marry? My home is where he would be; what difference, one place from another?" She paused a moment, and gazed out into the night again. Then with a sudden radiant smile she turned to me. "All the fears and fumings! There's only one big thing that can matter; and nobody weighs that in, at all! All the rest is detail."

I know what she tried to say and couldn't, being modern and matter-of-fact. Mannikins, all of us! Puppets; stupid creatures on our treadmills, were it not for love.

"However—" She threw apart her strong young hands, a gesture of dismissal and finality. "That's that. I can't argue with them any longer. I'm through."

I was disappointed in her. She was, then, it seemed, shallow and incapable of love. Intelligence in place of heart; reason ousting romance; love not worth the effort of argument; no sweeping passion here to take youth off its feet; cold calculation rather, saying: "Love is too difficult; I will not bother further." Ro-

mance is dead, I thought; gone are the fine old days when women lived for love, and counted the world well lost to gain a lover. I thought with a wince of poignant pain, of that last day with my Elaine, when with her drenched cheek pressed close to mine she told me she was not afraid of life—was it reproach, that last grave look which haunts me?

"Wasting my breath," I thought, talking to a girl who could throw wide her hands and let love fall between, saying flippantly the while: "I'm through!"

I looked at my old-fashioned pocket watch. "Ten-thirty."

"Is that all?" in unflattering surprise. "Tired"? Hoping she would go to bed.

"Not a bit; but you go along, if you're sleepy. I'll read a while."

"Breakfast at nine"? I said, and left her, not hearing her reply or knowing even if she gave me one. My thoughts were not with her. I was oppressed that night by the taunting nearness of Elaine. Sometimes she comes to me—a shadow; and I fancy that she calls to me; my heart vibrates as though I heard her voice.

When I went to find Phyllis for our breakfast together, her berth was made up and she was nowhere to be seen. The porter caught my eye and handed me a note. I turned to the morning light by the window to read—her Song of Songs.

"Nice friend of Dad's; don't feel you have not done your duty. You've done better than that. You've given me my chance, by leaving me alone. My sweetheart is waiting for me at Swift Current. I am getting off there at five in the morning. By the time you look for me at nine—we will have been married quite a little while. I love him, so I'm not afraid of all the moanings and groanings of the older people. We'll be all right. Please wire my people; I will write them very soon, but not today. This is our day. They should have known this would happen; they are still in love themselves. They might have known there was nothing they could say to stop us—"

I AM home again. I have had my visit with Phyllis' people; they were becoming reconciled, before I left. They at any rate feel no bitterness; they seem to understand at last.

Tonight—I'm not a bit old-fashioned; I still read my chapter before I sleep—tonight, I opened my shabby old Bible at the Book of Ruth; and my heart was rested by the beauty of that lovely song of loyalty—to a dream:

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people will be my people, and thy God my God."

Ruth. Elaine. Phyllis. The cry of the love of women sounding down the ages—

"Entreat me not to leave thee—"

I feel you very near to me tonight, Elaine.

"—And where thou lodgest I will lodge—"

Elaine! Come closer, dear. I grasp at shadows.

To a Dead Puppy

By V. W. Newson

Often you would play alone,
Tossing and tearing away at a bone,
Pretending anger and hate—God wot—
All the many things you were not.
But when I came home, you welcomed me,
Cringed in abject love of me,
Wagged your greeting and crawled to my feet,
Always eager my pleasure to meet.
My pleasure! Yes, whatever it was!
Bending, alert on extended paws,
With innocent, sidelong restless eyes—
Slyly on guard against surprise!
Waiting for any old game at all,
Of rag, or stick or rubber ball.
You'd bark, mock-savage, or bark in fun,
Whatever the play that we'd begun.
And so it was for many a day—
'Twas all a game, all a play—
Children and men were Gods of your world
And trustfully at their feet you curled.

They played so gently out in the yard,
And you were careful not to bite hard.
But once a thing of lumbering wheels,
Came by—You thought you'd see how it feels
To play a game with a beast like that—
In fun, of course! It wasn't a cat!
And on it came, but it didn't stop
To play, as it should, but came with a flop
And hurt you; it wasn't right,
It must have known you wouldn't bite.
Then you suffered a while and died,
And all the children around you cried;
Their tears were yours for most of a day!
And, Puppy, that is the way
Life goes; and some men get less,
When they go to sleep in their wilderness
Of Death—their last un waking sleep!
And if you had lived to be mature,
Your love would have grown, I'm very sure,
To be much greater than that of ten
Of the common, ord'nary kind of men!



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Good Lines Mark the Summer Mode

6160—Cotton prints, crepe, linen and gingham may be used to develop this pleasing design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the design for a medium size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for facing on the belt, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of bias binding put on as illustrated. The width of the frock at the lower edge with plaits extended is about 2 yards.

6167—Printed chiffon and georgette are here combined. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes, 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch or wider material if dress and collar are made of one material. The collar of contrasting material will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Without the collar $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards is required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

6163 — Shantung, rajah, wool georgette or silk crepe are all attractive for this model. The collar may be omitted, and the neck finished with binding or a facing, or the collar may be rolled low, with the fronts open. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make the dress with sleeves and collar for a 38-inch size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. Without collar and sleeves, or without sleeves and with collar, 3 yards will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 2 yards.

6173 — Chiffon, crepe, crepe de chine or taffeta, as well as tulle or voile are suitable for this pleasing model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. For a sash of narrow ribbon, as illustrated, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required.



6172— Georgette, pongee, satin, kasha, tweed or crepe may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

6165—Satin, crepe de chine, linen and cotton prints are attractive for this model. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 44-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

6159—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size with sleeves requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material, 1 yard of 32-inch lining for the underbody and $\frac{1}{4}$ -yard of 10-inch lace for the vestee. If made without sleeves $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material will be required. The width of the dress at the lower edge is about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

Patterns of above mailed to any address on receipt of 25c in silver or stamps. The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.



The Last Word in Prevailing Styles

THE keynote of prevailing styles is softness, in materials, trimmings, shapings and features. Flounces and frills, tucks, bands, platings and plaits, ribbons, sashes and scarfs, all winsomely feminine, soft and pretty, all that is lovely and gracious.

In sports wear, or daytime apparel the lines are soft and youthful with a bit more elaboration than in the past season.

Light weight, even sheer woollens have replaced the heavier grade of such materials, so that they are equally cool as silk, and better suited to sports and general wear. As they come in pastel colors, they are especially appropriate for summer wear.

Many of the new dresses are self-trimmed, so that the beauty of the new materials is brought out.

New prints are shown in pastel tones in both small and large patterns. In chiffon, voile and georgette, there is no weight to disturb the fluttering charm of the draperies, the cascades and jabots.

A noticeable feature in both evening and afternoon dresses is the richness of color. Reds, greens, purples and yellows in every conceivable shade are all favorites, and blues are once more in vogue.

It is indeed a floral season.

Gray is shown, but usually in combination with another color.

Lace is important as a trimming and is also much in favor for entire dresses. It is certainly a cool fabric, and distinctively pretty and becoming to most all women. In black and beige lace leads, but one sees also pastel shades for afternoon wear with long sleeves and back length or the uneven hem line.

A lace dress should not be trimmed or decorated excepting with a flower or jewelled ornament.

Satin is much in evidence for evening in pastel tones, developed in frocks of elegant simplicity without trimming.

For bouffant dresses taffeta is well liked. Moire is also shown in new and attractive weaves.

Embroidered cuffs and collars, vestees and revers, trim dresses of prints or plain crepe.

Crepe de chine is combined with organdie.

Starched collars and cuffs are again in vogue.

Scarfs seem to be an indispensable part of a costume. They are of light weight wool or silk for sports wear; in brightly flowered crepe or chiffon they go well with a plain colored frock or a tailored suit.

Capes, like the scarfs, are an accompaniment to many gowns.

Skirts are longer, by two inches, the waistline is higher, and puffs and bustle features are shown in the new models.

The bias or one-sided neckline is used as is also the square and the pointed outline.

The tunic blouse is again with us, worn over a slip with plaited skirt. A smart model showed a V-neck, and a 5-inch flare flounce set on at the lower edge.

A dress fashioned with square neck and bloused waist is lengthened by a plaited overskirt shaped in long points in front, and forming a short peplum over the back. The foundation skirt is plain, with a slight flare.

A dance frock of organdy is composed of six gathered flounces cut in points and bound with satin ribbon. The waist is sleeveless and the neck edge is round. A girdle of bright satin ribbon completes a pretty effect.

Diagonal bands following the line of the V-neck supply the decoration on a simple two-piece sports dress. The skirt is slightly draped at the left side.

A long bodice slightly molded joined to a full circular skirt cut with graceful points in front and back is the base of a dress for a stout woman. The sleeves have fullness at the wrist above a narrow band cuff. The neck is cut with a small square.

A dress made with a bloused waist and gathered overskirt is open in front over a panel cut square at the neck, and widening toward the hem. A scarf collar is gracefully draped over the shoulders.

A distinctive model shows a rippled cape on the right shoulder with tie-ends that are fastened and hang from the left shoulder.

A single flounce set high at the hip line, and topped by curved bands which are also repeated at the neck line of the plain long waist is featured in a dress of brown wool georgette.

Fairy-land Stories of Old Pop Crowe

"Reduce Hog or Die"

By Jack Paterson



"HEI' some more uh that ther' bacon, Stranger. Home-cured, it is, an' raised accordin' tu my own idea. Guess yu might even call it one uh them there invenshuns. Yessir, guess maybe tis, 'though I ain't never bothered about havin' it pertected ner nothin'. Y'see 'twas this way.

"Bacon bein' th' only kinda hog-meat I hev any likin' fer, an' me alivin' 'way back here alone, there allus wuz a lotta waste whenever I killed a hog. I got tu thinkin' about this turr'ble waste, havin' lots uh time an' nuthin' tu do but run the ferry, an' when I got my next pair uh little sucklin's tu raise, I started right in on a new plan.

"Ther' wuz a big knot-hole atween the pens, an' ever'day I made them little cusses crawl through that ther' hole afore they cud git at ther' swill. Yessir, four times a day they done ut, a wigglin' an' a squealin' like it was killin' time,—an' Stranger, would yu bulieve ut, when them ther' hogs was old enough tu kill they was close onto thirty-five foot long! Yessir, the finest bacon hogs I ever seen or et, an' practic'ly no waste a'tall!"

FAMOUS FEET

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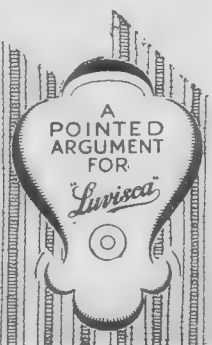
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Underwear Depicting Smart but Simple Designs

6166. Cotton prints, taffeta, figured
silk, as well as satin and jersey are
suitable for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36,
38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure.
To make this design for a 38 inch size
will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch
material.

Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6180. Crepe, crepe de chine or printed
voile are attractive materials for this
model.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10,
12 and 14 years. A 12 year size will
require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material
together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting
material for facing belt and cuffs.

Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6185. Blanketing, eiderdown, flannel
and outing flannel may be used for this
design.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and
6 years. A 4 year size will require
 $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6171. Crepe de chine, radium silk,
crepe, batiste or nainsook may be used
for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small,
34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44;
Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure.
To make this model with sleeve por-
tions for a Medium size will require
 $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 32 inch material. Without
sleeves $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. To
trim as illustrated will require 5 yards
of lace or edging.

Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6141. Crepe de chine, georgette, rad-
ium silk and batiste are suitable for
this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small,
34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large 42-44;
Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure.
A Medium size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of
32 inch material. To make the yoke
of lace or embroidery requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard,
6 inches wide, and to trim lower edges
as illustrated requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace
or embroidery 3 inches wide. For
shoulder straps of ribbon 1 yard is
required.

Pattern mailed to any address on
receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Little Tasks

By Blanche Adcock

*The little, homely tasks, how much they fret
us!*

*The doing of the same things o'er and o'er;
Mending a little frock, a shoe to button,
Gathering the playthings scattered on the
floor;*

*Kissing hurt fingers, washing sticky faces,
Seeking wee wanderers with an urge to
roam;*

*O God, we crave a little more of patience
For little tasks of home.*

*Often we feel that we have missed our calling;
We think of wondrous things we might
have done.*

*Out in the world there seems so much of
freedom,—*

*So much of high endeavor just begun.
Help us to love our tasks while yet we have
them;*

*So soon do little feet begin to roam.
Help us to know all the world holds dearest
From small beginnings come.*

*Grant unto us, O Lord, a larger vision
That we may see beyond the day, the hour,
The many little tasks are like the rain drops,
Which altogether make refreshing shower.
And when we feel the little duties irksome
And little feet determine to still stray,
May we at eve behold the perfect rainbow
That crowns our little day.*



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SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE
(illustrating 30 of the various, simple
stitches) all valuable hints to the home
dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Prince Albert

Continued from page 39

advertisement in which attention was drawn to their "magnificent drawing-room sleeping cars, with bath rooms and private dressing rooms; palace dining rooms; free second-class sleeping cars." A little later Mr. Justice Turgeon, Mr. Justice Lamont and Mr. Justice McKay had their start in Prince Albert. The McKays were Hudson's Bay people. Among the first in the Prince Albert district were Thomas, James and William McKay, brothers, and a sister was married to Hon. Lawrence Clarke, the first representative from this district on the North West Council. Thomas McKay was the first mayor of Prince Albert.

The mission was the first house built on the present townsite of Prince Albert, and there for several years lived the Nesbitts and the McKays, teaching the Indians, nursing the sick, tilling the virgin soil, and by various ingenious methods making the country they had adopted supply their necessities.

Mr. McKay became missionary at the Mistawasis Reserve and his daughter Christina taught the school, winning a \$100 prize awarded by the Government of the day for the best conducted Indian school in Western Canada.

After eight years, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt returned to Kildonan, where they died within twelve days of each other. Their daughter married S. E. Bacon and lives in Oakville, Ontario. She and Mrs. Mills are the only two of that original party who are left.

Mr. Mills is also an old-timer in the West. When he came to Prince Albert he "walked in" from Winnipeg.

Out on the verandah of the Mills' house on the Hill is a chair from the first little Presbyterian church in Prince Albert. The steeple rests in the yard of W. C. Combs.

The old church has served many purposes. After having been superseded as a place of worship it was used for a public school—then a high school until the Nesbitt Academy was built in 1888.

The secretary-treasurer of the town had it for an office; Dr. H. A. Lestock Reid, whose father first surveyed the settlement, hung his shingle on its door one time. Finally, when it interfered with the building of a verandah on the house next door, it was moved to the back yard and there serves as a stable. Four churches have replaced this original mission where the Nesbitts and McKays laid the foundation for Presbyterianism in Northern Saskatchewan. The firmness of its foundation may have had something to do with the firmness of its refusal to enter the Union.

After starting with the nucleus of one little party that landed from a raft that summer day in '66 a city has developed which is noted for the attraction which it has for those who have watched it grow. Possibly no place in the West is so rich in memories, and the remarkable thing is that so many of the pioneers, their children and their children's children, are still there.

"They always come back," says Mrs. Mills.

Each spring the ice is vomited out of the river as the floods come racing down from the mountains; each summer the trees take on their vivid green; each fall the frost-kissed poplars turn to yellow, and the pungent cranberries to startling red, making a panorama of brilliant hues. Each winter these colors come again in the Northern Lights, just the same as sixty years ago.

But little log missions have been replaced by pretentious brick churches; men who built mud-chinked cabins now live in lovely homes; thousands of cattle feed on the luxuriant grasses that once were a menace to wandering children, and grain fields disgorge their abundance to nearby elevators.

But the one who has watched this evolution in its entirety is the little Christina who came down the unchanging Saskatchewan on a raft more than sixty years ago to a place as yet without a name.

No Wonder He Bleats

A musician has been making records of street traffic noises. It is said that during a lull in the roar of the motor vehicles, the bleat of the pedestrian is easily distinguishable.—London Humorist.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

The daily bath hour in a charming "Standard" Bathroom appeals to every member of the family. Even the Children glory in the healthful habit—much to the delight of the Mothers. Write for our complete illustrated catalogue.



Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Limited
Toronto, Canada



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MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

A CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT BRINGS RESULTS

Over 400,000 readers turn to this page each issue.

Johann Lind

Continued from page 28

Lena would never say such a thing. Indeed she'd not—she'd thank God instead that such a smart boy coveted Eli. Ja, and pressed to it, she couldn't blame Andre for postponing nuptials that, like as not, might end in a funeral. That little Eli had a weakish look of late—"Nu, da, Lena Berg," she chided, reaching across the table to pat her friend's work-worn hands, "we shouldn't begin to quarrel at our age. It's that Simon needs a jouncing—driving you so hard . . . As for Andre—" To save her life Helga couldn't repress a sharp inflection here, "—he's modern, Lena; a wife don't mean just a drudge to him. A nice house for a nice wife to queen in—now I ask you, is that an insult to Eli?"

"Ja, well, perhaps you are right," muttered Lena, no whit convinced but dreading to further wound her friend. "I shouldn't have said so much—it's not your fault, I know."

Helga laughed with relief. Of course Lena didn't mean it! Poor dear Lena, these many years her friend! Look now," she proposed eagerly, "why not write your sister; she'll understand how it is with Eli."

"You forget Paul. He'll not take kindly to Eli's coming . . . they have young children, Helga, and you know how it is with lung trouble. Besides, why should Paul, with nothing between him and the weather, send money for Eli when Simon has plenty?"

Helga got up and set the kettle on the fire with great clatter. "Ja, I said it was Simon," she repeated fiercely. "Simon's money! Simon's money! Lena Berg; it makes me sick to hear it. What of your money? You — keeping boarders five years in Winnipeg to give that man a start!"

Lena covered her hot face with knotted yellow hands, pathetic witnesses to the truth of Helga's statement. "Ja—ja! What good to think of it," she moaned, "A man should work for money, a woman just for love! Love! Love! Herre Gud, Helga Boen, how much safer is that money—ja, for money my Eli could get her rest, and maybe too, a little happiness!"

But, unsatisfactory as this visit proved it bore unexpected fruit. Helga failing them Eli poured out her despair to Haasji, and Haasji with no compunction inflicted the whole of it on Min Heer and Mevrouw Hoeck.

"Very sad," pronounced Aunt Grietje. "Very, very sad," echoed uncle Hendrik.

"Sure, yes, but to wag the head does little good," said Haasji critically.

"Haasji Van Meiris"! Aunt Grietje spoke sharply.

"My dear—" uncle Hendrik intruded swiftly. "let's hear the child through. Well, Miss, what do you suggest? Out with it, little minx, I see you've something up your sleeve."

Haasji kissed the top of his head, where the Angel Gabriel could attack the counting of hairs with least difficulty. "Min Heer so wise Uncle, you should know it makes for me a pain—"

"Haasji, Haasji, watch your English!"

"Ach, sure, Min Heer Hoeck. But that English is a language with a stick up its back; always it gives me—Poof! Aunt Grietje, I get it straight yet—Look now, my so dear Uncle, the most generous Mevrouw promised me a silk dress for Christmas if my chemistry improved. Ach, why I should like to know—but already that so terrible stuff goes better—but now I got no favor in me for a dress. Neen, another dress with already a closet full is like a new baby with the cradle crowded."

"To the point! To the point!" interrupted Min Heer Hoeck with a fine show of impatience.

Haasji twitched his ear, puffing out her cheeks with simulated choler. "Ach, you are rude, Min Heer, very, very rude. To interrupt a pretty young lady is horrid—sure, yes, Miv Vrouw my aunt can prove it!"

"Don't waste your uncle's time, Haasji," the Mevrouw interceded, a wrinkle of vexation appearing on her placid brow.

"Ach, why not"? laughed shameless Haasji. "Of time there is no end. But now I get me to the point, Min Heer, that dress Mevrouw my aunt would give

me I trade you for a little money—for Eli's fare to Winnipeg, Min Heer."

Uncle Hoeck and Aunt Grietje exchanged glances, Min Heer's eyes very soft. "But, Haasji," the more prudent Mevrouw objected, "how can you be sure helping her to Winnipeg is best? Has she work in sight, friends or relatives?"

"Sure, yes! Her Andre is there—ach, I should have said her promised husband is there."

Min Heer Uncle picked up his ears at that. "Haasji, you're not supporting an elopement, I hope?"

Haasji broke into peals of gaiety. "Ach, Min Heer, to speak of an elopement and Eli Berg makes a brass dog laugh. And Andre—Poof! To run off with that wise one, Queen Wilhelmina would have to give a guarantee. But of course Eli has friends—she must have, the Bergs lived in Winnipeg many years, Min Heer."

"In that case," said Min Heer Hoeck, smiling fondly, "I'll give you the money tomorrow."

AFTER a somewhat strenuous consultation with Ole, Johann decided to accept a position in Selkirk for the winter. Hans Christians needed a man to take charge of his general store while he went up the lakés trading with the breeds and Indians. "Ja, we need the money all right," Ole agreed sulkily, "but spit me for a cat if I'll go milking cows or set my course to the stomach of a horse!"

Accustomed to Ole's bluster Johann only laughed, handing him at the same time a balance sheet eloquently supporting his plan. Nonetheless, it is doubtful whether the battle had so soon been won but for Anton's dashing in just then. A jubilant Anton, aglow with creative fervor. Horspdy! yes, could the Barin believe it, the good Father from Penton had bought his carving—the little bowl for holy water with the doves on it. And he had ordered an ikon for the church—think of it, he, Anton Zekof, the little immigrant, to make a holy image for the church!

Johann's ready laughter banished the derogatory afterthought. "Bravo!" said he. "The Father has a nose for young talent. Anton, boy, some day the finest cathedrals will clamor for a Zekof ikon—"

"Barin, Barin! I will work so hard. Horspdy, yes! Already I have copied all your models. I'll do everything you tell me, Marin. To learn; to teach; to go away to school—everything you say to make me the good Canadian!"

"Careful, Anton, careful! I'm in a bit of a mess just now and might take advantage of your wholesale promises—"

"Barin! You mean it? You mean there is really something I could do for you?"

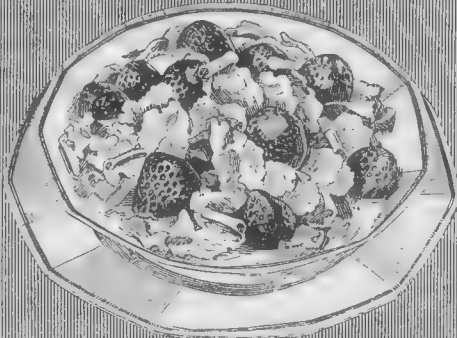
"Well, rather! And make no mistake about its being a little thing. Anton, I've got to go away for the winter—"

Anton interrupted, parrot - bright. "Horspdy! I know. It is the cows. Papa Boen hates the cows . . . he will not call them: 'pooky! pooky! pooky!' sweet like my mother. Oh, I know, and to milk—" Anton pulled a doleful face and burst into laughter.

"Ja, you bet," Ole boomed in, "that milk-maid business ain't for Ole Boen. By jiminy, no! Not while I remember the sound of wind in the rigging . . . Ja—but if the boy milks, Johann, and helps Mama with the pigs I'm not saying the horses will suffer. Nu, da, after a ship maybe a horse comes next. Between us, Herman and I can see to the horses."

That settled, Johann went ahead with his plans, but owing to Helga's unfortunate habit of worrying did not confide them to her until the day he was leaving; an omission doing little credit to him in her eyes. But for all that, the offence might have passed without further significance hadn't Eli, frightened as a chased rabbit, boarded the same train at Penton. Yes, indeed—as Tom Higgins getting off at Stacey, immediately telephoned his sister at Hawthorne—there was something queer about that. At the last minute Johann comes dashing aboard at Hawthorne, making straight for Eli's coach. Yes, sir, hang him for a snipe if he didn't!

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CORN FLAKES

"won their favor by their flavor"

What's more, Eli bore all the signs of coercion. Poor frightened little thing, weeping right on Johann's shoulder!

Charitable Tom's sister, bosom friend of Sheila Patrick's, lost no time in passing on the spicy message. A kindness which, unreasonably, sent that heady young person to her room in a huff. Some while later, finding her niece in tears, good Aunt Katie offered fitting consolation according to her less complex nature. "Now, dearie, I'd not take on. He's handsome—maybe handsomer than Herbert" (Herbert was the new doctor), "but looks don't make a husband, Sheila."

Sheila lifted a tousled head from a rumpled pillow to fire her response: "Don't be a fool, Aunt Katie. What's he to me, that—that country gawk! I've had a beastly day, that's all, and my head aches—"

Meanwhile on the eastbound train Johann was doing his best to make head and tale of Eli's incoherent story; the one thing clear so far her intention to find work in Winnipeg, and the certainty that back of it lay Simon's unparental harshness. Seeing her so little, so porcelain-frail and so indubitably a pawn in her father and Andre's mercenary ambitions roused his deepest pity though no hint of it colored voice or manner. Lightly he put his question: "How long since you heard from Andre?"

Peony-red, she whispered back: "I haven't really heard at all—not this fall; but last week Papa had a letter."

"Last week?" Johann's enigmatic smile flashed across his lean dark face with lightning brilliance. "Last week—and did he seem satisfied?"

"Oh, yes, wonderfully! That is, Papa said he was getting on splendidly buying and selling and, and . . . that's about all," she finished lamely. "Papa won't

tell us much; he doesn't believe in gossip."

Johann's swift laughter had the sting of sea-wind about it. "In that case," said he, "let's take heart. If Papa extends that disbelief a bit—"

"What do you mean, Johann Lind?" Eli broke in nervously.

He smiled into her frightened eyes. "Surely you saw what an interested audience we had from Hawthorne to Stacey?"

"Tom Higgins? But what did he see—what could he see? Why, there ISN'T anything TO see!"

"Depend upon it," he told her quietly, "what that young man saw was an extremely agitated young lady joining company with Johann Lind—you know, I suppose, what people say of me?"

Something warm and exultant coursed through Eli's breast. "Oh, yes, I know, I know; and I don't believe a word of it. Oh, why do people make the worst of everything! But as to that, Tom or no Tom, they'll have to believe the truth this time. I couldn't say home any longer Johann, it was killing me—besides, Haasji thought I'd do better in town."

"Haasji advised you to go?"

Eli's pale, ethereal face lighted with gratitude. "Yes, Johann Lind, she did, and she sent me the money—to help me live my own life, not be run by Papa or Andre, or anyone at all!"

"In that case," laughed Johann, "it's best to give the wish its head. I'll not dare make suggestions, I'll only ask where shall I take you when we hit the big town?"

Eli laughed too, greatly enheartened, childishly a-dream with better things to be. "To Aunt Emma's. She doesn't know I'm coming, but I'm sure she'll take me in."

(To be continued)

Modern Progress Displaces Paris Antiquities

Continued from page 20

mistress: bits of bronze, old pottery, unconscious of their real value; or, again, some ignorant person parts with some old heirloom without realizing its great worth. Very often even the junk collector does not know he has purchased a treasure. And these things find their way to the Flea-Market. It is through such happenings that expert seekers have come upon wonderful finds in the past. From such discoveries the Flea-Market gained its reputation. And so to it informed visitors from North America have for many years been going with high hopes of finding things worth while.

But time marches on with firm face and callous to the ways of olden days. Even Paris, the last stronghold of the past, where ancient things too often are treasured merely because they are old, and neither useful nor beautiful—even Paris has begun to yield to the onward strides of progress. This was perhaps most strongly marked by the tearing down of the scores of miles of ancient walls which once defended the city. The last remnant of these has just yielded to the pick and powder of the demolishing contractors, and much of the stone has been used for the basements and first storeys of huge apartment blocks now raised on the site of the fortifications. Only remains the grass-grown moat, a mute, ageing emblem of olden days and war. Farther and farther have the houses spread in recent times. And while Paris cannot exactly be said to have had a real estate "boom" in the same sense of the word as it applied to such transactions as take place in North America, the demand for land for building purposes has increased enormously in the last few years until the city officials turned desiring eyes upon the region covered by the shanties, the streets, squares and impasses of the "Flea-Market," this historic place which stoutly had remained untouched for 700 years. They decided it must yield to the demands of progress.

Then the city, guided by all the cunning of lawyers' wiles, set about forcing out the inhabitants in a manner fully legal, and this by the most amazing (for France) of methods. The "Flea-Market" has for a very long time been held on Sunday and Monday. But the big day,

the only day, in fact, worth while, has been Sunday, a time when so many people had leisure to visit it. But in Paris there is a law called the "Sabbath Closing Law," which is respected by all the big stores. And so, the lawyer for the city argued, the "Flea-Market" also should respect this law. The magistrate upheld the city's plea. And so the Market must go, despite its 700 years of tenure, and despite the decree of King Louis Ninth, which decree the market owners put forward as permitting them forever to here carry on their business. Progress will have its way. The happy hunting-ground of the antique collectors, this sprawl of shabby buildings, must give place to huge apartment blocks and a military barracks trim and precise, and 700 years of history will be wiped out forever.

Blossom-Time

By Mary Matheson

"Come out, come out," said the crocus gay,
"For the Springtime's here—away, away
Over the hills and down the dale
Where the violets lift their faces pale
And the bluebells ring in a merry chime—
"Come out, come out," it is blossom-time."

"Come out, come out where the river sings
And the first young grey-bird tries his wings
And the curious sun peers into nooks
That were hidden away by teasing brooks,
Where the banks are washed of their snowy
grime—
Come out, come out, it is blossom-time."

"Come out, come out, said Youth to his
Maid,
"No blast of Winter made me afraid,
So bold I've grown I'll shout my love
To the earth below and the skies above."

But he only whispered, "Be mine, be mine,
When they roamed together—in blossom-
time!"

The Answer Is, Most Likely, No

Will the nice gentleman who bumped into the editor's old car radiator and left his deep imprint when he wasn't watching, please come in and give him a news item about how the accident happened?—Cobalt Northern Miner.



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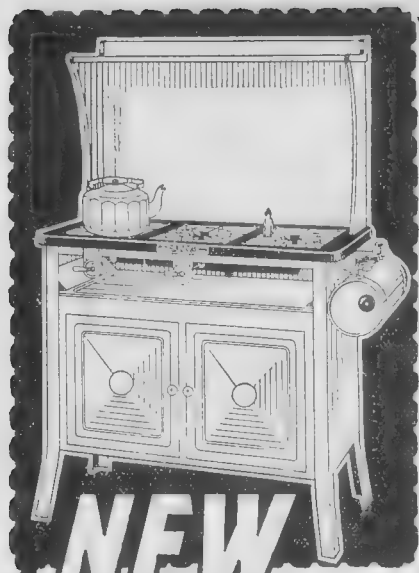
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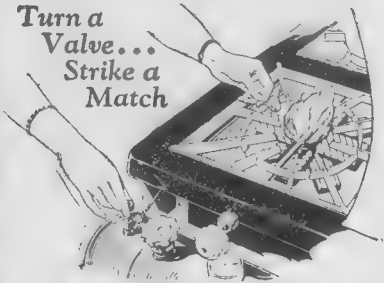
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100% Pure

USE FOR—Softening the hardest water. Disinfecting, cleaning sinks, drain pipes, and for making your own soap.

What is Wrong With Marriage?

Continued from page 7

themselves. They did not need the police when they were courting and should not need them now. . . . Ah! that was a fine division of humanity a speaker made the other day. "There are good people, and bad people, and bewildered people."

But presuming a man or woman to have made this mental and emotional chart of their spouse, if they are thoroughly wise they will never tell about it. People, whether in wedlock or in any other contract, resent the knowledge or even the supposition that they are being "managed." We all like to think we are setting our own gait.

Of course, you are not a paragon yourself, and could hardly expect to marry one. Who wants a paragon anyway?

They are only the very young, or the very immature, who look for perfection in husband or wife and who are intolerant because they do not find it. As they grow older they are less critical and less exacting. There are myriads of older folk who, in the anniversaries of their wedding, in the light of matured human experience, have fullness of pleasure in reviewing their mental and moral progress throughout the years.

How impossible they were to live with! What imbeciles they had been . . . egotistical, suspicious, bad-tempered, discourteous, a spendthrift, or even worse!

But it has come about that, "in love preferring one another," they have at length been able to transmit the ugly and gross into something altogether radiant.

Anyone can do the same. There is nothing at all to fear. The secret of it is keeping a face in your heart.

While marriage is meant for life, one of the greatest difficulties therein lies in the tendency of both husband and wife to treat the other as a permanent possession and so to be harsh in conduct and speech.

MANY centuries ago one of the "Church Fathers"—to wit, Gregory of Nazianzum—declared how a wife was "an acquired evil and, what is worse, one that cannot be put away."

In a word, this bitter-tongued ecclesiastic held that the wife belonged, and could not be lost. The world is full of people like that, most of whom may be found in the jails and divorce courts.

The firmest base upon which marriage can rest is that of friendship made up of intelligent sympathy and appreciation. It is better by far to forget the matters of permanency and the possession and to consider each other more in the light of legalized chums. The best way to tie people is to tie them loosely. This is demonstrated by the Western ranger who, instead of hitching his horse to a post, throws the bridle rein over its head.

This is one of the hardest lessons for married people to learn, and yet, perhaps the most essential. Marriage is and should be a bond of two equal persons and neither should submerge their personality in that of the other. The dominance of the strongest member of the family and the subservience of the others may be a peaceful arrangement—albeit a peace that seethes—but it is bound to warp and stunt the other life.

This marital dominance, or exaggerated sense of possession, is a relic of feudal life which is rapidly passing away. Families are learning to maintain themselves apart from inherited wealth and so the husband and father is gradually relinquishing the arbitrary power he held over his wife and children as dictator of the industrial community known as the home. In some parts, however, by the seizure of his wife's earnings, he still maintains the power.

Contrariwise, he is gaining a stronger hold on their affections in that there is less domestic bitterness and alienation. There can be little doubt in the matter, the happiest homes are republics rather than absolute monarchies. Where all desire to serve rather than to rule, the ideal home is established.

In this connection, it may be said that one of the chief processes in the making of a successful marriage is that of a continued compromise. Anyone who has attempted to settle quarrels between the

would-be quitters of matrimony, knows that stubbornness is the most difficult of all the obstacles in the way of a reconciliation. The fact that the point at issue may be some trifling thing of the moment, makes little difference. For the time being, at any rate, it looms up in their eyes with prodigious proportions. Even when the trouble seems to have been happily settled, one of them will suddenly recall an unrelated incident and start all the quarrel over again. In one of these cases relating to a husband's "meanness" and general lack of decorum, it was the wife who again disturbed the peace by declaring: "An' when I fell downstairs and broke my arm and leg, my sister says this here fellow never even lost a draw of his pipe."

Contrariwise, the man may be stiff of the neck and hot in temper, not infrequently reminding us of the horse described by Edwin Arnold in "The Light of Asia"—the horse "whose liver is a tempest and his blood red flame."

He is daggers-drawn with his wife because, in flat rebellion to his orders, she goes Sundays to see her people, every one of whom he despises and even refuses to look at. He is suspicious that she gives them money, or that they "put her up to snuff" about him.

Or he may have suspicions about the lodger in the house and give vent to these, somewhat after the manner of Pepys: "So to Mrs. Hunt, where I found a Frenchman lodger of hers, and just as I came in was kissing my wife, which I did not like, though there couldn't be any hurt in it."

And, perhaps, in spite of Mr. Pepys' opinion, this is not so trifling a grievance, in that, not infrequently, it leads to a fatal faithlessness, especially where the lodger while having the assured cunning of the serpent is far from harmless as a dove. Still, if the twain have agreed to keep lodgers they must realize that estrangement is more apt to occur than otherwise—that is, unless the woman considers her husband's honor as her own.

Yet, while these bickerings may seem trivial to the mediator, if not overcome or allayed, the results may be serious.

It is a pity that in Canada, we have few skilled pacificators as in Sweden. Instead of resorting to their neighbors with their matrimonial grievances—the neighbors to whom a quarrel is as narrow to the bones—they hie them to the official whose business it is to hear them.

The State, having recognized the importance of the family as a social unit, have established arbitrators, or mediators, who have power to summon witnesses in order to make a ruling that may be just and equitable. The results are eminently satisfactory and entail no costs to the applicants.

In the United States, the Legal Aid Society of New York, known as the "Poor Man's Lawyer," has, for over fifty years been furnishing gratis legal advice to husbands and wives unable to pay for it. In this period, the Society has handled no less than 100,000 cases of domestic estrangement and unhappiness.

It is being urged in the Province of Alberta that similar provision should be made and, doubtless, such a desirable expedient will presently be in operation, not only for Alberta but in other Provinces of the Dominion. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Lazy Man's Road

By William Thompson

When the sun is peltin' on the sand,
And the heat goes frizzlin' up the land,
The coolest spot I ever knowed,
Felindy calls the Lazy Man's Road.

When the sky is cross, and the clouds are black,
I say, "Felindy, fix a snack,
I'll dig some worms and crap some toad,
And start a-fishin' down Lazy Man's Road."

Some folks go mournin' when the sun don't shine,
But give me some bait, and a hook and line,
And all my troubles just unload,
As I go trudgin' down the Lazy Man's Road.

Investment by Mail

OUT-OF-TOWN investors are invited to entrust their business to us. We can and do give them prompt and satisfactory service, as hundreds will testify.

We issue, periodically, a little bulletin called **THE INVESTOR**, which keeps our out-of-town customers in close touch with what is going on, particularly as it affects securities that we have sold them.

We shall be pleased to receive your request for a copy, and will put your name on our mailing list without charge. Write now.

**MCLEOD, YOUNG
WEIR & CO.
Limited**

Metropolitan Bldg.

TORONTO

Montreal Hamilton
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FRECKLES

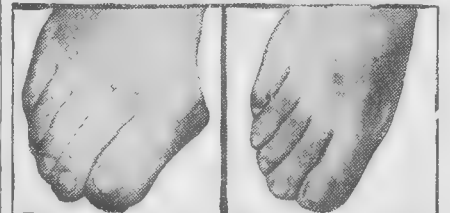


OTHINE Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.



BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

I end bunions forever with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller.

PROVE IT FREE

Just send your name and address, no money, and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try. No obligations—Address

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60 Front Street, W. Toronto, Ontario

"LISTEN IN" is a phrase used today. But—the merchant says "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

For the Summer Cottage--Crepe Paper Curtains

By Dorothy Wright

IF YOU have never used crepe paper curtains, this summer will be the ideal time to try them. You will find them as fresh, and as dainty as could be desired, and there are many windows on which they will wear as long as they are needed. Then, of course, there is no laundering to consider, for new crepe paper curtains are as easily provided as new shelf paper.

These curtains are especially recommended for summer cottages. Some of the little houses have a rather bleak look without curtains, and particularly, if it is a rented cottage, one hesitates to spend much on decorating. Even though the cottage is really one's own, curtains are not always desirable from the point of laundering. But with crepe paper any cottage may be given a cozy, home-like atmosphere, without a thought about the expense, or the laundry problem.

And at home, too, these curtains have their place the whole year through. Rooms that are unfurnished otherwise, may be made to look well from the street if curtained, and attic, and basement windows too, may be made attractive when curtained with crepe paper.

The time and work involved in making these curtains is very little, for, of course, they need not be finished at the edges. In fact, to make some of them, one needs only the crepe paper, a hammer, and some tacks, to attain the most interesting results. Others may have hems run in quickly on the sewing machine to be put up on rods, or on twine.

The curtains shown on the double window in the illustration are very effective for large windows, or where there are a number of windows in one room. These are put in place by simply turning in a double edge of crepe paper at the top, and tacking it closely. It is then drawn down to a point by pleating it in, and a narrow valance across the top of the window gives a finished effect. Such an arrangement is very serviceable, too, for the curtains are held firmly in place at all times.

In hanging these curtains the paper is used lengthwise, or across the grain, and it is necessary, therefore, to stretch it down firmly and fasten it. To use the crepe paper so that the grain hangs lengthwise, simply piece it as many times as is necessary to give the correct length. The illustration of the single window shows the paper pieced to make

a full length curtain. The section may be stitched together on the machine, and the joining covered with any narrow border cut from decorated crepe paper or from crepe shelf paper having a scalloped edge, as shown in the illustration. The trimming may be stitched, or pasted in place.

In choosing paper for curtains, be sure to select the kind that is soft, and finely creped, so that it will both hang, and wear well. There are over fifty colors to choose from, so that almost any color scheme may be planned.

Crepe paper is also used successfully to trim curtains. Cool, summery effects may be obtained by making simple Dutch draperies of cheese cloth, tataran or inexpensive net, and then pasting or sewing on floral borders or motifs cut from crepe paper.

A particularly charming set of such curtains was made recently of white, with paper wreaths of tiny pink roses simply pasted along the bottom and across the edge of the valance to form a border. Another set, made for a child's nursery carried a gay border of bright colored crepe paper, and little Mother Goose figures cut from decorated crepe were pasted in interesting disorder all over the material.

Still another attractive way to use crepe paper for curtains is to fashion them of some inexpensive figured fabric and trim the edges with plain colored tuck streamers. These streamers are pleated bands of crepe paper 1½ and 2½ inches wide, and come all ready made.

Such curtains may be very quickly made, since the streamer is simply stitched on flat around them without turning in the edges. These paper streamers are dainty, colorful, and very serviceable and they also give weight to the curtains, so that they will hang well.

An interesting room in a girl's club was recently decorated with such curtains, and narrow table runners were also made of a double thickness of the same material, and finish-

ed with crepe paper streamers to match. Use this Coupon to order Instruction Booklet: Crepe Paper Curtains and how to Decorate Halls, Booths and Automobiles—10c.

I enclose 10 cents for which send me, post-paid, suggestions for curtains, and instructions on decorating.

Name
Street and No.
Town..... Province.....
Mail all orders to The Western Home Monthly,
Dept. 728, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.



The paper is pieced to make a full length curtain



The curtains illustrated above are very effective for large windows

Ashes of Roses Bourjois

The Beauty Powder Supreme!

Sophisticated New York and beauty-worshipping Paris, have approved the new "nature tones" created by Bourjois, in Ashes of Roses Face Powder.

Lightly dabbed on, this wondrous powder gives the softest glow to the skin imaginable — a loveliness that has no suggestion of make-up. Just try Ashes of Roses and marvel at the lovely transformation. Its fragrance is a delight to the senses.

Buy it at the better shops in smart Leatherette Boxes and dainty Parisian Compacts.

ASHES OF ROSES

PERFUME ROUGES
CREAMS LIP-STICKS

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED,
MONTREAL

New -
from Paris

Bourjois has created a ravishing new fragrance, exquisite beyond belief.

MON PARFUM

POWDERS · CREAMS · ROUGES · LIPSTICKS

Ask for them at exclusive shops.

Especially in the SUMMER —you need BOVRIL

Probably you don't eat so much in the Summer. The less food you take the more you need Bovril. With Bovril you are always sure of being well-nourished.

Use it in all your cooking, for soups, gravies, stews, etc. Serve it as consommé, iced or warm. Make Bovril sandwiches. Use it for savoury jelly, meat shapes, etc.

BOVRIL

GIVES YOU

"Energy Without Bulk"



"I must take my nerve food with me."

Vacation Time

Time to get away from the daily task and the nervous strain of modern city life.

Time to rest and store up a new supply of nervous energy and vitality.

The very best time to avail yourself of the benefits to be derived from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as a restorative and reconstructive treatment.

Rest, reasonable exercise in the fresh air and the regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the ideal combination for building up the exhausted nervous system and overcoming sleeplessness, nervous headaches and the tired, depressed feelings which come with lowered vitality.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The greatest of nerve restoratives

Farm Financing

Throughout Canada the Bank of Montreal is daily loaning funds to responsible farmers to assist them in their business.

This Bank is at all times prepared to advance loans on terms consistent with sound banking.



Main Office Winnipeg

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Total Assets
in excess of
\$860,000,000

Federated Women's Institutes

British Columbia Notes

Agassiz held their flower show on June 22nd and are holding the Institute Picnic on July 4th. Mrs. MacCallum gave an interesting talk on "Nature Study in the Home." \$10.00 was voted to the V.O.N. in Vancouver, \$20.00 towards the prize list of the Agassiz Fall Fair and a tag day in aid of the Crippled Children's Hospital was held on May 24th.

Armstrong are forming a class in glove making, and have arranged for Mrs. L. Goodman Salverson to give an address on "Pioneers." The Institute has started a fund to provide X-Ray apparatus for the Hospital, and served the refreshments at the Track Meet. A series of "Multiplication" teas has been started. Miss Charlton gave an address on Children's Ailments and Miss Mutch demonstrated Salads.

Arrow Park are arranging a community picnic, a concert and a sale of work.

Beaver have completed all arrangements for the Flower Show on July 14, for which plants, rosebushes, etc. will be awarded as prizes. Expenses of the show are to be met by proceeds of dances. A most attractive tea is planned, as well as free ice-cream for the children.

Bonnington and South Slogan have decided to exhibit at the Nelson Fair and have inaugurated a Gopher extermination competition for the children. A meeting of the Old-timers was called to plan a District History for use in the school.

Boswell Sanca are selling cakes in aid of the Otho Scott Endowment Fund. The Education Convener reported that the Boys Manual Training Class, (financed by the Institute) have made a most useful cupboard for the school. A donation was voted to the Crippled Children's Hospital.

Burquillam have made a donation to the Crippled Children's Hospital, and are endeavouring to plan a dental survey of School Children. The Flower Show is to be held on July 11.

Cawston will hold a bazaar in conjunction with the Women's Auxilliary. "Lunch Benches" for children and a Pæony Tea was arranged in aid of the Crippled Children's Hospital.

Cedar decided to have a stall at the Ladysmith Fair and hold another whist drive to raise funds. Roll Call consisted of hints on how to make the meetings more attractive.

Coghlan are replenishing the School First Aid Outfit, making a donation to the Crippled Children's Fund and arranging glove making classes.

Colwood will hold a Garden Fete at Hatley Park on July 18th in aid of the Solarium, and Crippled Children's Funds.

Cogquillam derived a handsome balance from their May Day festivities which is to be kept as a special "Children's Fund." Bracelets were given to the May Queen and her two maids of honor and a donation sent to the Crippled Children's Fund. The institute is to take up quilting in the fall.

Crawford Bay are holding a window cleaning and sewing bee for the benefit of the Public Hall. A donation was made to the Crippled Children's Hospital and showers provided for two members. The Nurses' Bulletin and the Health Reports were read and discussed.

Creston and District held a Flower Show in June. The recent Bridge Drive and Bulb Display showed useful balances. The Cemetery Committee report great improvements in the cemetery.

Denman Island considered a letter from the Provincial Secretary re the "Doctor's grant."

Fern Ridge are planning a Tag Day in aid of the Crippled Children's Hospital, and also a bazaar in the fall.

Field had a well attended meeting at which Immigration, the Foreign Element and Oriental School Children were discussed.

Garden City have made a creditable donation to the Solarium as well as \$5.00 to the Otho Scott Endowment Fund.

Grindrod and District enjoyed a most interesting demonstration on canning by Mrs. Campbell.

Haney made a grant to the Agricultural Society and decided that the next meeting should be a picnic. Mrs. Land, assisted by two other ladies demonstrated rug-making. The Institute sent a large

Continued on page 61



BLONDES are attractive IF

they really are blondes! But if their hair is flat and lifeless—if it is beginning to fade or darken in streaks—it is certainly far from attractive.

Thousands of blondes keep their hair beautifully golden with Blondex, the new shampoo for blondes only. Brings back the true golden color—brightens the hair and prevents fading and darkening. Not a dye—no harsh chemicals—fine for the scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.



"Where do we eat?" Here's the answer--

A Motor Kit for the whole family . . . a Genuine "Thermos" Motor Kit . . . that's the first step towards making a picnic a REAL picnic. Drinks KEPT hot or cold . . . food KEPT clean and appetizing . . . that's comfort and service that you can get ONLY in Genuine "Thermos."

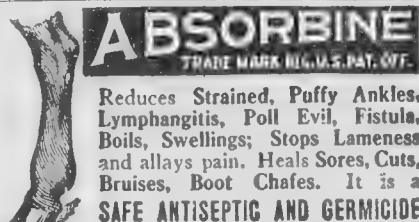
\$10.00 Complete **\$10.00**

If not at your dealers, sent prepaid on receipt of price. This outfit fitted with two of the new "Stronglas" Quart size bottles. The case is all metal and finished in Black Crystalline, Maroon or Bronze Green. State color required.

THERMOS BOTTLE CO. LIMITED

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NORWICH, CONN. LONDON



Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is a **SAFE ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE**. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. \$2.50 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and **Book 5 R free**. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strains, Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. Price \$1.25 per bottle at dealers or delivered. W. F. YOUNG Inc., 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Federated Women's Institute

Continued from page 60

exhibit of quilts to the Quilt Exhibition, for which they received a letter of thanks from Mrs. Murray.

Harrop and District held a most successful Concert and Cafeteria, and also a Whist Drive. \$5.00 was voted for prize money for combined children's sports between Procter, Sunshine Bay and Harrop. Members of the Institute, assisted by a few gentlemen gave a thorough spring cleaning to the First United Church, including kalsomining walls, varnishing woodwork and oiling the floor.

Hatzic have resolved to offer to buy the Hall. The Bazaar and Flower Show Committees are busy and the Hospital Committee has had the Hatzic Ward in the Mission Hospital redecorated. Mrs. Catt demonstrated the making of fine pastry. Mrs. Noble made a brief report on the Quilt Exhibit and presented Mrs. Barr with the O.B. Allan trophy for the oldest hand-woven bedspread.

Huntingdon are planning a dance to raise funds for the Fall Fair and will hold the Annual Picnic on July 5th. Mrs. W. J. Fraser gave a rug making demonstration.

Keremeos held a baby clinic for babies under a year, and are planning others for older children. \$25.00 was voted to the Crippled Children's Hospital, and it was decided to pay for the up-keep of a baby cot in Penticton Hospital. 24th of May plans included two plays by Institute Members, as well as serving tea and the dance supper.

Lake Hill has finished the course in Dancing and Physical Culture. It was reported that the Boys and Girls Poultry Club now had 16 members, and as many girls as possible would be recruited for the Girls Judging Competitions. Donations were made to the Y.W.C.A. and the Tuberculous Veterans Association, and arrangements made to present School prizes. Seed potatoes were distributed to the members.

Langford are arranging for a Garden Party.

Langley Prairie are holding a Tag Day for the Crippled Children's Hospital. The Institute decided to pay half expenses of any members visiting the Quilt Exhibits. Plans for a glove making class are progressing. The Annual Health Meeting was held in June.

Lazo has subscribed to the League of Nations and the Crippled Children's Hospital. Miss Ward then gave a most interesting address on "Women in China" with a graphic description of her work amongst them.

Metchosin—The Treasurer reported a good balance from the Flower Show and plans were made for a Strawberry Tea at the Home of Mrs. Whitney Griffiths in June and a Garden Party at Hatley Park in August. The Institute has joined the League of Nations Society and is busy obtaining biographies for their Pioneer photos.

Mt. Ida held a school picnic on June 4th. Mrs. Bowman gave a general talk on Home and Country and stressed the importance of the Junior High School.

Mt. Lehman received good reports from the Social, Public Health, Agricultural and Visiting Committees. A debate was held with County Line Institute when it was decided that "The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

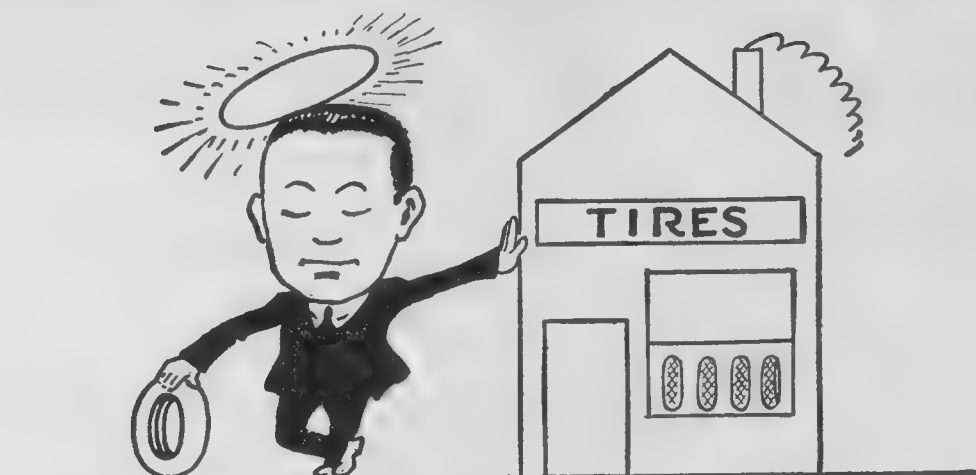
Nelson and District had 23 babies at the monthly clinic. A bridge party resulted in a third payment being made on the piano. Dr. Wace has been invited to address the Institute.

New Denver Flower Show will be held on Aug. 22nd, and a Beach Carnival is arranged for July. A Committee was appointed to clean up the park and get the bathing houses in order for the season.

North East Burnaby will put an exhibition of Women's and Children's work into the Fall Fair. Donations were made to the Crippled Children's Hospital and the V.O.N. and school picnic plans evolved.

Okanagan Centre enjoyed themselves as guests of Kalamalka Institute. A pre-school age clinic and a Home Products sale were held.

Oliver has put the tennis court in order and rented it for one month. The Treasurer reported a good balance in hand and a good profit from the Plant Sale.



HE HAS A REPUTATION TO MAINTAIN

AFTER all, you are mainly interested in buying tires where you can get the most value. And you're likely to get the most value from a dealer who has a reputation to maintain right in your home community.

That's the kind of man the Goodyear Selected Dealer is. His future depends on the value and service he gives you and his other friends.

That's why he concentrates on Goodyear Tires—because he knows they represent the world's greatest value. That's why he carries a stock of tires right in town for you—so he can give you your choice of size, tread and price. That's why his knowledge of tires is always available to save you money and trouble.

The Goodyear Selected Dealer is worth knowing—worth doing business with. And there's at least one of them in every town in Canada big enough to support a good dealer.

All Goodyear Tires are built of
SUPERTWIST Cords—61% more
stretch and life than old-style cords.

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READY to serve your every requirement, from a social card to a mammoth poster or the biggest catalogue. Forty years of progressive service—pioneering and elevating the printing art in Western Canada. A western institution for western people. Write us when you are thinking in terms of printing, or call when in the city. The plant extends all the way from Ellen to Dagmar Street on Bannatyne Avenue.

WHAT DO THE STARS SAY?



this Solve Puzzle



WIN New 1928 Ford Sedan \$1500.00 in Cash Prizes

PRIZES

FIRST, 1928 Ford Sedan, Value \$750.00

Second	-	-	\$250.00	Cash
Third	-	-	150.00	"
Fourth	-	-	100.00	"
Fifth	-	-	75.00	"
Sixth	-	-	50.00	"
Seventh	-	-	25.00	"
Eighth	-	-	10.00	"
9 to 26	-	-	5.00	Each

The above prizes are unconditionally guaranteed.

Follow these Simple Rules

1. Write your answers in pen and ink only, on one side of the paper. Put name and address in upper right hand corner stating whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, also name of this paper. Write anything else on separate sheet. Don't send fancy, drawn, or typewritten answers.
2. Contestants must be 16 years or over.
3. Employees of Banner Hosiery Co. or friends and relatives of employees are forbidden to enter.
4. Three entries may be submitted but only one can win a prize.
5. Different members of a family may compete but only one prize will be awarded to any one household or group.
6. Final awards will be made by a committee of three prominent Toronto business men who are in no way connected with this firm. Their names will be made known to all contestants. Contestants must agree to abide by their decisions.
7. If you find the correct answer to the puzzle you will be awarded 950 points, and we will send you by mail, a simple acting charade puzzle game on which you will be awarded all the final points. No points are to be awarded for neatness, handwriting, or general appearance, nor are points to be awarded for orders unless sent optionally to a limited amount to take the place of missing or doubtful answers. You are neither obliged nor required to buy or sell a single thing to win the highest prize.
8. Contest closes 8 p.m., Friday Aug. 31st, 1928. Entries should be forwarded promptly.

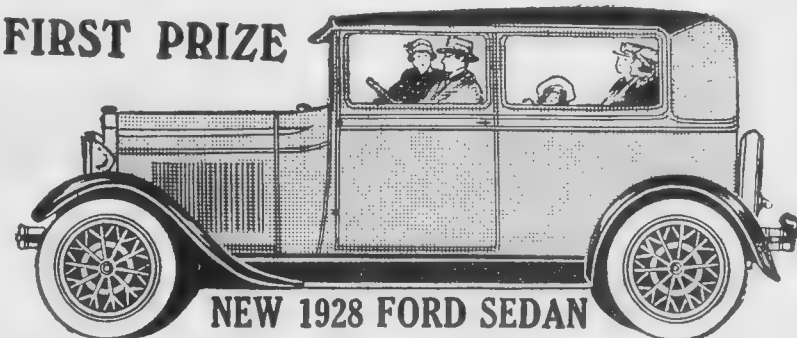
Banner Hosiery Company, Ltd. Dept. 49 Toronto, Ont.

One night Professor Gazor, the great astronomer noticed through his telescope that various stars in one of the great constellations had different numbers of points to them. He was able to group these odd stars. This discovery so startled the scientific world that it was decided to find out what it all meant. After tremendous research it was decided that one of the planets was using this method to send the world an important message. By mathematical calculation Professor Gazor was able to decipher the message. His colleagues naturally wanted to know all about it, but he would not give them the message. He told them to work it out for themselves.

How He Did It

"You will notice," the professor told them, "some stars have three points, others four points, some five, or six points, etc. The number of points each star has determines what letter of the word of the message that star stands for. For instance if a star has three points it is the letter a. However, if it has four points it is either d, e, or f. Some stars represent only one letter, some 2 letters and some 3 letters. I have worked out the table code for you, now you count the number of points on each star and try to find what letter each star stands for, by referring to the table code. I have correctly arranged the stars so that each row of stars spells a word of the message. In order to help you a bit the first word is 'Greatest.'"

FIRST PRIZE



NEW 1928 FORD SEDAN

Solve This Puzzle Win First Prize

If you can solve this puzzle, send your answer in at once to compete for the beautiful 1928 Ford Sedan First Prize. Write your answer neatly on a piece of paper in pen and ink.

TABLE CODE

3-a.b. THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST.
4-d,e,f. Nothing to Buy or
5-g,h,i. Sell. No Money to
6-l. Spend.

7-n,o. Frankly, this is an advertising contest. Its object is to get a wider distribution for the Banner Money saving hosiery and underwear catalogue, listing three hundred quality items at direct to consumer prices. When we receive your answer to the puzzle, we will write and tell you how many points you have gained towards first prize and will send you a copy of our latest catalogue right away. You can enter and win the highest prizes without buying a single thing, selling anything, or spending a cent of your money. You will be under no obligation whatever to make a purchase to obtain standing for first prize. Send your answer at once.

What the Well Groomed House Will Wear

Continued from page 16

with a commonplace green changed to a subtler blue-green; sparkling white relief to give animation to an all-grey scheme, and so on.

You can camouflage with color, if there is need for it. Don't emphasize a poor line by painting it to contrast with its background; if you have some over-ornate woodwork, some poorly proportioned pillars, let them remain the same color as the body of the house and you will find them comparatively unobtrusive. Vice versa, you can bring out the good points by playing up their color.

IT IS surprising how much may be done in the exterior appearance of a house, by the addition of quite simple accessories. You may find, for instance, that some well placed trellises will offer just the relief that is needed in certain points; tall, slender trellises in lattice pattern, perhaps, or spreading fan-shaped ones to carry a lovely rambler rose or thick vine.

A pair of attractive lanterns flanking the front door, or one to hang over it in welcoming fashion, will often give life to a rather dull entrance. Perhaps a commonplace door cries out to be replaced by one of more character. Or maybe there is a plain old door which might well carry some of the distinctive iron fittings that our present-day workers in iron are making in the manner of the old craftsmen.

A flagstone walk, to replace the stiffness and banality of sidewalk cement, might change the approach to the house; and it, in turn, surely suggests the warmth and hominess of hedges—evergreens, perhaps, or barberry and other shrubs that retain some beauty in winter. For let me repeat what I have already said—it is a long time from leaf-fall to spring budding, and a certain amount of planting that considers the winter effect will reward you all through a season that is apt to be a little hard on the best of outdoor color schemes.

HAVE YOU A WINDOW GARDEN?

By Mrs. Joseph F. Kuhnen

"WE HAVE no parsley today!"

After receiving the same information from our three local markets, I turned from the telephone thoroughly disappointed. The small metal alarm clock upon my kitchen shelf was already pointing to ten and at noon two guests were arriving!

Of course there was plenty of time in which to prepare lunch, but I needed a bit of parsley to season a sauce, as well as a few sprigs to use as a garnish. As I sat there, trying to think of a substitute, somebody knocked at the back door and I opened it to one of my neighbors, who was returning a magazine.

"Oh, do come in," I urged, "Perhaps you can help me think," and almost before she had crossed the threshold, I was telling her of my dilemma.

But she only smiled, this wise little neighbor of mine, smiled and said:

"Slip on your coat, my dear, for this November air is chilling, and you're going home with me for a minute."

Wonderingly I did as she bade and soon I was in the crisp Fall morning, following her through the gap in our hedge, and on, into the cheery warmth of her dining room with its shining painted furniture and singing canary. And there, in the yellow curtained eastern window, a wicker fernery was filled to the very edges with thriving plants.

She stepped over, and began picking from their midst a generous handful of parsley!

"I can see you're surprised," she laughed, looking into my amazed face as she offered her gift, "but you're in a hurry, so I'll only detain you long enough to tell you a little about my window garden. Every fall I sow a little package of parsley seeds among my ferns and its dark, feathery green helps to beautify my fernery, besides yielding me enough parsley to use all winter long in my cookery."

Thanking my neighbor, I went back home, determined that in the future I, too, would have a miniature crop of parsley growing in my own dining room window.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

FUR FARMING

RAISE MUSKRATS; mink, raccoon for big profits. Write Fur Farms Bureau, London, Ontario, Canada. 10-28

SILVER BLACK FOX PELTS are bringing high prices \$100 to \$500 each. Let us supply your breeding stock. Easy terms. Easy to raise. We buy all the pelts you can raise for us. Valley Silver Fox Farm, St. Stephen, N.B. 8-28

RABBITS, New Zealand Reds, Chinchillas, Angoras, Chamaignes. Big Four Rabbitry, Red Deer, Alta. 8-28

ATTENTION—Muskrat, Mink, Raccoon and Fox Farmers. Fur Farming is a profitable business. We offer you opportunities to save money on your equipment. Write us at once for informative literature, stating animals that interest you. Estimates furnished for fencing small and large tracts. The Sarnia Fence Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ont. Western Office—Winnipeg, Manitoba. 7-28

HELP WANTED

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, New York. 10-28

GIRLS—WOMEN, 16 up. Gown designing—Creating. \$35.00-\$50.00 week possible. Learn while earning. Sample lessons—FREE. Write today—sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. E526, Rochester, N.Y. 7-28

EARN UPWARDS OF \$25 WEEKLY growing mushrooms for us in waste cellar space. Illustrated booklet, sent anywhere, for stamp. Dominion Mushroom Co., Toronto 3. 7-28

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LITERARY

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Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 41

engineer's report and on such a report to float a company for public participation. Again the syndicate secures a reward for its activities in the same manner and if a flotation is successful it proceeds to work the property as a mine. The ore is blocked out, a mill is installed and the actual mining of the potential wealth is started. But what a long road has been travelled from that first discovery to the production of the first ounce of gold. Millions have been spent; for it is truly said that it takes a mine to make a mine, and unfortunately, as has happened too often, the money so spent has disappeared into the maw from which there is no opportunity of extracting a single dollar in return. We would, therefore, advise every prospective purchaser to bear in mind the following facts, based as they are upon our general belief in the ultimate successful future of mining:

If the claims offered for sale are in the raw state, i.e., simply located and preliminary work alone done, investment in such a project is a pure gamble. It is true that the ultimate returns may be stupendous but the risk is in the same proportion. He would do well to realize that money so invested is being placed at tremendous odds. There are, throughout the length and breadth of Canada today, many places where money has been poured into claims of this kind and not one dollar has ever been returned. If, however, a good report has been obtained from a reputable engineer the element of risk is only diminished and not eliminated. It is still a speculation and one by no means conservative. If, however, it is producing on a profitable basis it has passed from the element of speculation into that of a business man's investment. In all cases it is important to remember that it takes years to make a successful mine; in other words, dividends come only after many years of patient waiting and it takes a good many dividends to make up for the loss of the use of the money during that time.

In investing, therefore, an investor should determine himself whether he wishes to place his money at long odds to be returned to him after a number of years, or whether he wishes to place it in a producing mine which will give him a reasonable rate of interest and at the same time afford an opportunity of appreciation.

This may seem advice easy to give but difficult to follow. How can an individual determine the strength or weakness of a company? How can he determine whether it is a gamble or an investment? There are throughout Canada reputable firms who specialize in mining, not only in the flotation of mining companies but in the selling of shares and the giving of advice to possible customers. There are quite a number of these companies whose actions are beyond reproach and whose advice can be relied upon. It is not the function of this paper to single out any such company in any of its articles but if any reader should feel at any time a doubt as to the merits of a company or of a firm of brokers, we shall be pleased to advise him to the best of our ability along these lines. But we repeat, that dabbling in mining stocks is many leagues removed in point of safety from investing, say, in Victory or Municipal Bonds.

Workaday Dreams

By Thomas Saunders

*I'm gliding down thro' woodland streams,
(My pen here is my paddle)
And often, in this Land of Dreams,
My chair becomes a saddle.
My ink's a river. See it rage
As from the hills it gushes;
That awful blot upon my page:
A lake-shore strewn with rushes.*

*These lines across my pad are roads
Along which I now travel;
Within that pond are frogs and toads,
Beneath my feet, the gravel;
Beside the road, a sodden fosse
In which a snake lies lurking,
And—Jumpin' jackfish, here's the boss!
It's time I started working!*



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*Learn what a Six at this price
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You may never care to drive as fast as the Victory will travel . . . but it's pleasant, just the same, to know that no other car in your class can pass you . . . and even the most conservative Victory owner gets a genuine kick out of Victory pick-up and get-away . . . 5 to 25 miles in 7½ seconds simply isn't done, you know, by many cars . . . by hardly

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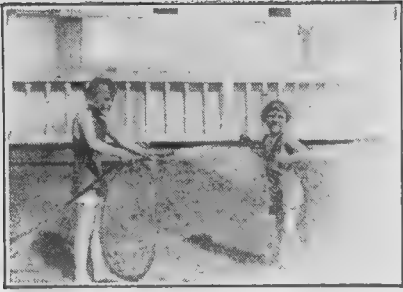
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The Land of Make-Believe

*We can't all go to the Lake or Sea;
But I sprinkle Phyllis; she sprinkles
me;
When the sun is hot and the breezes
rare
We have a "shower" and we don't care.*

*I get a thrill when it strikes my chest,
I pretend it's a white-capped wave I
breast;
I don't need to go to the Lake or Sea
The land of Make-Believe does me.*

Something to Learn

*A little mountain spring I found
That fell into a pool;
I made my hands into a cup
And caught the sparkling water up—
It tasted fresh and cool.*

*A solemn little frog I spied
Upon the rocky brim;
He looked so boldly in my face,
I'm certain that he thought the place
Belonged by rights to him.*
—ROSE FYLEMAN.

On the Wide St. Lawrence and Beyond.

IN JUNE where were we? Oh, yes, just starting off in the sunshine, down one of the world's most beautiful rivers, so lovely that we could spend pages telling about it. The great St. Lawrence is not like our Western rivers; it is much wider and towards its mouth opens out into a great gulf whose shores you cannot see. Down the river between the cities of Montreal and Quebec though, we watch with joy the shores on either hand. Here are little villages clustered around a church whose tall spire glitters in the sunshine. Here is a group of cottages with children playing on the sands; here a sail boat, there a launch, or a ferry or a puffing river boat. And as the evening comes on, and the sun sets in crimson in the peaceful water, we come to the great bridge that spans the river just above Quebec. This is the largest bridge of its kind in the world, and in its building many lives were lost when the great central span fell twice into the water just as the bridge was about completed. As we come close to the bridge you are quite sure that the tall masts will strike it and snap off, and we are under it before we realize that the tallest masts have passed safely under and not through the bridge—as we feared. This strange sight is called an "optical illusion," and everyone is quite badly fooled by it, and some people even scream. But what is this wonderful sight that meets our eyes on the left bank of the river? Can it be? Yes it is—the historical City of Quebec. And then we realize that it was down this very river that General Wolfe came, reciting as his men rowed him towards the rocky heights, those wonderful words:

*"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of
power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth
e'er gave,
Await like the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the
grave."*

Built on a great rock rising right out of the river, Quebec stands like a fairy city of dreams, and it is a very dull person indeed who will not be thrilled by its beauty and the associations that cluster around it. Here in the old days came the ships from France with their cargoes of gold and silks and rare foods; here the French soldiers landed, and many explorers and adventurers. Here too came those "Gentlemen Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay," who settled our own Western Land, and here one

dark night in September came that gallant young General Wolfe and with his brave men climbed up those rocky heights and on the Plains of Abraham met and defeated the equally gallant French general, Montcalm, and there on those plains the two young soldiers lie side by side.

The lights are beginning to twinkle high up in the city, and down in Lower Town along the river shore; the mail boat has come and gone, a few passengers have left us, a few have arrived, and we are off again down the long, shadowy river into the great unknown. Early in the morning we arrive at Father Point, and here we pause while a dirty little tug that has fussed out from the rocky lighthouse shore takes away the last mail that we can send to Canada before we land on the other side, and here also the pilot who has guided the "Montcalm" down the treacherous reaches of the river, leaves us. That afternoon as the sun is getting low we sight an iceberg, great, glittering, shining, castle-shaped mass of ice that is only one-eighth out of the water. As we come closer to the Straits of Belle Isle the ice becomes denser, and as we look north we can see every imaginable shape and in the water close to us are the little "growlers"—baby icebergs. Last year our own ship, the "Montcalm," hit an iceberg and damaged her propeller but safely reached the other side. And now we are going through the Straits, that narrow passage between great grey rocks, so barren and treeless and cold that it makes you shiver to look at them. Up on the very top of the rock is a lighthouse and a wireless station and there brave people live their lonely lives watching over the ships and sending messages back and forth. Out beyond is the rolling Atlantic, looking very quiet and peaceful, and now for four long days we will never see land—just water and sky. Sometimes we can see a whale spouting, or a school of porpoises playing; sometimes another ship passes us, sometimes a long, low freighter filled with grain. And in the night we hear a long sad "who-o-o-o" coming from our whistle; then another, and another, and we know that we are in a fog. In the morning we cannot see the sun but seem to be steaming slowly into a soft moist curtain. But do we mind? Out on deck there is shuffleboard, a peculiar game that is played by pushing biscuit-shaped pieces of wood around with a long stick

with a sort of shovel-shaped end on it. Or we play deck-tennis, which is played with rope rings over a net; or we toss quoits, more rings over a stake. Or inside we read, tucked cosily into a big chair, or talk, or walk long miles around the deck, or just shamefully loaf and listen to the orchestra giving its morning concert. For we have concerts morning, afternoon and evening. And in the evening the children play games and the older people dance and play cards, and sometimes there is a moving picture show, and sometimes a concert in the great dining-room. One morning you visit the engine-room and see the great engines that make the ship move, and watch the coal-grimed men shovelling coal into the fires; some afternoon you go up on the Captain's deck and see the compasses and wonderful instruments that help to keep the ship safe, while you sleep. The telephone that listens for icebergs, and all sorts of wonderful things. There is always something to do, and then when you feel you have seen everything and done everything, someone says "Land!—I can see Land!" and there away on the sky-line you can see a faint shadow, and by dinner time you know that we are near Ireland, and by evening you can see the green of grass and trees, and how wonderful it looks, and the first thing we know we are once more in a river, but this time a Scotch river, the Clyde, and here we have to wait until the tide can help us down for the river is shallow and narrow, so narrow in places that the children run along beside the boat and we can talk to them from the decks. And as we go down we see the great ship-building yards where the mighty Titanic was built and many other great ships, and we see Dumbarton rock, famous in song and story, and finally we come to the docks of the City of Glasgow and bid farewell to our ship, our tiny cabin and our pleasant ship-mates, and after all our voyaging we are at last in the British Isles, in Scotland, the Land o' Cakes.

What's Wrong With This Picture?

WELL, last month was too much for you, I think. So many of you were smart and got the right answers that this month you have fallen down quite badly. No one had all right, and only three had twelve right, and these three winners were May Deighton of Walpole,



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

There are from fifteen to twenty mistakes in this picture and a gold button will be awarded to the first two who find the greatest number of mistakes

Sask., Gwen Brenton of Coalhurst, Alta., and another whose name was not attached to the list. Five people who had eleven right receive honorable mention—Gladys Collum, Fort Frances, Ont.; Violet R. Stewart, Austin, Man.; Nancie Nystrom, Clanwilliam, Man.; Eleanor Drevant, Prairie Grove, Man.; Mary Annand, 1129 6th Avenue W., Calgary, Alta.; and a special gold button goes to Edith Maunder of 35 Balsam St., Port Arthur. Edith only got nine right, but I am sure you will all be glad to have her get a button for she is sick in bed and needs something to cheer her up. I should think some letters from Cosy Cornerites would be a great help. Edith is seven.

Something Received

WE ARE going to print this letter just as we received it for it is most interesting, and is written from Treaty Island, Ont.:

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of "The Corner" for some time and would like to become a member.

I live on an island in the Lake of the Woods. It is lovely to be here, away from the dust of the town; not only that, but to be here and hear all the little feathered songsters pouring out their souls in songs. I think I like the Wood Thrush best of the birds, that I know. Here is a little poem I wrote about him:

Melody of the Wood Thrush

When the golden sun is sinking
To its bed behind the hills,
And most of the birds are resting
In their nests about the rills,
There comes to me a clear sweet song:
'Tis the melody of the Thrush.
He whistles and sings at the close of the
day,
When the rest of the world seems
hushed.
As the gloom and shadows deepen,
And the stars peep out from the sky,
The Thrush with one long whistle—
Departs with his good-night cry.

I have written a few other poems which I may send some other time.

From a happy Cornerite

Dorothy Whiting.

Lillian Roach of Cromer, Man., thanks us for her gold button. She lives on a farm and has two sisters and two brothers at home, and another brother lives alone on a nearby farm.

Jessie Jackman, of Irma, Alta., wants to join the Cosy Corner. You have, Jessie, just by writing. There is no fee to join this jolly club, and we are delighted to have you.

Jessie owns a calf, and a cat and shares a horse with her two sisters. I am sure she would like to get letters.

Margaret Nystrom of Clanwilliam writes a jolly letter and tells about following her brothers into the woods and discovering that they had built a tent. She and her sister, however, were invited to share the supper cooked Indian fashion in a pot hanging over an open fire, and they must have had a good meal.

Margaret Henry of Kindersley, Sask., is nine years old and says "May I join your Club? I would like to be cosy too." She sends us some little verses. They are quite pretty, and if you read lots of verses, Margaret, I am sure you will write some soon that we will be glad to print.

Alma Butt of Arcola, Sask., sends us some verses she has written called "A Silly Clown." They don't seem to have much meaning, Alma. Perhaps if we understood what made you write them we could enjoy them more.

Continued on page 65



Nora Wright, of 14 Alexander Street, Chesham, Bucks, Eng., one of our old country Cosy Cornerites at the seaside with her mother. Nora is eight years old and would like to receive letters from Canada.

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Cosy Corner

Continued from page 64

Don't Forget the "Treasure Hunt Diary."

FROM June 25th to August 25th. Treasures to be looked for: Unusual fruits—unusual flowers—unusual insects—unusual birds—strange clouds—strange storms—anything that is unusual and different—in short, a Treasure.

In Memory of Dishmop

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS," a magazine devoted to animals and birds, tells the story of a white poodle affectionately known as Dishmop. One morning in the post office of a college town in the United States appeared a large poster with these words:

DISHMOP
DECEASED
Contribute a small sum!
For a Monument.

Above this was the picture of a fuzzy white poodle dog, with a sharp well barbed goatee; beneath it was a cardboard box with a slit in the top for contribution. The first contributor was Christopher Morley, the writer of so many amusing things in our newspapers, poems for children and grown-ups, and novels. Hugh Walpole, the great English novelist, was expected to visit in this town, and the students had arranged that Dishmop, after a thorough washing, and with a blue bow tied around his neck, was to be presented to the novelist dog-lover, who had once written: "This is certainly the dirtiest dog I have seen, but charming, undoubtedly charming." However, a motor passing through the town crossed over the poodle's life before the arrival of the visitor.

The College Canine Club, once numbering over forty members, will undoubtedly disintegrate as worshipful societies do when deprived of their able organizer and leader. The Club met regularly every morning at ten-thirty o'clock in the post-office corridor as the mail was distributed and the Junior Lunch was laid invitingly out. Dishmop, with a certain innate delicacy and sense of refinement, learned to beg very prettily, after trying force, persuasion, persistence and pathetic patience. The last he found to be most effective in securing the desired morsels, and there was rarely one in college who could deny him even one junior lunch.

Dishmop had been on the campus for five years and during that time he made contacts with every member of the community. To the highest administrative officer and to the lowest mowder of the lawns, he made himself conspicuous. On a winter's day the contrast of the dirty little dog on the white snow was indeed noticeable. The first two years of his life were passed on a blue satin cushion with a pink bow around his neck. His exercise and meals were carefully supervised and he was given his airing in a fine limousine like the patrician dog that he was. Blue blood always tells, they say, and his quiet unassuming leadership of the college dogs, as one witnesses it in retrospect, his calm possession of the campus, his delicacy and judgment prove this once more. Dishmop, may it be said, was a dog of esprit, a dog "spirited," an aesthetic dog. All these qualities, rare and unusual in a dog, gave him an appreciation of the art of living and made his life a work of art. He had been the hero of many dramatic events, the mascot of many a winning team. He had worn the colors of both the odd and the even classes. He was the real hero of a play put on by the Juniors this year, entering at the proper moment as a hero should, at the high point of the action with a crown upon his head, a royal dog indeed, displaying at the same time such dramatic action as no one had ever dreamed of. Two years ago a county fair was put on at which the participants unveiled a public edifice. The veiled monument shivered and occasionally put forth an enquiring nose. An irony, that Dishmop should have been chosen for the monument!

The committee on selecting the memorial are in doubt as to whether it shall be wood or plaster, a bas-relief or a plaque. But one thing they agreed upon is this: that it shall be placed in post-office corridor where students, reading letters from home and eating warm, chocolate brownies, may give a passing thought to the famous campus character.

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Head Master.

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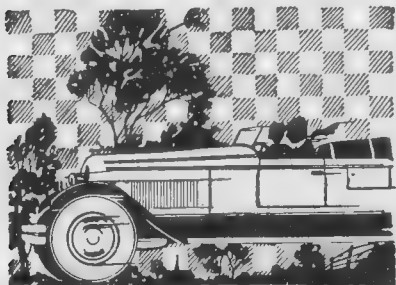
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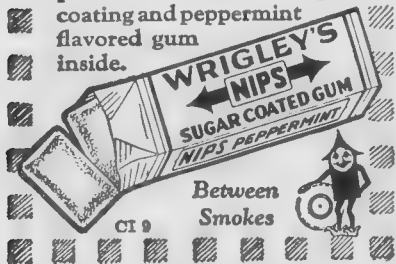
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Principal: MISS WOOD, B.A., Lond., Eng.

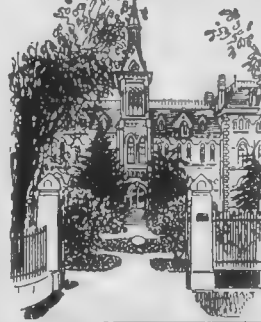
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Principal—

P. S. Dobson, M.A. (Oxon.)



Annual Games May 31, 1927

St. Andrew's College

UPPER SCHOOL

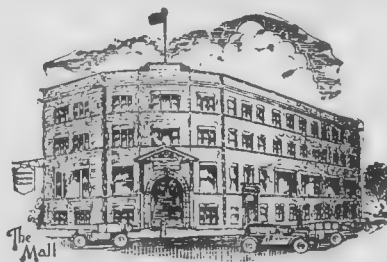
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Health

ONLY a small fraction of the money and brains which should be devoted to the conquest of disease and the betterment of life is devoted to these things. This is not an exaggerated statement. If you think it is, wait until you are seriously ill, or someone you love is in the clutch of a deadly disease, and ask yourself, then, what on earth matters but to be well and happy.

Age and Youth

AT THE recent graduating exercises of the University of Manitoba The Philosopher found himself interested chiefly in the students who, having finished their courses, were now about to strike out for themselves in the world. His thoughts strayed from what the learned dignitaries in the seats of honor were saying. He wondered what was passing through the minds of those students. Seeing the hope, ambition and cheerfulness of youth in their faces, he tried to imagine himself young again among them. How often age and youth fail to understand each other. There are invisible but impassable walls between them. And so it is that age often does not know that youth, for all its apparent self-confidence, suffers from times of doubt and despondency, the worse because the young person over whose day such a passing cloud has come feels it to be a burden so peculiar to himself as to be incommunicable. Age may think of youth with envy—and should think of it also with sympathy and the desire to help.

About Great Men

ONCE again somebody has started the question of how many, if any, great men are living in the world today. Only the future can tell. The Philosopher doubts if there ever was a great man who knew he was great. The world's judgment establishing a man's greatness cannot be made until after he has played his full part on life's stage and the results of that work can be weighed. But why this questioning about great men? Some great men have wrought more evil than good in the world. What the world needs most is good men, useful men, earnest men,

balanced men, morally and intellectually honest men, tolerant men, without whom civilization would give way to anarchy. These are the men the world needs at all times—these and the still potent influence of the good men of the past whom we now call great.

Laughter

IN A recent debate at Ottawa a member made an assertion which was greeted by scornful laughter from the opposite side of the house. "The loud laugh," he exclaimed, according to the official report, "that speaks the vacant mind"! The Philosopher refrains from saying whether, in his opinion, the quotation was an apt and fitting one or not. That would be politics. Laughter, however, is in itself as important a subject for discussion as politics, and perhaps even more human. Not all loud laughter is empty. The laugh which is of genuine, resounding heartiness bespeaks the man of health of mind and body. This cannot be said of mere grinning and snickering. A hearty laugh does the body good. And what is good for the body is generally good for the soul, too.

Speed Isn't Everything

"THE day will come when most of our travelling will be in the air, and one of the chief uses of the automobile will be to carry us to and from landing-fields," said an enthusiastic friend of The Philosopher, in predicting a new era. But when that era comes and the air drones with the whirr of propellers and the earth echoes to the exhaust of motors and the great majority of people, flying or motoring or whirling or jiggling—because they have forgotten how to possess their souls in peace and quiet—surely there will be something, some place, left for the man who walks and thinks and lets the solace of the fields and woods and all the gentle influences of outdoor Nature come to him. By going afoot we come close to these things.

Most Speeches Too Long

THE rule limiting speeches to forty minutes was put into operation for the first time at the recent session at Ottawa. But many of the speeches were still too long. A member of the House of Commons in London, Sir Samuel Chapman, has started a society of members of that House, each of whom will pledge himself never to speak longer than fifteen minutes. The Philosopher has an idea. Suppose every member at Ottawa could, by touching a button at one edge of his desk, record his opinion that a speech which was being made had lasted long enough, and that when a majority of members had done the same, a loud buzzer announced the fact. It would not do, needless to say, to have a trap-door then open under the member speaking, or some kind of extinguisher come down from the ceiling on him—the principal of freedom of speech is too sacred for that. But the buzzer should serve to check longwindedness. How useful such a buzzer would be at public meetings! Most speakers, anywhere and everywhere, speak too long.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

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The Pool Farmer does his own Driving

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE NEIGHBOR?

THOSE BACK-SEAT DRIVERS RAN ME INTO THE DITCH

THE OLD SYSTEM

The Pool is Here to Stay

The Saskatchewan Wheat Pool has officially notified its members that more than fifty per cent of the wheat acreage in the province has been signed to the Pool hence all new term contracts in Saskatchewan are now effective.

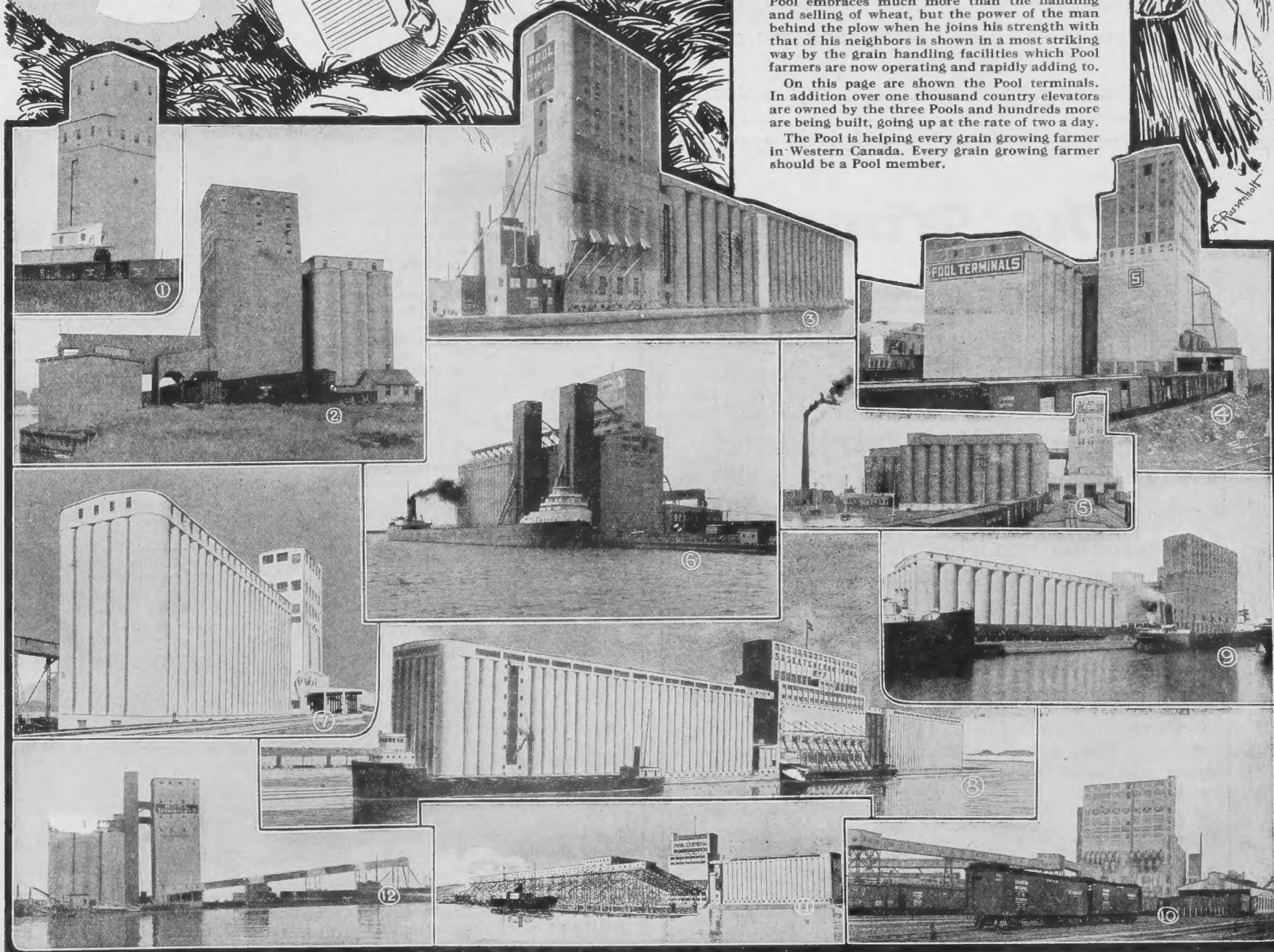
Alberta and Manitoba have received sufficient contracts to ensure a strong Pool in both Provinces for the next five years, although no official announcement of the actual acreage signed to the Pool has yet been made.

What appeared to many a hazardous experiment in self-help a few years ago is now recognized all over the globe as a tremendous co-operative achievement.

The co-operative spirit which constructed the Pool embraces much more than the handling and selling of wheat, but the power of the man behind the plow when he joins his strength with that of his neighbors is shown in a most striking way by the grain handling facilities which Pool farmers are now operating and rapidly adding to.

On this page are shown the Pool terminals. In addition over one thousand country elevators are owned by the three Pools and hundreds more are being built, going up at the rate of two a day.

The Pool is helping every grain growing farmer in Western Canada. Every grain growing farmer should be a Pool member.



The Pool Terminal Elevators illustrated above are as follows: 1—Manitoba Wheat Pool Terminal, Winnipeg, Capacity 130,000 bushels; 2—Canadian Wheat Pool Terminal No. 3, Fort William, Capacity 225,000 bus.; 3—Canadian Wheat Pool Terminal No. 1, Fort William, Capacity 1,300,000 bus.; 4—Saskatchewan Wheat Pool Terminal No. 5, Port Arthur, Capacity 2,150,000 bus.; 5—Saskatchewan Wheat Pool Terminal No. 6, Port Arthur, Capacity 7,500,000 bus.; 6—Saskatchewan Wheat Pool Transfer House, Buffalo, Capacity 2,000,000 bus.; 7—Alberta Wheat Pool Terminal, Prince Rupert, Capacity 1,250,000 bus.; 8—Saskatchewan Wheat Pool Terminal No. 7, Port Arthur, Capacity 6,900,000 bus.; 9—Saskatchewan Wheat Pool Terminal No. 4, Port Arthur, Capacity 6,425,000 bus.; 10—Alberta Wheat Pool Terminal No. 2, Vancouver, Capacity 1,650,000 bus.; 11—Alberta Wheat Pool Terminal No. 3, Vancouver, Capacity 2,400,000 bus.; 12—Canadian Wheat Pool Terminal No. 2, Fort William, Capacity 575,000 bus. The three Pools now have a total terminal elevator capacity of 32,505,000 bushels.



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Address

Post Office Prov.....

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

What the World is Saying

Nowadays He's a Wizard

The man who saves his money is not a miser.—Victoria Colonist.

Thank Goodness!

Men's knees are still pretty well covered and out of sight.—Regina Post.

And Should

"Only God can make a tree." But men can plant them.—Canadian Finance.

Greater Visibility Now

Times change, even for the mosquitoes. In the old days they couldn't see where they were biting.—Prince Albert Herald.

A Vision of the Golden Age

One interesting event of the millennium will be the spectacle of the mosquito and the camper lying down together.—Fort Frances Times.

An Anthem of Wet Yearnings

When you hear a man sing: "How Dry I am," you can depend upon it that he is wet.—Moncton Transcript.

Do Any of Us Outgrow It?

Children are happy when they can have their own way—and most men are like that.—Lethbridge Herald.

At Times One Would Think So

Probably the world's greatest humorist was the man who named them "easy payments."—Peterboro Examiner.

One Air Cruise Ended

Last night we managed to knock the wings of a mosquito and compelled him to make a forced landing.—North Battleford News.

Encourage Home Products!

A real patriotic Manitoba citizen is one who insists on his teeth being filled with Manitoba gold.—Selkirk Recorder.

A Porch-climbing Performer

The "cat" burglar has made his appearance in Vancouver. His captor should be awarded the maltese cross.—Vancouver Province.

It, So To Speak, Confucius Us.

In China the Confucian doctrine of serenity appears to be in complete confusion.—Vancouver Sun.

Unless He Can Hitch Them Together

A politician may straddle a fence, but he cannot ride on two band-wagons at the same time.—Border Cities Star.

Heavier Than Used in Chicago

King George, acting as tank gunner, hit his target twice the other day, shooting three-pound shells. This will be disquieting news to Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, of Chicago.—London Humorist.

Insufficient Drapery Now

It used to be that the prisoner could make his escape in women's clothing, but now that's no disguise.—Niagara Falls Review.

But How About Ants and Wasps?

Not a drop of rain has fallen on the Cape Verde Islands for the past six years. There is a location, clubs, schools, societies and Sunday Schools might consider when arranging for their next picnics.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Or, At Least, a Personess

The British North America Act provision about eligibility to the Senate should be amended, so as to declare that a woman is a person, no less than a man.—The Pas Herald.

"Canuck" is Not Widely Used

The Milverton Sun protests against "Canuck" as a designation for Canadians. But we never knew of anyone who got rid of a nickname by objecting to it.—Goderich Signal.

This is Stating It Mildly

When you haul the bedclothes over your head to stop the mosquitoes from drilling holes in your brain box and uncover your legs up to the fetlock in the process, don't it occur to you that the pesky things are going to extremes?—Brandon Sun.

A Safe Price to Offer

Overheard at the Caledonian Club: "I'd give a thousand dollars to be a millionaire."—New York Evening World.

Surely an Extreme Statement

A news item says that a boy of five has the brain of a politician. The name of the politician is not given.—London Passing Show.

Some Less Smart Think They Do

A magazine writer wants to know if Shakespeare understood women. A lot of smarter men than Shakespeare have never understood women.—Montreal Herald.

Such Culture is Mere Frills

The higher education which accomplishes nothing more than showing off in the drawing-room is wasted energy.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

Red-hot Mamma Herself?

Firemen were called to Mound and Spring Streets this morning where an automobile caught fire from a crossed wife in the car.—Coshocton (Ohio) Tribune.

The Right Spirit

An optimist is an ocean flier who cables to a hotel on the other side for a room.—Halifax Mail.

We Venture to Answer, No!

Our statistical expert estimates that the clothing of one average man contains sufficient material to provide street dresses for eight women. But the question is, would they wear them?—Ottawa Citizen.

More Likely a Full Stop

When a bomb goes off in the middle of a political speech in Chicago, it is considered the same as a comma.—Buffalo Express.

Seems a Reasonable Theory

Maybe it's true about the female mosquitoes doing all the biting, as scientists claim, but it will take a heck of a lot of proof to convince us that their husbands don't egg them on.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Troubles of a Potentate

The King of Hedjaz has ordered a special car of bus capacity for the members of his harem. Victims of back-seat drivers in this country will send condolences.—Edmonton Journal.

A Garment That Isn't There

The German professor who is lecturing in this country and says that we have petticoat government has evidently seen more in the short time he has been here than the majority of us who live here.—Boston Transcript.

A Difficult Doctrine to Practice

Doukhobors in British Columbia say that their religious creed is against paying taxes. A lot of people would be eligible for such a religion.—London Free Press.

Editorial Observation

Until the warm weather came this year we never fully understood what was meant by saying that a girl was all wrapped up in herself.—Minneapolis Journal.

Raising Another Question

After all where is the woman who would care to admit that she had reached the age when a Senate appointment would be appropriate?—Calgary Herald.

True of Some of Them

It is stated that the Dominion Government prints and distributes the speeches made by members of parliament without profit. It might have been added that they are read in much the same way.—St. John Times and Star.

O Canada!

Canada's export of alcoholic beverages during the twelve months ending with last month were valued at \$44,211,816. Taking this with the large quantity consumed in Canada, this industry is growing in a way that promises to earmark the Dominion as a great booze producer.—Toronto Globe.



P. A. Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion

The natural charm that men admire is not beyond your reach. Here is the simple daily rule that results in natural beauty, and a lovely skin:

Youth is charm, and youth lost is charm lost, as every woman instinctively realizes.

To keep youth, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Banish artificial ways in skin care. Natural ways are best.

Use soap, but be sure it is a soap made basically for use on the face. Others may prove harsh. That is why, largely on expert advice, women the world over choose Palmolive for facial use.

WHERE beauty is concerned, an ounce of precaution is worth pounds of costly "cures." For thousands have learned it is comparatively simple to *keep* beauty . . . while there is nothing more pathetic than futile attempts to regain natural charm by artificial means.

The most effective way to natural beauty is Nature's way. The beauty men admire is *natural*. And women whose complexions retain natural charm have learned this.

The simple daily habit of cleansing the face with a true complexion soap—keeping the skin fresh and radiant, the pores open—is the first step to natural beauty.

Use only a true complexion soap

But not any soap will do. Only a soap made for this and no other purpose will achieve the end you seek. A soap made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm. These unguent oils, scientifically combined in Palmolive Soap, are responsible for more of youth and beauty—of natural charm retained—than ever will be known.

Do this each day if you would keep that schoolgirl complexion

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

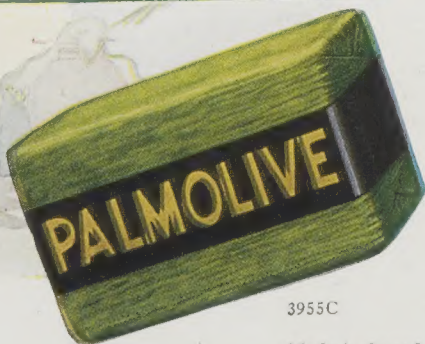
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today—then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.

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